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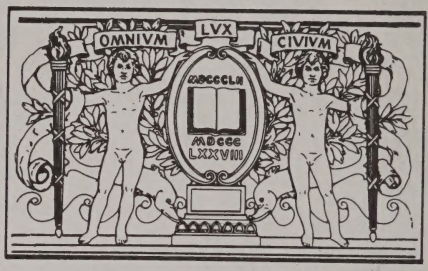

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN

REVIEW.

VOL. LXIX.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXLIV.

JULY, 1849.

ART. I. — 1. *Narrative of Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the Years* 1836–39. By THOMAS SIMPSON, ESQ. London. 1843. 8vo.

2. *Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the Year* 1818, *in Search of the North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with two Attempts to reach the North Pole; abridged from the Official Narratives.* By SIR JOHN BARROW. London. 1846.

THE existence of a navigable passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the northern shore of North America, has been taken for granted ever since the discovery of the continent. But geographers have been sorely puzzled in their attempts to determine its position. The earlier map-makers, being very slightly hampered with any knowledge of that part of the world, seem to have felt at liberty to draw what their fancy suggested. Gemma Frisius represents the whole of North America as only a long, narrow strip of land jutting out from the continent; while others, more hardy, not only cover the circumpolar region with well defined islands and broad straits, but mark the pole itself with a large mountain, which they describe as being of black rock. Nor have the many expeditions, which have so industriously sought for the Northwest Passage, fixed the maps yet. Not one has returned without changing what had before

been considered as well determined, or without adding new discoveries. Terra Corteralis, named from its discoverer, the adventurous Cortereal, was at first put in a high northern latitude. In later maps, it was gradually pushed farther south, until at last it disappeared. Frobisher's Strait was for a long time drawn as running through Greenland, and maps still differ in delineating it. Baffin's Bay, after being represented for a time with tolerable correctness, was, by later improvements, considerably changed in its shape, size, and position, till its existence came to be doubted. On some maps it was entirely blotted out, until later discoveries restored it to its old position. So late as last year, Mr. Rae discovered that there is solid land where Dease and Simpson thought they had discovered a strait, and where Ross had previously marked land, in accordance with the representations of the Esquimaux. How accurate the maps are now, it is impossible to tell; but judging from the past, we have every reason to suppose that they are not free from error. Indeed, we are confident, that the expeditions which have been sent out by the English government to succor Sir John Franklin will not leave them unaltered. These expeditions, forming a gigantic apparatus of discovery that stretches from ocean to ocean, will undoubtedly add much to what is already known of arctic geography; but we certainly do not expect that they will find a navigable Northwest Passage, nor do we believe that they will ascertain the whole of the northern boundary of the continent.

A late number of Fraser's Magazine, in an article which was evidently written with an official sanction, publishes the instructions of the Admiralty to Sir John Franklin, and to the officers who have been sent to his relief, from which we gather the aim of the expeditions. Franklin left England on the 26th of May, 1845, in two ships, the Erebus and Terror, and was heard of, the last time, on the 26th of July of the same year. His instructions were full and explicit. After directing him to penetrate through Barrow's Strait, they continue as follows: —

"In proceeding to the westward, you will not stop to examine any of the openings either to the northward or southward in that Strait, but continue to push to the westward without loss of time, in the latitude of about $74\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, until you have reached the longi-

tude of that portion of the land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point, we desire that every effort be used to penetrate to the southward and west, in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, and the existence of land at present unknown, may admit."

"We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific, in consequence of the unusual magnitude and apparently fixed state of the barrier of ice, observed by the Hecla and Griper in the year 1820, off Cape Dundas, the southwestern extremity of Melville Island. If it should appear that in the direction before ordered you should be arrested by ice of a permanent appearance, and that when passing the mouth of the strait between Devon and Cornwallis Islands, you had observed that it was open and clear of ice, we desire that you will duly consider, with reference to the time already consumed, as well as to the symptoms of a late or early close of the season, whether that channel might not offer a more practicable outlet from the archipelago, and a more ready access to the open sea, where there would be neither islands nor banks to arrest and fix the floating masses of ice."

A paragraph is added, giving very wide discretion. Then the instructions continue: —

"Lancaster Sound and its continuation through Barrow's Strait, having been four times navigated without impediment by Sir Edward Parry, and since, frequently, by whaling ships, without any impediment from ice or islands; and Sir Edward Parry having also proceeded from the latter in a straight course to Melville Island, and returned without experiencing any, or very little difficulty, it is hoped that the remaining portion of the passage, about nine hundred miles, to Behring's Strait, may also be found equally free from obstruction."

Of the three expeditions which have been sent to rescue him, if he can be found alive, Sir James Ross has command of the one which has gone to Barrow's Strait. One of his two vessels is charged particularly with the task of examining the coast to the west of Prince Regent's Inlet. It was to spend the past winter in some safe harbor, while parties on foot were to carry on explorations still farther to the south and southwest. Farther instructions will be sent to it in the coming summer. The other vessel is to go to Winter harbor in Melville Island, or, if practicable, to Banks's Land, there to form a centre of operations from which exploring

parties are to be sent in every useful direction. "One party is then to pursue the coast in whatever direction it may seem likely to have been followed by Sir John Franklin; and thus determine the general shape of the western face of Banks's Land. It is then to proceed directly to Cape Bathurst or Cape Parry, on the Main Land; at each of which places, Sir John Richardson is directed to leave provisions for its use. It will then advance to Fort Good Hope, where it will find directions to return to England by the usual route of the traders. Another party will explore the east coast of Banks's Land, and from thence proceed to Cape Krusenstern, and there join the party under the command of Sir John Richardson." To these instructions the Admiralty add, "If Providence should not be pleased to crown your efforts with success, we leave it to your own judgment, when and from whence to return to England, as soon as you are convinced that every means within your reach has been exhausted."

Sir John Richardson, accompanied by Mr. Rae, whose interesting discoveries were published last summer, has charge of the overland expedition. He expected to reach the mouth of the Mackenzie river by the 7th of last August. Thence he was to proceed in four strong, light boats along the coast to the east, as far as the Coppermine river; then to explore the south and west sides of Wollaston Land. If he should think fit to continue the search another summer, (1849,) he is then to examine the passages between Wollaston and Banks and Victoria Lands. His search is ordered to cease after the winter of 1849; he is then to take steps to return to England at the earliest practicable moment in the spring of 1850.

A third expedition, comprising two ships, has been sent to Behring's Strait. One ship is to act merely as a tender, and withdraw to a warmer climate on the approach of winter. Commander Moore was to winter with the other in some convenient harbor, as near as may be to Point Barrow, and to send forward a boat party around this point, towards the mouth of the Mackenzie river, to communicate, if possible, with Sir John Richardson. Boat expeditions are again to be sent, in the spring of 1849, to communicate with Sir John. In July, 1849, he will determine whether, under the circumstances, he will continue the search another winter.

The writer of the same article adds, "We may, however,

state, that it is the opinion of eminent arctic voyagers, that, until the autumn of 1849, no apprehensions need exist respecting the fate of the party [Franklin's] from starvation. In a letter from Sir James Ross to Sir Edward Parry, written in the course of last year, Sir James says, alluding to Franklin and Crozier, "Their last letters to me from Whalefish islands, the day previous to their departure from them, inform me that they had taken on board provisions for three years on full allowance, which they could extend to four years without any serious inconvenience; so that we may feel assured, that they cannot want from that cause till after the middle of July, 1849." If, indeed, they be alive, and human means can restore them to their homes, they will surely be ere long in England, telling and listening to the wondrous history of the past four years. Nor ought we to be much surprised, under the circumstances, if Franklin should return, when we remember that Sir John Ross spent three winters amid the ice, with the resources of an expedition fitted out at the expense of a single individual, Sir Felix Booth; and, after the loss of his vessel, forced his way in row boats to the common whaling grounds. Dismissing for the present our fears for his safety, we turn to a consideration of the enterprise in which he is engaged, the discovery of a Northwest Passage.

When Sir John Franklin passed through Barrow's Strait, four possible passages to the Polar Sea presented themselves: one to the south, through Prince Regent's Inlet, into the Gulf of Boothia, thence through Dease and Simpson's Strait into the sea; another to the southwest, through the unexplored region lying between Prince Regent's Inlet and Banks's Land; a third, to the west, through the strait between Banks's Land and Melville island; and a fourth to the north, through the straits which lie between the North Georgian islands, as Parry named them, though they are now appropriately called the Parry islands. Since the recent discoveries of Mr. Rae have shown that there is solid land where Dease and Simpson's Strait was supposed to be, we know now, that the first of these routes is impossible. Of the second, we know nothing but what we learn from Sir Edward Parry. But as both the summers when he looked for an opening there, he found a field of ice of extraordinary thickness, extending

from Prince Regent's Inlet to Banks's Land, presenting an immovable barrier, apparently as firm as the continent, we may safely consider it a hopeless undertaking to look for a navigable passage there. If, therefore, any such passage exist, it must be either between and beyond Melville island and Banks's Land, or else in the channels which lie between the Parry islands.

Parry tried in vain, in the summer of 1819, to push through the first. Having spent the winter of 1819–20 in a harbor in Melville island, he started again for the west in the next summer, as he says, under favorable auspices. The narrow channel of water, between the ice and the land, grew more narrow as he advanced, the floating fragments of ice at times closed entirely around him, and at times forced both his vessels on to the shore. The channel seemed to end at Cape Dundas; and the ice appearing unbroken as far as it could be seen in front, he was obliged to abandon the attempt, after having advanced only sixty miles in a whole season, and that a favorable one. He says, in his Narrative, (p. 241,) — "It now became evident, from the combined experience of this and the preceding year, that there was something peculiar about the southwest extremity of Melville island, which made the icy sea there extremely unfavorable to navigation, and which seemed likely to bid defiance to all our efforts to proceed much farther west in that parallel of latitude." No one, indeed, can read the Narrative, without agreeing that there is some peculiarity about the southwestern extremity of Melville island, which presents a permanent obstacle to navigation in that quarter.

But the question naturally arises, What is the nature of this peculiarity, which stagnates and bridges over a strait from fifteen to eighteen leagues wide, connecting two oceans? Is the ice impenetrable by reason of the narrowness or crookedness of the strait? Or is the climate at that particular spot of a peculiar frigidity? Or, in fine, is not Melville island, so called, joined to Banks's Land by lowlands beyond Cape Dundas, making the head of a bay where Parry looked for a strait? In framing an answer, we must depend entirely upon Sir Edward Parry's Narrative of his first expedition. His statements of fact are all that we know of the subject; and if they indicate that there is land where he guessed there was

a strait, we, with all respect, prefer his facts to his hypotheses.

In reading the narrative, we are first struck with the increasing difficulty which he found in penetrating the ice as he advanced. Its thickness, its solidity, its firmness, look as if it were left to accumulate and harden in some undisturbed nook, remote from the turbulent ocean. As he went farther west, "the obstructions from ice, both as to its thickness and extent, were found to increase." (pp. 240, 297.) The ice was found to have a greater specific gravity. (p. 247.) Beyond Cape Dundas, it seemed to be so firmly fastened to the land as to be utterly immovable, even in the most violent storms. (pp. 241, 245, 250.) A paragraph in Colonel Sabine's preface to the translation of Von Wrangell's Siberia and the Polar Sea, gives a meaning to these facts. He says: —

"The thickness of ice formed in a single season is stated, by Von Wrangell, to be about nine and a half feet; if prevented from drifting away during the summer, a second season will add about five feet, and a third season, doubtless, somewhat more. The fields of ice which have been met with by the British expeditions, in parts of the sea which are known to be cleared every year — in Baffin's Bay and Hudson's Straits, for example, and to the north and west of Spitzbergen — have usually been from nine to ten feet; and I well remember the surprise excited in the expedition which penetrated to Melville island, at the extraordinary and unprecedented thickness of the field ice which they encountered after passing Barrow's Strait and entering, for the first time, the portion of the sea comprised between the continent and the islands to its north; evidencing, on that portion of the sea, that the icy covering remains for successive years. The general thickness was more than double that of the formation of a single year."

The ice had, therefore, been as little disturbed for successive years before Parry's arrival as it was the two years when he strove so perseveringly to find an opening through it. The "something peculiar, unfavorable to navigation" appears then, in the first place, to be, that the ice at the southwestern extremity of Melville island is, from some cause, permanently fixed.

Its immovableness is strikingly shown in the effect of different winds upon the floating ice, in the narrow channel in

which Parry was struggling. He says, in his Narrative, (p. 242,) "It may always be expected, in icy seas, that a breeze of wind, however slight, will set the ice in motion, if there be any room to move." On another page, we read, "We had been lying near our present situation, with an easterly wind blowing fresh for thirty-six hours together; the ice had not, during the whole of that time, moved a single yard from the shore, affording proof that there was no space in which the ice was at liberty to move to the westward." (p. 241.) On the same day, "the westerly wind cleared us, by slow degrees, of the loose masses of ice floating about the ship, and, in the afternoon, the main body went off about three hundred yards, drifting also a little to the eastward."

At four, A. M., next day, the wind died into a calm. "The ice immediately ceased to drift to the eastward, and, at half past five, a light breeze springing up from the south-east caused it to return in the opposite direction." After ten, P. M., the same day, "the wind blew much harder; the ice had by this time ceased moving westward, having apparently, as before, reached its *ne plus ultra* in that direction." Again, "in the morning watch, a breeze sprung up from the westward, which we were always ready to welcome, having found that it invariably served to open the ice, while an easterly wind as constantly made it closer."

If this is really a strait, joining two large bodies of water, it is in remarkable contrast with all similar straits. The straits which connect Hudson's Bay with the Atlantic are open every summer; Barrow's Strait is open every summer; Wellington Channel, and other more narrow channels leading towards the northwest, through the Parry islands, were entirely free from ice both earlier and later in the season than the time when this supposed strait was impenetrable. On the other hand, in sailing up Prince Regent's Inlet, a bay with but one outlet, as is now known, he was met by the same obstacles as in approaching this supposed strait. Moreover, if this were really nothing but a frozen strait, connecting two oceans, we should expect to find tides of some force flowing under the ice to where Parry was. Yet, in fact, he speaks with some hesitation of the existence of any tide there in summer, with entire doubt as to its direction; and, indeed, shows with abundant clearness that the currents were at the

mercy of the winds. In connection with this, we may add, the bones of deer, and musk oxen, and the quantity of their dung found on Melville island, so called, show that it is a place of constant resort for these animals; while the fact that they come to it from the southwest seems to indicate that they are acquainted with the permanency of its connection with Banks's Land.

Now, what is the nature of this permanent connection, — this isthmus, in fact, — which resists alike the influence of tempests, of currents, and of the unremitting heat of an arctic summer? That it should be merely the frozen surface of a strait, from fifteen to eighteen leagues wide, connecting two oceans, is improbable in the extreme. Nothing but the strongest evidence should be admitted as proving it. Yet no one, so far as is known, has travelled upon it, to ascertain its nature, and the only pretence upon which it is called a frozen strait is, that Parry, when nearest Cape Dundas, thought there was no land in sight encompassing the western horizon. Nevertheless, he does say, (Narrative, p. 250,) "The ice, to the west and southwest, was as solid and compact, to all appearance, as so much land, to which, indeed, the surface of many of the fields, from the kind of hill and dale I have before endeavored to describe, bore no imperfect resemblance." Now, the difficulty of distinguishing low land from ice, in the polar region, is well known. Parry, himself, puts this note, in the chart of his discoveries, near Prince Regent's Inlet: "N. B. Several of the valleys on this coast resemble bays, at a few miles distance." On page 72, of his Narrative, he says: —

"We afterwards found, however, that we had, at this time, been actually within three or four hundred yards of Cape Hearne. The error into which we were here led, as to our distance from the beach, arose from the extreme difficulty of distinguishing, even in broad daylight, between ice and land, when the latter is low and shelving, and completely covered with snow; by the uniform whiteness of which they are so completely blended as to deceive the best eye. Indeed, I know of no circumstance, in the navigation of these seas, which renders more necessary a vigilant look-out, and a careful attention to the hand-leads, than the deception to which I allude."

We find a similar instance on page 263.

"We had occasion here to notice, in a very striking degree, the deception occasioned by snow lying upon the land, in judging of its distance; this, indeed, is much more remarkable in these seas than in any other, when any part of the intermediate space is occupied by floes of ice, the whiteness of which mingles so imperceptibly with that of the snow upon the land, that it is impossible, from the total absence of any shadow, to tell where one ends and the other commences. Such, indeed, was the illusion this evening, with respect to Garrett island, which was completely covered with snow, that, although we were sailing at the distance of only four or five miles from it, we should scarcely have been aware that any land was in that direction, had we not previously surveyed these islands, and been running with the chart before us."

We give one more instance. When he reached Point Nias, on his land journey to the northern side of Melville island, so called, he was doubtful whether the snowy plain, which spread before him, was the land or the sea. At length, "we came to some ice thrown up on the beach, having cracks in it parallel to the line of the shore, which we immediately recognized to be of the same kind as those to which we had been long accustomed in Winter harbor, and which are occasioned by the rise and fall of the tide. Such, however, was the sameness in the appearance of the sea and of the low shelving shore interposed for two or three miles between it and the hill we had descended in the morning, that, had it not been for the circumstance I have just mentioned, we should still have been in great doubt respecting the nature of the level surface to the northward." Not being entirely satisfied yet, he made his men bore through the ice, which was very hard, and fourteen feet thick. In three quarters of an hour, the aperture was nearly filled with water. Every one tasted it. Though it was not very salt, Parry says it was saltish, enough so to convince every one that they were really standing upon the sea. But, from another source, we learn that not every one was convinced; for Captain (now Colonel) Sabine, the most accomplished member of the party, says, in a note to his preface to Von Wrangell, "The party, of which I myself was one, who walked from the south to the north side of Melville island, in May, 1820, *did not go off the land on the north side.*" Here we see two intelligent men differing in opinion, not

only as to whether that was land which lay a few miles before them, but whether it was sea or land upon which they were actually standing.

These examples are enough to show that Sir Edward Parry could not possibly determine, by merely gazing at the fields of ice which lay extended before him, that it was all a frozen sea between him and the horizon. Particularly in this instance he could not, when he says that the white expanse had much of the appearance of land. On the contrary, the entire experience of two seasons goes directly to show that there was land between Melville island and Banks's Land, if not in sight, at least, beyond the horizon. We may, therefore, fairly and confidently infer, that "the something peculiar about the southwestern extremity of Melville island, extremely unfavorable to navigation," is an isthmus connecting it with Banks's Land. Consequently, a passage to the Polar Sea is impossible in that direction.

Approach to the Polar Sea in this quarter being barred by this isthmus, all access to it through Barrow's Strait is cut off, unless a passage can be found in the channels which lie towards the northwest, between the Parry islands. Here we are left to speculation, as no explorer has entered them to tell where they lead; we can only reason on the facts which Parry noted when he sailed by them. Both times he remarked that they were perfectly open. A barrier of loose ice extended across Barrow's Strait, through which he pushed his vessels with difficulty; along the south lay an impenetrable field of ice, extending as far as he advanced; to the west of these straits, he hardly found room to navigate his vessels. Yet these straits, all the while, were unconscious of winter. Parry says of Wellington Channel, in particular, that as far as could be seen from the mast head, it was as free from ice as the middle of the Atlantic. From some of his other observations, it appears that a current flows constantly through them from the northwest. As Wellington Channel alone is sixty miles wide, it is obvious that such a current can be supplied only by a very large body of water. But let the body of water be as large as it may, it could not supply a constant current of this magnitude, unless it in return received a current from the ocean. Hence the straits flowing through the group of the Parry islands must, in some manner, connect with an ocean.

For aught we know, they may turn to the northeast, and join the Atlantic to the northeast of Greenland; but there are circumstances which make the supposition more probable, that they flow from an ocean spreading to the west and northwest of the Parry group. One very little circumstance shows that there is a sea there. We read, in the account of the land journey to the northern shore of Melville island, (Narrative, p. 192,) "the whole of the shore, as far as I could see with a glass to the westward of Point Nias, bore evident marks of that tremendous pressure which is produced by fields of ice set in motion." The effect of the westerly winds is a more striking fact. In many places in the narrative, Parry remarks, that while he was on the southern shore of Melville island, westerly winds drove the heavy masses of ice towards the west. In September, 1819, he noticed for nearly a week this remarkable spectacle of heavy masses of ice drifting directly in the teeth of the wind, at the same time that the smaller fragments flowed with the superficial current, which always is in the same direction with the wind. As stated in the narrative, this appears to be an inexplicable anomaly. But if we suppose Wellington Channel and the other channels to flow from a sea lying to the northwest of the Parry islands, it becomes very simple. For when westerly winds impel its waters through these channels faster than they can flow through Barrow's Strait, the backwater must flow to the west along the shore of Melville island, carrying the heavy ice with it, in the teeth of the wind.

Thus a careful examination of Sir Edward Parry's Narrative of his first voyage shows, that no passage to the Polar Sea can be found where he sought it, and where Franklin was sent to find it; while it probably may be found through Wellington Channel, where Franklin was permitted to look for it as a last resort. But the navigator has by no means solved the problem of the Northwest Passage when he has reached the Polar Sea. He has then only penetrated to a region which is utterly unknown, even unimagined. What may be the limits of that sea, what currents may there perplex the voyager, what obstacles may oppose him, or whether an open sea may lie before him, we cannot even guess. Supposing so much to be accomplished, we turn to the other end of the supposed Passage, where it joins the Pacific.

The contemporaneous discoveries of Franklin, and of Mr. Elson under the command of Captain Beechey, left only that part of the northern boundary of North America which lies between Point Beechey, in longitude 150° W., and Point Barrow, 157° W., to be discovered. Messrs. Dease and Simpson having traversed this in 1836, the coast is now delineated on all the maps from the Pacific to the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. But the determination of the northern boundary of the continent is a very different thing from the discovery of a navigable Northwest Passage. It is very interesting undoubtedly; but it is only a modern offshoot from the old problem which the navigators of Great Britain have been trying to solve ever since the days of Frobisher. On the maps, however, so much of the Passage as lies between the Pacific and the Polar Sea appears to have been accomplished. The coast is distinctly drawn, the sea appears to be unobstructed, and it looks like the simplest thing in the world to navigate a vessel from Behring's Strait to the Mackenzie river. But the illusion is quickly dispelled by a glance at the narratives of the discoverers.

A ship might, indeed, under favorable circumstances, sail without much difficulty from the Pacific to Point Barrow. Mr. Elson and Lieutenant Smyth, when despatched by Captain Beechey, in the Blossom's barge, to trace the coast beyond Icy Cape, found an open channel, though not a very broad or deep one, between the shore and the fixed ice in the offing, extending to the Point. On their return, a change of the wind drove the heavy ice near the shore, and filled up the channel with fragments. The boat was so jammed against the land, that after many efforts to extricate it, Elson was about to abandon it and rejoin Captain Beechey by land, when a fortunate change of wind relieved him. The passage from the Pacific, as far as Point Barrow, is therefore practicable, although it is precarious. On weathering the Point, we come to a different region. Every vestige of cheerfulness disappears, and a dreary expanse presents itself. On one side, lies the ocean, a vast plain of ice; on the other, is a continent of frozen mud. The chilly fog which prevails there, is welcomed as a veil to hide the scene; but the voyager often longs to behold its bleakness again before the fog is dispelled. Simpson, in the journal of his approach to

Point Barrow from the east, gives a vivid picture of this solitude. As he dragged his light boat through and over the ice, he seemed to have advanced beyond that part of the world which is intended to support life. Two families of Esquimaux were the only human beings he saw; the deer, the only other living things, were hurrying to a more hospitable region; and the only sound that disturbed the universal stillness was the grinding of the broken ice. We take a few notes from his journal to show that no ship can be navigated there, and that those who seek a Northwest Passage must look in some other quarter for it.

"20th of July. The ice became heavier as we advanced; and at one, P. M., it entirely arrested our progress in Foggy Island Bay. 21st. The storm raged fiercely, but we bore with patience the detention on witnessing the havoc made among the landward ice. A few miles out to sea, a continuous white line proclaimed it still unbroken. 22d. We stood out under close reefed topsails for Point Anxiety. When we found we had neared it by our reckoning, we found ourselves barred from the land by a broad stream of heavy ice, extending out to seaward. 23d. We once more set sail for Point Anxiety. The ice again prevented our approaching it, and left us far to seaward. 24th. The wind now veered to the northward, driving the ice down upon us. We made the shore at midnight. It was with difficulty we found a landing place on a large fragment of ice upon which the boats were hauled up. 25th. The coast line is formed of frozen mud banks. 26th. From Cape Halket, the coast for fifteen miles presents nought to the eye but a succession of low banks of frozen mud. The ice was very heavy all along this part of the coast, and but very recently detached from the beach. 27th. The earth was impenetrably frozen at the depth of four inches, so that our tent pegs could not be driven home. About noon, we observed with pleasure the ice beginning to open, and at two, we discovered a narrow lane of water, leading out from the land, and apparently turning again inwards a few miles farther on. We made our way amongst the ice with considerable risk. Farther out in the bay, the ice lay smooth and solid as in the depth of a sunless winter. So unbroken was its appearance, that some of the party longed for carioles to drive at once to Point Barrow. 28th. High water widened the narrow passage between the icebergs and the shore, and enabled us to double the cape; but we had only proceeded two or three miles, when our further progress was arrested by an impenetrable body of ice, extending, as we found in the course of the day, all along the coast. The ice

appearing somewhat loosened on the morning of the 31st, we embarked at nine o'clock, and forced our way through the crowded masses for about two miles, with serious risk to the boats. In this sort of progress, to which we frequently had recourse, it must be understood that, except the bowmen and steersmen, all the crew were out upon the ice with poles, pushing aside and fending off the successive fragments. The advance thus effected was always slow, painful, and precarious; and we considered ourselves particularly fortunate whenever we found a natural channel through the ice, wide enough to admit our little boats. The farther advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days, we had only made good as many miles. I therefore lost no time in imparting to Mr. Dease my desire of exploring the rest of the coast to Point Barrow on foot. Aug. 2d. The coast [the west shore of Dease Inlet] was frozen solidly within two inches of the surface. 3d. We found the ice close jammed along the shore. We found to our surprise the muddy bottom was impenetrably frozen. We had not gone far when we came to a compact body of ice, extending beyond the reach of vision. Carrying our light vessel [a canoe bought from the Esquimaux women at Dease Inlet,] across a corner of this barrier, we pursued our way through the little channels between it and the shore. 4th. We had now only to cross Elson Bay. It was covered with a tough coat of young ice, through which we broke a passage. On reaching the shore [of Point Barrow] and seeing the ocean spreading far and wide to the southwest, we unfurled our flag, and, with three enthusiastic cheers, took possession of our discoveries in his Majesty's name. To the northward, a multitude of icebergs covered the ocean; in the east, nothing but ice was visible; but on the western side, a broad lane of water stretched away towards Cape Smyth."

To look for a navigable passage along this coast is evidently preposterous. If there really be a Northwest Passage, we must look for its western termination elsewhere. From Lieutenant Smyth's report to Captain Beechey (in Part I. of Beechey's Narrative,) it seems possible that it may be found joining the coast at Point Barrow. For Mr. Elson and Lieutenant Smyth not only saw a channel of clear water running through the ice towards the north from the Point, but they also observed a strong current there setting towards the north, which continued at least half a day after the south wind fell. For aught that Lieutenant Smyth says in his report, it may be a constant current. But Captain Beechey, after a thorough examination of the sea to the north of

Behring's Strait, came to the conclusion that there is a slight current flowing to the north through the strait; but that it turns to the northwest at Cape Lisburn, and that there is no fixed current farther up the American coast than Icy Cape. He says farther, (Part II. p. 579,) "By many experiments made on shore at Icy Cape by Lieutenant Belcher, it appeared, that southerly and westerly winds occasioned high tides, and northerly and easterly winds very low ebbs. It would seem, therefore, from this fact, that the water finds some obstruction to the northward." From this deliberate opinion of Captain Beechey (and no one is more capable of forming a just one upon the matter) it follows, that the channel running towards the north through the ice at Point Barrow is of limited extent, and, therefore, does not communicate with the ocean to the north. The same conclusion is suggested by the glimpses, which we get from the narratives of Captain Beechey and Mr. Simpson, of the immensity of ice which bounds the northern horizon in all that region.

If this opening be abandoned, the resolute explorer has but one other course to take. Instead of creeping along the coast, edging between the land and the ice, he must stand boldly out into the sea which spreads to the north of Behring's Strait. But even here an obstacle awaits him. The fixed ice which approaches within a mile or two of the shore at Point Barrow, and recedes gradually from it down to about the 70th parallel of latitude, stretches nearly west on that parallel, presenting, as far as it extends, an impenetrable barrier to navigation. We do not know how far it extends; but we know that Captain Beechey found it balking him as far west as he went, both the years that he approached it. But suppose its western limit were ascertained, all difficulty would not yet be removed, by any means. The two facts, that a constant though gentle current, setting against it from the south, does not remove it, and that the water along it, hundreds of miles from any land that is known, is shallow, suggest the idea that it may be sustained by resting against undiscovered land to the north. Captain Beechey says, "it may lie off the coast of some polar lands, too low and too far off to be seen from the margin of the ice, and which can be ascertained only by journeys over the ice, in a similar manner to that in which the mountains to the north of Skelatskoi Noss

were discovered by the Russians. The indications, therefore, are, that if the western limit of this icy barrier should be reached, still the western boundary of land lying behind it would be found to extend indefinitely to the north. But it is idle to speculate upon the unknown extent and direction of a supposed coast, beginning at an unknown point. It is not idle, however, to bear in mind that all this is unknown; for it shows that nothing whatever is known of the western termination of the much desired Passage. If, therefore, as we supposed, a bold explorer should sail through Wellington Channel to some yet unknown sea (as we think Franklin has,) he would find the task of discovering the Northwest Passage only begun; he would find

"The world was all before him, where to choose."

In a word, the result of all the discoveries that have been made, is simply this: — if there really be a navigable Northwest Passage, Wellington Channel and Barrow's Strait probably form its eastern end; the western end is probably somewhere to the north or northwest of Behring's Strait, and the rest of it is utterly unknown. Meagre and vague as this is, we doubt very much if the combined explorations of all the expeditions, which have been sent to the relief of Sir John Franklin, will make it much more definite.

But if the expeditions cannot discover the long sought for Northwest Passage, they may determine many doubtful points in regard to the Northern boundary of America. On one point, we shall be glad to hear their report. The maps made since 1836 have, on the faith of Mr. Simpson's book, represented the coast-line as continuous around Point Barrow to Gwydyr Bay, to which Sir John Franklin had traced it before, from the east. If Simpson could be implicitly trusted, there would scarcely be room for doubting their correctness. But when we turn from the grave quartos of the Government expeditions to his sprightly octavo, we meet with omissions, slight inconsistencies, and sometimes a dramatic style, that create a distrust which no one can feel with regard to Beechey, or Parry, or Franklin, or Ross. Hence, the fact of his describing the coast-line from Gwydyr Bay to Point Barrow is not, of itself, conclusive that such a coast-line has been traced; we are not barred from examining his narrative, to

see how far his particular observations sustain him. When we compare his narrative with Beechey's and Franklin's, we are struck with the singular contrast which the coast that he explored (from Gwydyr Bay to Point Barrow) presents with the coast on each side of it. To the southwest of Point Barrow, and to the east, beyond Mackenzie river, the shores are populous with Esquimaux; numerous whales and seals disport in the water, and many a clumsy walrus is seen basking himself on the ice. But on this part, included between them, neither Esquimaux, nor whales, nor seals, nor walruses are to be found. Although several large rivers discharge their waters there, among them the Colville, which produces an impetuous current six miles from the shore, and makes the water fresh for twenty miles around its mouth, Simpson found the ice, in August, firmly fastened to the shore, or recently detached from it, filling the northern horizon, and lying as "smooth and solid as in the depth of a sunless winter." Near Point Barrow, he came to "a compact body of ice extending beyond the reach of vision," resting upon the land, over which he had to carry his boat both going and returning. This compact body of ice was just where Mr. Elson and Lieutenant Smyth had observed it, from the west side of Point Barrow, nine years before. Great numbers of deer collect near this tongue of ice, just as they do in their migrations all over the Polar region, near tongues of land connecting large tracts of country that are almost dissevered by water. These facts, of themselves, suggest the possibility that this "compact body of ice" is an isthmus, like the low isthmus, a mile wide, which Rae has discovered crossing the supposed strait marked on the maps "Dease and Simpson's Strait," and that it may join a great tract of land to the north, the existence of which is suggested by Captain Beechey and indicated by all the discoveries in that quarter. When Simpson asked the Esquimaux woman, at Dease Inlet, to draw for him a map of the coast, she drew one terminating at the west "in a considerable bay;" the old man then added, farther to the west, a cape, which meant Point Barrow. The only bay that Simpson found, to the west of Dease Inlet, was a semicircular indentation in the coast four miles in diameter. To call this a considerable bay is ridiculous. Dease Inlet was five miles wide where they were

drawing the map, ten miles from its mouth. If, however, the woman considered the tongue of compact ice, over which Simpson had to carry his boat, as an isthmus, then she might well terminate her map, at the west, with a considerable bay.

In connection with this, we cannot but notice Simpson's conduct when he reached Point Barrow. When he landed, he was half way between its extremity and its junction with the main land. He had struggled through disheartening difficulties to reach the northern extremity of America, and three enthusiastic cheers broke spontaneously from his party as they touched the soil. But when we expect to see them rush to the extremity of the point, to reach the desired goal, Simpson stops to consider. In the morning, which he describes as gloriously clear, he could see very well that the village a mile and a half to the south was inhabited; but at the same time, he could not tell, "in the mist of the morning," whether the one a mile and a half to the north was inhabited or not. Immediately forgetting his longing to stand on the northern extremity of the continent, he turns to the southern village to enjoy the pleasure of a conversation with a people of whose language he knew absolutely nothing, save what he could gather from the meagre vocabulary of another dialect which he carried with him. He intimates, afterwards, that he was afraid of the Esquimaux of the northern village. Yet he remained on the point twelve hours, with the inhabitants of both villages gathered around his little party; and, shunning the higher land at the northern end, he walked, alone, to the low western shore, to obtain an extensive prospect. The whole account of his expedition to Point Barrow, from Boat Extreme where he left Mr. Dease and half the party, is tinged with obscurity. We are not prepared to say that his representations are not correct; but we should not be surprised to learn that Commander Moore has found that they are not.

Thus, it appears that the success of the combined expeditions, which have been sent out by the British Government, will be different in their various objects. As to the first, the succor of Sir John Franklin, little can be said, save that while there is doubt there is hope. In the second, the tracing of the northern coast of America, much will undoubtedly be accomplished. But in the third, the discovery of the North-

west Passage, little will be done, we are confident, but to show the fallacy of the hopes of the late Sir John Barrow. The British navy may well be proud of the boldness, perseverance, and fortitude which have been displayed in the baffled search for this coy strait. Yet, after three centuries of exploration, the language used to urge its prosecution remains unchanged. In the year 1576, after Frobisher's return, Sir Humphrey Gilbert said, in his Discourse to prove a passage by the Northwest to Cathaia and the East Indies, "America is discovered so farre, towards the north, as Cape Fredo, which is at 62 degrees, and that part of Grondland next adjoyning is knowen to stand at but 72 degrees. So that we have but 10 degrees to saile north and south to put the world out of doubt hereof." In 1844, Sir John Barrow wrote, "Only nine hundred miles remain to be explored. If expense be the only objection, it may be met by observing that one season only would suffice for its decision." Sir Humphrey Gilbert perished in the fruitless expedition that his discourse excited; and the expedition which Sir John Barrow's argument elicited has been for four years — Heaven only knows where. Such long-continued want of success warrants us in doubting the existence of the Northwest Passage; until it shall be actually discovered, we may fairly hold it to be a phantom

> "Which, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
> Still lures us on, and, as we follow, flies."

Art. II. — *Histoire de la Sicile sous la Domination des Normands.* Par le Baron de Bazancourt. Paris: 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

In the year 1016, a bark proceeding from Amalfi was seen to enter the port of Salerno. The pilgrim cloaks of those who manned it, the long beards which descended on their breasts, and the purses which were fastened to their girdles, showed that they had just returned from the Holy Land. Many were the pilgrims who at that period resorted to Palestine to obtain, at the tomb of the Saviour, the forgiveness of their sins. The minds of men were then filled

with dark forebodings. It was thought, that a thousand years having elapsed since the birth of Christ, the destruction of the world was nigh at hand. This belief, founded on a false interpretation of certain passages in Scripture, was confirmed by some unusual phenomena in the physical world. The earth had trembled; in the heavens had been seen streaks of fire, in which was traced the form of the Evil Spirit, who seemed to approach the earth and threaten it with destruction; a comet, also, had appeared, and increased the terror of the superstitious. Many enriched monasteries and churches with their worldly goods, and, casting aside their warlike attire, took up the pilgrim's staff and proceeded to Palestine.

No nation showed more zeal in undertaking these distant journeys than the Normans. But recently converted to Christianity, they had all the zeal of neophytes. It was a party of these Normans who now landed at Salerno. It was not unusual for them to stop in Italy, on their homeward passage; for they preferred a journey across Italy and France, where they might meet with hazardous adventures, to a monotonous voyage in the Mediterranean. There was something in the noble and manly bearing of the knights, who then approached Salerno, which prepossessed in their favor Gaymar, who then reigned there. He received them hospitably, and endeavored by his kind treatment to make them forget the perils and the dangers which they had sustained. The Normans wished to requite the hospitality of Gaymar, and an unexpected event afforded them the means of showing their gratitude.

They had not been long at the court of Salerno, when a Saracen fleet approached the city to claim the annual tribute which the Saracens, who then ruled the island of Sicily, exacted of Gaymar, and which he had failed that year to pay. Believing himself unable to resist so powerful an enemy, the prince was on the point of ordering payment to be made, when Drogon, the leader of the Normans, presented himself before him, and exclaimed: — "Noble Lord, do the inhabitants of Salerno mean to submit, like defenceless widows, and suffer such an insult from the Mussulmans? Shall Christians be subjected to Infidels? No! let the hopes of these Barbarians be deceived. Give us arms and horses, and their

insolence shall soon be punished." The Saracens were encamped in a field, near the city, where they passed the time in riot and debauchery. Drogon and his followers secretly armed themselves, and, accompanied by the best warriors of Salerno, attacked the Saracen camp at dead of night. The Infidels, taken by surprise, were easily vanquished, and but few were left to carry to their companions in the boats the intelligence of their disaster. The Normans returned in triumph to Salerno, where Gaymar offered them magnificent presents; but they declined receiving them, saying that they could not accept money for what they had done for the sake of God alone. Gaymar then entreated them to remain at his court. To this they replied, that after so long an absence from their native country they were desirous of revisiting it; but they would send to him some of their countrymen as valiant as themselves, "which," added they, with true Norman pride, "would not be difficult." With this promise they departed.

They were faithful to their word. The sight of the rich fruits, the oranges and dates, which Drogon and his followers had brought, and the glowing description they gave of those southern regions where grew the olive, the laurel, and the vine, induced other knights to leave their home and seek adventures in Italy. They distinguished themselves there by many acts of valor and hardihood. Among them were three young men, sons of Tancred, Lord of Hauteville, a poor but illustrious nobleman. Tancred had been twice married, and had twelve children, who were alike remarkable for strength of body and high traits of character. It seemed, says one of the historians of Sicily, as if fortune had collected from the different parts of the world those whom it thought most worthy of command. Serlon, the eldest, for some important services rendered to Robert, Duke of Normandy, had been retained at the court of that prince, where he became a great favorite. The younger sons could not bear to see their brother thus raised above them; and three of them, William, Onfroy, and Drogon, seeing that Normandy offered no field for their ambition, determined to go to Italy, where many of their countrymen had already preceded them.

It is difficult for us to imagine with what hardships and dangers a journey of such length was attended. With the

exception of a few Roman roads, which had been repaired by Queen Brunehaut, there was not a practicable road in France. The traveller was obliged to pass through ploughed fields, to traverse forests infested with robbers, spending the night at some humble cottage or hospitable monastery, or else to have recourse to his own good sword. Such were the dangers which the sons of Tancred encountered, in order to reach the country which was to be the field of so many of the brilliant exploits of their countrymen.

They proceeded to the court of Salerno, where Gaymar IV., the son of the prince who had received Drogon and his companions, then reigned. He received them with much kindness, admitted them to his counsels, and entrusted them with several important undertakings. He soon discovered, however, that the growing power and influence of his guests might prove dangerous to his own authority; and it was not without a secret satisfaction that, in 1038, he received a messenger from Michael the Paphlagonian, then emperor of the East, requesting that the Normans might join him in his proposed expedition against Sicily. Gaymar did not fail to represent to the sons of Tancred all the advantages they might derive from the offer of Michael; and the Normans, though quick to perceive the real cause of the interest which their host took in their departure, collected those of their countrymen who were willing to follow them, and proceeded to Reggio, where Maniakis, the Greek general, awaited them. The Normans, numbering three hundred men, each with his retinue, were commanded by William surnamed Bras de Fer. They were received with every mark of respect by Maniakis, who, at the sight of these renowned warriors, clad in their heavy armor, was inspired with confident hopes of success.

Sicily, against which the combined forces of Maniakis and William of the Iron Arm were to proceed, had then been in possession of the Saracens for upwards of two hundred years. Immediately after the death of Mahomet, his followers had commenced the work of conquest which was prescribed to them in the Koran. Obedient to the voice of their law-giver, who told them, "to make war on those who believe neither in Allah nor in the day of Judgment, who do not proscribe what he and his prophet have forbidden, and do not

accept the true religion from those to whom the sacred books have been entrusted, — to make war on these unbelievers until they should come to pay tribute and be humbled," — they had carried their victorious arms into Persia, Syria, and Egypt, and had invaded Sicily as early as the year 647. This first attempt at conquest proved vain, and it was not until after nearly two hundred years of fruitless endeavors, that they succeeded in wresting that beautiful island from the emperors of the East. In 827, the treachery of Euphemius, who then held the command in Sicily in the name of the emperor, enabled them to form a permanent settlement in the island. Euphemius had been appointed to his important station by Michael the Stammerer, who then reigned at Constantinople. Although born of a noble Grecian family, Euphemius was a man of vulgar habits, and had it not been for his military talents, he would not probably have received so important an office. He had become enamoured of a young girl named Omoniza, and had demanded her hand from her parents. His demand had been granted, but he afterwards learned that he was not the only suitor favorably received. Enraged at what he considered as the grossest insult, he went by night to the convent where the young girl resided, and carried her off. Great was the consternation when, on the following morning, Omoniza's cell was found empty. Her brothers swore to be avenged. "We shall obtain justice," said one of them to the other, "if God is God, and if from heaven he sees the deeds which are done on earth." Animated by this feeling, they repaired to Constantinople, there to demand satisfaction from the emperor. Michael heard their complaint with favor, and ordered that Euphemius should be arrested, that his nose should be cut off, and he should be led thus mutilated through the streets of Syracuse as an example and a warning.

Euphemius did not wait for this cruel sentence to be executed. He left Sicily with all whom he could prevail upon to follow him, and sought a refuge in Africa, where the description which he gave of the island, and the brilliant promises which he made the Saracens, induced them to rally around him. They landed at Mazara with an army of seven hundred horse and ten thousand foot. Euphemius soon found that he had opened the country to a mighty foe, who, in the

hour of triumph, would forget him by whom their success had been obtained. He was on the point of betraying his new friends, as he had his former master, when he was himself assassinated by one of his followers.

The Saracens did not find the work of conquest an easy one, and nearly fifty years elapsed before Sicily was entirely subjected to their sway. From that time until the eleventh century, they had remained in tranquil possession of the island. Not so much to their own power or valor was the ease with which they had retained this dominion to be ascribed, as to the distracted condition of the Eastern empire, and to the weakness and vices of those who wielded the sceptre at Constantinople. The Saracens were no longer that noble and courageous people, who, impelled by the enthusiasm of their faith, had marched forth to subdue the world. Internal dissensions had weakened them, and the fatal tendency of their religion to destroy all activity of mind, and to leave the believer in passive expectation of the events which were to come, had rendered them incapable of resisting the warlike people who had come from the northern regions of Europe to form a permanent settlement on the banks of the Seine, and who were soon afterwards to give a conqueror to Britain.

From Reggio the imperial army, commanded by Maniakis and William of Hauteville, set sail for Sicily. As they approached the island, they saw its shores covered with every species of fruit tree, the vineyards spread on the sides of the hills, and the thousand refreshing streams which fertilized the land. The religious feelings of the Normans were shocked when they reflected that this beautiful island was in the hands of the Infidels. The fleet advanced towards Messina. For two hundred years this city had been ruled by the Mussulmans, and yet from the summit of its formidable battlements waved a banner bearing on it the Holy Cross. The conquered inhabitants had been permitted by their victors to retain this emblem of their past glory and future hopes; and as the Christian army approached, it seemed to call on them to deliver their brethren from bondage. At first, the Moorish garrison opposed a vigorous resistance to the invaders; but unaccustomed to such enemies as the Normans, they soon gave way, and the city opened its gates to Maniakis and his

followers. The imperial army then invaded the whole island as far as Syracuse, which also surrendered. After the capture of this city, the Normans, separating from the main body of the army, continued to pursue the enemy, while the Greeks took possession of all the rich booty, leaving nothing for their chivalrous allies. Indignant at this treacherous conduct, the Normans sent Ardouin, a Lombard, and a relative of Ambrosius, archbishop of Milan, to the Greek commander, to set forth their causes of complaint, and demand a reparation for the injuries they had received. Whether he began to fear the ascendency which the Normans were gaining in the army, or was angry that Ardouin addressed him in language too bold and haughty, Maniakis ordered the messenger to be seized and whipped in presence of the whole camp, after which, with his own hand, he plucked out his beard. In this sad condition, covered with blood and stripped of his clothes, Ardouin returned to the Norman camp. At the sight of their ambassador thus cruelly and ignominiously treated, the Normans raised a cry of indignation, and swore to avenge immediately the insult which had been offered. "Stop!" exclaimed Ardouin, "leave these perfidious and ungrateful Greeks in peace. If deferred, the punishment which awaits them will be none the less certain. Apulia is open to us. There we shall find booty enough to make us forget that which we have now lost." His associates approved this advice, and Ardouin, a few days afterwards, dissimulating his resentment, betook himself to the Greek camp, and demanded of the general a safe-conduct to enable him and some of his companions to return to the peninsula. This was granted, and on the ensuing night the Normans left their camp, hastened to Messina, and crossing the straits before the Greeks could overtake them, commenced ravaging those parts of Calabria which acknowledged the sway of Constantinople. Nor did they spare the dominions of Gaymar, their former host; for to him, as he had advised them to join the army of Maniakis, they attributed the treachery which had been practised upon them.

On hearing of the achievements of the Normans in Italy, Maniakis left Sicily and endeavored to check their progress. His attempt might have been successful, had he not, owing to some accusation preferred against him, been recalled to Con-

stantinople, where he was thrown into prison. Whilst he was thus confined, the feeble commander sent to Sicily in his place allowed the island again to pass into the hands of the Infidels, and southern Italy continued to be ravaged by the Normans. The Emperor saw that none but Maniakis could expel the foreigners from Italy, and therefore opened the gates of his prison, restored to him his titles and honors, and invested him once more with the chief command. As soon as he arrived in Calabria, the victorious march of the Normans was arrested; but the Emperor, again listening to the voice of his counsellors, recalled Maniakis once more. This time, however, the general refused to obey, and raised the standard of rebellion. An army was sent against him, and he was killed in battle. The death of Maniakis was a most fortunate event for the ambitious plans of the Normans. They soon succeeded in conquering Apulia, of which William, by the common consent of his companions, was named Count.

William survived but three years his elevation to power, and his brother Drogon succeeded him. About this time, another band of Normans arrived in Italy. At their head was a young man, about twenty-five years old, of tall stature and great beauty of person. This was another of the sons of Tancred of Hauteville, — Robert, surnamed Guiscard, who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the history of the Norman conquests in the south of Europe. Meanwhile, Drogon had done homage to the Emperor of Germany, and received the title of Duke instead of Count. In 1051, he was assassinated in the Church of San Lorenzo, at Montaglio, and this crime gave the signal for a general outbreak in Apulia. Onfroy, who had taken the reins of government, succeeded in quelling this revolt; but hardly had he succeeded, when he was called to encounter a far greater peril.

Leo IX. was then on the papal throne. He saw with alarm the growing discontent of the population governed by the Normans, who since they had acquired a firm footing in the country, had begun to make the people feel their iron yoke. Castles, lands, and houses were taken by violence from their legitimate owners. Churches were pillaged, and women were torn away from their husbands. Leo feared that a power which had grown so rapidly might increase still

more, and threaten his own authority with ruin. He therefore determined to favor the Greeks in the reëstablishment of their dominion in Southern Italy, hoping that they might expel the foreigners. For this purpose, he repaired to Germany, where he entered into a treaty with the Emperor, who, unmindful of the investiture which he had granted to the Normans, consented to aid the Pope in fighting against them. Leo himself headed the army, composed of those Germans whom he had succeeded in enlisting; of adventurers, collected from every part of Italy; and of quite a large body of Greeks. The Normans had only about three thousand men to oppose to this army, but they were the stoutest warriors in Europe. After vain endeavors to induce the Pope to give up his undertaking, they met the papal army at Civitella, on the 18th of June, 1053, and gained a decisive victory. The Pope sought refuge in the city of Civitella, but the inhabitants were obliged to yield him up to the enemy. As soon as the Holy Father had surrendered, the Normans saw in him only the Spiritual Head of the Church, and treated him with every mark of respect and veneration. He resided for some time in the city of Benevento, where the kindness of his enemies so touched him, that he not only confirmed the investiture which had already been granted, but assured to them the possession of all the territory which they might conquer in Calabria. Thus passed away the danger which had menaced their dominion.

In 1056, Onfroy died, and Robert Guiscard succeeded him as Duke of Apulia. Pope Nicholas II. himself came to perform the ceremony of investiture, and added a grant of Sicily, although the Normans did not then possess an inch of ground in that island. The historians of the time have given a detailed account of this ceremony. After an invocation to the Holy Trinity, the Pope rose, and addressed the Duke: — "Robert Guiscard, son of Tancred, most Christian prince, in virtue of the sovereign power which God has transmitted to me for the greater splendor and glory of religion on earth, I give to thee, and to thy descendants, the investiture of the Duchies of Apulia and Calabria, so that thou mayest cause the religion of Christ to flourish and shine with a pure radiancy. Most Christian prince, I add to this investiture that of the Duchy of Sicily; strong by thy faith in God, thou

wilt carry thy victorious arms into that island, and purge it of the Infidels who have too long profaned it by their presence. Be with God, and he will be with thee." The Duke then took the oaths prescribed, and received the ducal coronet and the consecrated standard, the symbol of investiture.

Encouraged by this ceremony, the Normans had now no other thought than that of rescuing Sicily from the hands of the Saracens. Robert Guiscard, however, did not play the most important part in this conquest. In 1057, he had summoned from Normandy his brother Roger, the youngest son of the Lord of Hauteville. This youth had grown up in the hope of one day joining Robert in Italy, and adding by his own exploits new glory to a family already distinguished. From the historian Malaterra, we learn that this young man was not more than twenty-two years of age when he arrived at the court of his brother; that he was of noble stature, fine proportions, and graceful bearing; full of strength and courage, and of a buoyant and elastic spirit, yet withal, prudent and sagacious. Notwithstanding his youth, Roger was appointed Captain-General by his brother as soon as he reached Italy. In an expedition against the Calabrians, who had attempted to free themselves from the Norman dominion, he acquired considerable renown and succeeded in making himself beloved by the army. At first, his success only excited the admiration of Robert Guiscard; but that jealous prince soon began to view him as a rival. He reduced his pay, and Roger in his resentment retired to Apulia, where one of his brothers offered him an asylum. He did not remain long there, but roving about through the country, he maintained himself by plunder. Peace was finally made between the brothers when Robert Guiscard wished again to subdue the Calabrians, who once more had revolted against his authority; and after a successful campaign against the insurgents, the two brothers retired to Reggio.

It was while at this place, during the winter of 1061, that a man, who from his dress and language might easily be recognized as a Saracen, presented himself at the palace of Count Roger and demanded an interview. This man was Ebn-el-Themnah, one of the powerful emirs of Sicily, who, after the death of Alsamsam, a prince who had united the whole island under his sway, had divided this rich country

among themselves. He had married a woman whose husband he had slain, and in a fit of drunkenness he had attempted to open her veins. Her brother, Aly Benaam, indignant at this outrage, had marched against him and defeated him. Ebn-el-Themnah was obliged to quit the island, but with the intention of returning and obtaining his revenge. He had now come to offer his services to the Normans. Admitted to the presence of Roger, he began by praising the valor of the Normans, and then said that the Christians had a right to Sicily, and that it would be easy for them to conquer it, because the cities and fortresses were wanting in ammunition and provisions, and his countrymen were inexperienced in the art of war. He explained to Roger the causes of grievance which he had against the Emir Benaam, and represented that the Saracens lived in such entire security that it would not be difficult to subdue them. "Sicily is, moreover, filled with Christians," continued the artful Arab, as he saw the growing interest which Roger took in his narrative; "at the sight of your victorious arms, they will hasten to rally around you. My services and those of my partisans you may rely upon, on the sole condition that I shall retain my possessions." Seductive as was the language of El-Themnah, the Count still hesitated. The Saracen then pulled from under his garment the Koran, and took an oath upon it that every word he had spoken was true. The expression of his face and the energy of his language added new force to his oath, and Roger, no longer able to doubt his sincerity, promised him the aid of his army.

Robert Guiscard, on hearing of the interview between his brother and El-Themnah, and of the engagement between them, was filled with concern, and warned Roger against what he considered as a snare laid for him by the Infidels. But another incident occurred about this time, which served to confirm Roger in his resolution. Three citizens of Messina, Ansoldo di Pacti, Nicolao Camoli, and Giacopo di Saccano, came to the Norman Count to complain of the oppression exercised in that city by the Saracens, and to entreat him to rescue their fellow-citizens from this despotic rule. They found Roger at Melito, where he had retired to entertain Pope Nicholas II. Giacopo, the most eloquent of the three messengers, addressed him thus: — "Invincible war-

rior, we are sent to thee by the city of Messina, which is full of confidence in thy faith and thy courage. Messina entreats thee to afford her thy assistance. It is well known that this unhappy city, as well as the rest of Sicily, is in the hands of the Infidels, and for two hundred and thirty years the religion of Christ has languished under the yoke of the impious Saracens, whose criminal power has heaped upon us so much misery and such heavy sorrows. Come to our assistance, help us with thy sword. Messina calls upon thee; Messina has chosen thee to be the saviour of her liberties; Messina wishes to live under thy sway, so that thy victory may proclaim the triumph of our faith. Messina awaits thy arrival; all the Christians in the island await thee, for under thy guidance they will shake off the yoke of the barbarians and deliver Sicily. Come to us, so that the religion of Christ, for a time humbled and profaned by the Infidels, may spring up again under thy victorious arm."

"Be welcome," replied the Count; "if these things come from God, God will be with us, and we shall be able to expel these enemies of the Christian faith from Sicily." With these few words, he took his leave of the ambassadors, and going immediately to the Pope's apartment, gave him a full account of what had passed, and asked for his blessing. "Count Roger," said the Pope, "it is a noble thought to wish to expel this impious sect from Sicily, and to deliver that island from a yoke which it has borne for so many years. May the all-powerful and merciful God be with thee, and with the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, mayest thou go in confidence. I ask of thee but one thing; when, victorious over thy enemies, thou shalt have subdued the island, show thyself, whatever may be thy power, obedient to God. Of the spoils of thy victory make three portions; the first, for the building of churches and of hospitals; the second, for the soldiers who have fought under thy orders in this expedition; and the third, for thyself. When thou shalt have done these things, I, Sovereign Pontiff, will bless thee, and the Lord will be with thee in all thy ways."

Roger swore to do as the Pope desired, and then returned to the ambassadors, whom he had left in his oratory, and informed them that he had obtained the sanction of the Holy

Father, and that in a few days he would commence his expedition against Sicily. Indeed, he could no longer hesitate. The report of the emir had been confirmed by the messengers, and it was now a religious duty for him to proceed in this great undertaking.

With that chivalrous daring which formed so prominent a feature of the Norman character, he lost no time in preparation, but taking El-Themnah as his guide, he crossed the straits of Messina with only three hundred men. This little force landed at Ministri, and thence proceeded towards Messina. At the sight of the invaders, Aly Benaam, who commanded at Messina, collected an army and came forth to meet them. The two bands encountered each other during the night, and the Saracens, unable to resist the superior skill of the Normans, were soon obliged to seek refuge in the city. Roger with his small force did not venture to attack Messina, but contenting himself with ravaging the neighboring country, he returned to Reggio laden with a rich booty.

This first expedition had been for the purpose only of observing the enemy's defences. At Reggio, Robert joined his brother with a considerable force, and two months were spent in preparing for the conquest of the island. When all was ready, the Norman knights, according to the old custom of all the northern nations of Europe, received from the hands of the clergy the consecrated host. Meanwhile the Saracens, informed of the extensive preparations which their enemies were making, stationed a fleet in the straits, so as to prevent them from landing in Sicily. The Norman forces were so inconsiderable when compared with those of the Infidels, that it seemed impossible for them to effect a landing. Roger, however, could not bear any delay, when all was ready for the sacred war which he had undertaken. Dangerous as was the scheme, he determined to cross the straits at night with a small force. In order to effect this, he desired his brother to maintain his forces in battle array, so as to keep the attention of the Saracens fixed on them. Robert, though he admired this bold project, was unwilling to expose his brother to such peril. Roger, however, overcame his objections, and it was decided that this hazardous expedition should be attempted on the following night. What the daring adventurer had anticipated happened. The Sara-

cens, intent on watching the evolutions of the fleet, did not discover the embarkation of Roger, who, with one hundred and seventy men, had landed about two miles from Messina. Without losing time, he hastened towards the city and commenced an attack upon it. The best part of the garrison was absent, employed in the service of the fleet; but the inhabitants prepared to offer a sturdy resistance to the besiegers. Mounted on the walls, they rolled heavy stones on them, and showered on their heads sulphur mixed with pitch and boiling wax, uttering all the while the most horrible shrieks in order to intimidate the assailants. But nothing could overcome the courage and perseverance of the Normans, and Messina was obliged to open its gates to them. Rendered merciless by the sight of twelve noble inhabitants of the place, who had been hanged by order of the governor of the town, the conquerors glutted their vengeance. In the midst of the massacre which ensued, the chroniclers relate that a young Mussulman of noble birth endeavored to escape from the city with his young sister; but the enemy were close upon them, and it soon appeared that escape was hopeless. In despair he seized her in his arms and plunged his sword into her breast, preferring that she should perish by his hand rather than remain in the power of an insolent foe. The taking of Messina, the key to all Sicily, was an event of the utmost importance to the Normans; and Roger immediately despatched a messenger to his brother, to inform him of the success of his arms.

It is not our intention, however, to follow the Normans in this work of conquest, which lasted no less than thirty years. To Roger belongs the principal merit of this great achievement; for although Robert Guiscard took some part in it, he was too much engaged in other undertakings to give all his time and attention to this one object, and it was not until five years after his death that Roger subjected the whole island to his sway. The slow and difficult progress of the Christians in Sicily, was marked by many incidents full of that poetic interest which must necessarily attach to the struggle between two races, which represented in so distinct a manner the most dissimilar forms of civilization and religion. The narrative of a long series of sieges and battles has much the same kind of interest which belongs to a work of fiction. But

the true interest of history lies deeper. The causes and results of historical events, much more than the events themselves, are worthy of the attention of him who studies history aright.

The conquest of Sicily was one act of that great Crusade undertaken during the Middle Ages by the Christian world against Islamism, in which it would seem as if the mild and benign religion of Christ had borrowed the spirit and the arms of its enemies, in order to consummate its triumph. In a barbarous age the sword was the shortest and surest means of effecting a change in the religious creed of a nation. In Sicily, two of the most remarkable races upon the earth met, and during thirty years struggled for supremacy. The one, descended from those mighty heroes whose parentage is lost in the fables of Scandinavian mythology, and who were elevated by their admiring posterity to the rank of divinities, had retained that love of enterprise and adventure which characterized their ancestors, and which, after their conversion to Christianity, made them seek to plant their standard on every shore, and to carry into every region of the earth the light of the new religion. The other proceeded from Arabia, where their prophet, by giving them the same interests and the same laws, and by binding them together in the mighty tie of a common faith, had made them as one people. Obeying passively the precepts of him to whom they owed their existence as a nation, they had come in hordes from their native land to carry on that war of conquest which they considered as one of their most important religious duties. The Normans seemed to carry the spirit of chivalry even to excess, but their bravery was alloyed by characteristic craftiness and ambition. To their enthusiasm, both in war and religion, the most arduous undertakings seemed light and easy. The Saracens, full of religious zeal, hospitable though vindictive, kind to their friends and generous to their enemies, showed the calmness and dogged resolution which mark the true disciples of the Arab prophet. The descendants of Odin, who were now the most stanch and valiant defenders of the Christian faith, had come to Sicily not merely to insure the triumph of their arms over those of the Saracens, but to convert them, and to bring that beautiful island under the sway of the only true Church. Limited in numbers, in

a country of which they had but little knowledge, in the midst of a people who in the hour of danger arose to something of their former greatness, they fought and conquered. The followers of Mahomet awaited their enemy in calm reliance on the protection of their Prophet; they struggled to retain their dominion in Sicily with the same confidence which, more than two hundred years before, they had displayed in conquering it. To them, also, the contest was a holy war; and in their belief, holy wars are the highways by which those who are engaged in them ascend to Paradise. This firm conviction was an obstacle more mighty to the Normans than any material force which the Saracens could bring into the field.

In the history of the conquest of Sicily, we meet with but few conversions from Islamism to Christianity. The most remarkable of these occurred towards the end of the war, in 1086; and perhaps no event during this period struck more dread into the hearts of the Saracens. But three cities remained in the power of the infidels. One of these, Enna, had already, on a former occasion, baffled all the military skill of the Normans. Roger was therefore not disposed to besiege it again, but sending a messenger to Chamut, the chief who commanded the place, and whose wife and children were then prisoners in the Norman camp, he demanded an interview. Chamut consented without hesitation, and accompanied only by a few persons, entered the tent of Count Roger. This prince received him with the respect due to his rank, and entering into conversation with him, drew a picture of the condition of Sicily, where the Christians were everywhere victorious and the Saracens deprived of all their possessions except three cities. He reminded him of the horrors of the siege of Syracuse, during which thousands had perished by famine; and he predicted that such would be the fate of Enna if it did not surrender immediately. Chamut was deeply impressed by the representations which were made by the Norman, and he was finally induced to promise that he would surrender the city.

In order to escape the anger of his countrymen, Chamut agreed with the Count that he would allow himself to be taken in an ambush. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the Saracen chief left Enna with all his treasures and a large

retinue, under the pretence of visiting the neighboring towns and fortresses. When he had reached a narrow passage in the mountains, the Normans surrounded the train, and all were made prisoners. The troops of Roger then hastened to the city, which was taken by surprise, and filled with consternation on hearing of the capture of Chamut, on whose prudence and valor the inhabitants had relied; it was soon forced to surrender. As soon as Roger returned to his camp he had an interview with Chamut, who appeared before him with a grave and dignified bearing. "If I have done this," said he, "it is not, you well know, for the hope of recompense, but because your voice penetrated my heart in spite of myself. This unknown religion, which brought you into the island where for two hundred years we reigned without a rival, must be great and powerful, since it has done for you what the great Mahomet, whose armies covered our island, could not do for us. The God who leads you has made you strong and victorious; the Prophet has left us powerless and in chains. You have raised your altars which had been destroyed; ours have been humbled in the dust. Mahomet is no longer the great Prophet. The great Prophet is he whom you adore on your knees. We come, I, with my wife and my children, in order that he may receive us and give us his blessing." The Count joyfully received the new convert, and on the following day Chamut and all his family were solemnly baptized.

Two years after this conversion, which filled the hearts of the Saracens with gloom, the last strong-hold of Islamism on the island, the city of Noto, surrendered to the victorious arms of Count Roger. Thus was completed the conquest of Sicily. Less than a hundred years had elapsed since forty Norman knights, returning from Palestine, had landed in Italy; and now, two of the finest provinces of Italy, Apulia and Calabria, as well as the island of Sicily, were ruled by Norman princes. Nor had the conquest of these rich provinces been their only exploits in Southern Europe. While his brother was engaged in the conquest of Sicily, Robert Guiscard had carried his arms into the heart of the Eastern empire itself, in the hope of establishing a new dynasty on the throne of Constantinople. In this enterprise he might perhaps have succeeded, had he not been called back to

Apulia, where his absence had given rise to serious disturbances. The Norman arms had thus acquired a well-deserved renown throughout Europe. Let us now see how they profited by their conquests.

Sicily was conquered, but the greatest work still remained to be done. Count Roger knew well, that the thirty years of hardships and privations which he had undergone during the conquest of the island were as nothing when compared with the difficulties that he would have to encounter in his attempt to establish a permanent and well-organized government in a country which had been for so long a period distracted by domestic and foreign warfare. To unite under one sovereign the many discordant elements which were in the population, to check the insubordination and haughtiness of his followers, and at the same time to repress the efforts of the Saracens to reconquer their lost dominion, was the arduous undertaking which still remained for the victor. He commenced this great work with the same resolute spirit which had carried him triumphantly through the war.

His first thought was to reorganize the Church. A part of the native population had continued to profess the Christian religion. During the first years which followed the establishment of the Saracen dominion, they had borne with patience the tortures to which they had been subjected ; but as the severity of their conquerors relaxed, their belief grew lukewarm, and many deserted the church of their fathers. Contempt and indifference, which allow men to sink into apathy, are far more powerful to temper the ardor of religious zeal and to overthrow a faith, than direct persecution, which calls forth all their courage and powers of endurance. The Christians of Sicily found that they had become the outcasts of the population. They were confined to the meanest quarters of the cities, or obliged to seek a refuge in some church or monastery, where they might escape the mockery of the Saracens. Their resources were limited, as it was difficult to exercise any profession by which they might gain a livelihood. They were obliged to perform the sacred rites of their faith in secret, and it was with difficulty that the clergy could bring together around the altar those who still professed the religion of Christ, and who were dispersed throughout the island. Most of these Christians worshipped

according to the Greek ritual, which was a serious obstacle to Count Roger's endeavors to reorganize the Church. He was obliged, after he had caused magnificent cathedrals to be erected in the principal cities, to invest with the highest ecclesiastical dignities those monks who had acquired the greatest reputation in the monasteries of Calabria. Bishoprics were founded at Catania, Girgenti, Mazara, Syracuse, and other cities, which were filled by him, the appointments being confirmed by the Pope. A few years after the conquest, he was invested with the authority of sole legate of Sicily, by Pope Urban II. In the bull, which conferred on Roger this important dignity, the Pope says: — "Full of confidence in your religious faith, we confirm by the authority of this document what we had already promised you by words; that is to say, during your lifetime and that of your son Simon, or whosoever may be your legitimate heir, we will never send into your dominions any legate of the Roman Church without your consent and approbation."

This new honor conferred on Count Roger was not an empty one. At a time when the Church was one of the widest fields for the display of worldly ambition, when the papacy, owing to the efforts of Gregory VII., had acquired new and extraordinary power, when excommunication was the fearful weapon held over the head of every disobedient son of the Church, the authority of the legate was of no small importance. It not only gave Roger the power to name such persons as he chose to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, but it enabled him to give the final sentence in all cases that came before the ecclesiastical courts, which must otherwise have been pronounced at Rome. This was the foundation of the tribunal afterwards known in Sicily as the "Tribunal of the Monarchy."

In the organization of his government, the most serious obstacle which the Great Count — such was the title which Roger took after the conquest — had to encounter, was the variety of races that formed the population. To bring men differing in religion, language, manners, and customs, to submit to one system and authority, is a task that has often perplexed the lawgiver. At the time of the conquest, Sicily was divided into three provinces, the Val di Noto, the Val di Demona, and the Val di Mazara. The population was

composed of Saracens, Greeks, and all those known by the common name of Latins, among whom were counted the natives, the Franks, and the Lombards. There were also many Jews, who settled in Sicily in the time of the Roman dominion, and had continued there under the Saracens. This population was scattered over the whole island. The Greeks, however, were chiefly in the northern part of Sicily, the Saracens in that which faced Africa, and the Lombards in the interior.

Count Roger avoided an error which many conquerors have committed; he did not attempt to impose upon these different races the same laws. He understood that the triumph of civilization is insured not by forcing all men to conform to one standard, but by developing the peculiar characteristics of every nation. He therefore allowed these races to govern themselves by the laws which they had been accustomed to obey. Each of them was allowed to retain its own religion. Even the Jews, towards whom the Christians of that age showed such contempt and hatred, were not excepted. They enjoyed civil and religious liberty; they were allowed to preach and to profess publicly their faith, and to hold land on condition of paying an annual tribute, which they had been long accustomed to pay to their Saracen rulers. The Greeks and the natives continued to be ruled by the Justinian Code; the Lombards followed their national laws; the Koran continued to be the sacred law-book of the Saracens; and the Normans themselves retained the Frank legislation. Neither was any attempt made, as has been done in more recent times, to destroy the language of these different races. Three languages were in common use throughout the island, and all public acts were drawn up in Greek, Latin, and Arabic.

The Normans brought with them into Sicily the feudal system. Some writers have maintained that this system already prevailed in that country; but it is now generally admitted, that nothing which can properly bear that name was known before the conquest. Faithful to his promise to the Pope, who had encouraged his first expedition into Sicily, Roger divided the lands between the clergy and those of his followers who had most distinguished themselves, reserving for himself a considerable portion. Homage and the oath of

allegiance were the basis of all the acts of donation. Even the Count himself was only a feudatory of the Duke of Apulia. The clergy were most generously treated in this division of lands, which they held, like the lay barons, as feudatories of the Count. But they enjoyed many privileges which the laymen did not. They were not obliged to render military service, and were relieved from nearly all the active obligations to which the laymen were subjected. Roger was too prudent, however, to free the clergy from all restraint. He maintained certain forms by which they were reminded of the homage which they owed the prince.

Count Roger survived but three years the conquest of Sicily. In the month of July, 1101, he died at Mileto, in Calabria, and was buried in the Church of the Holy Trinity, which he had founded and richly endowed. On his tomb, were inscribed the following lines: —

Linquens terrenas, migravit Dux ad amœnas
Rogerius sedes, nam cœli detinet ædes.
Obiit M. C. I.

The Baron de Bazancourt thus speaks of this great prince.

"History, which records the past, and posterity, which judges it, must render just praise to the eminent qualities of Roger. In him the courage of the warrior and the prudence of the veteran leader were always allied with the most noble and elevated sentiments. His career, so brilliant and successful, the astonishment, nay, the terror, which he excited in whole nations and empires, never rendered him blind to his own faults or unjust towards others. In order to establish his young dominion and consolidate his conquest, he did not resort to oppression; he did not attempt to beat down the obstacles which were constantly rising around him with the iron arm of a conqueror; he preferred to overcome them by his wisdom, or to avert them by his prudence. At a warlike period, when the weak were oppressed by the strong, and no one recognized any law but that of the sword, Count Roger respected the rights of individuals, and acquired power by mildness and justice rather than by brute force. He adopted only what was great and heroic in his age, and anticipated the future, as it were, by his penetration and sagacity."

The Great Count left two sons, Simon and Roger, both children at the time of his death. Adelaide, his widow, feeling that she alone could not govern the country during their minority, invited to her court Robert, son of the Duke

of Burgundy and grandson of the king of France, and giving him her daughter in marriage, entrusted to his hands the government. Simon did not long survive his father; and, in 1112, the sudden death of Robert, which was attributed to poison, left Roger II. sole master of the island. In his internal policy he showed much the same spirit as his father, and his love of adventure and conquest was no less strong. He was not content with the possessions or the title which his father had left, but determined to unite the provinces of Apulia and Calabria under his sway, and to obtain a crown. The condition of Southern Italy, under the feeble successors of Robert Guiscard, Roger and William, favored this scheme; and when, on the death of the latter in 1127, he crossed the straits, and presented himself to demand homage from the barons of Apulia as the legitimate successor of William, it was not long before the whole of that province submitted to his sway.

From Rome, Roger II. met with an opposition which he had not anticipated. He had hoped that the services which the Normans had rendered to the Papal See, the assistance which Robert Guiscard had afforded the Popes in their struggle with the German Emperors, would have bound their successors to his family by ties of gratitude. It was not so, however; and Pope Honorius II., alarmed at the growing power of Roger, threatened him with excommunication if he did not immediately yield up Apulia to the sovereignty of the Holy See. In vain did Roger send ambassadors with the most magnificent presents to the Pope, entreating him to grant the investiture of the duchy. Honorius remained inflexible, and the Normans, finding that all other means were useless, declared war on the Pope. The contest was carried on with great activity; but Honorius, finding that he could place but little reliance on those who had agreed to espouse his cause, sent secretly a messenger to Roger promising him the investiture. An interview took place at Benevento, and the Duke was confirmed in his sovereignty over Calabria and Apulia.

The first of his wishes was thus realized. To his title of Great Count of Sicily, he had added that of Duke of Calabria and Apulia. He was now the richest sovereign in Europe, and in power was inferior to none. The kings of England and France alone could boast of more

extensive territories. The capital of Sicily was filled with splendid edifices, and the magnificence displayed at the court of the prince was exceeded by few sovereigns. The sciences and the arts flourished under his generous protection, and under his firm government the people were prosperous and contented. Yet Roger was not satisfied; the title of king was yet wanting to give a new sanction to his conquests, and his most ardent wish was to found a monarchy in Sicily.

He did not conceal this ambition; and a large number of his barons, who were now in so dependent a position that the only mode of increasing their own power and influence was to augment the authority of their sovereign, assembled and offered him the crown. Without giving any definite answer to these Sicilian barons before he had made sure of his subjects in Calabria and Apulia, the Duke left the island and repaired to Salerno, where he assembled the clergy and those of the barons whom he knew to be personally attached to him. Having informed them of the wish of the Sicilians, he asked their counsel. His speech was enthusiastically received, and it was agreed that the ancient kingdom of Sicily should be reëstablished. Nothing was now wanting but the sanction of the Pope.

At the death of Honorius II. two parties had arisen in the sacred college. The one had elected Gregory, cardinal-deacon of St. Angelo, to the dignity of Pope, under the title of Innocent II.; the other had conferred this honor on Peter, a cardinal, under the name of Anacletus. Roger declared himself for Anacletus, who gave his sanction to the new dignity of the Duke. The ceremony of the coronation was performed at Palermo, on Christmas day, in the year 1130. Alexander Telesinus, in his Chronicle of this period, dwells with delight on the magnificence and pomp displayed on this occasion. "No words," says the chronicler, "can express, nor can the mind imagine, how immense was the glory of the prince at that moment; how great he was in the midst of his regal splendor, how admirable when surrounded by all the magnificence of the coronation. The dazzled multitude thought it saw all the riches of the world united in the person of the new king; it seemed as if the city itself were crowned, and as if nothing but joy and delight reigned there."

Thus were all the hopes of the Great Count realized, and

the son of the Norman adventurer, who had gone to Italy in quest of adventures wherein to display his valor, was raised to the rank of sovereign of one of the finest and richest kingdoms in Europe. He was succeeded by his son William, who from his vices was called the Bad. Then his grandson ascended the throne, and in contradistinction to the first William, received the title of the Good. This prince was the last of the legitimate male descendants of Tancred of Hauteville; and at his death, Constantia, his aunt, who had married the Emperor Henry VI., son of Frederic Barbarossa, claimed the throne for her husband. Henry himself crossed the Alps to maintain his rights, and after a brief struggle with Tancred, the illegitimate grandson of Roger II., the throne of Sicily passed from the family of Hauteville to that of Hohenstauffen in the year 1204.

Art. III. — *Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic.* By Col. J. Anthony King, an Officer in the Army of the Republic. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 324.

The copious title-page of Colonel King's, or rather of Mr. Whitney's, book would lead one to expect from it a full and satisfactory answer to all the inquiries he might make respecting the provinces on the river Plata. It purports to be a "narrative of a residence during twenty-four years in the Argentine Republic, embracing its civil and military history, and an account of its political condition before and during the administration of Governor Rosas, his course of policy, the causes and character of his interference with the government of Montevideo, and the circumstances which led to the interposition of England and France." These bountiful promises introduce nothing more than a disjointed detail of events from the pen of Mr. Whitney, whose office, it appears, has been to work up, from a verbal outline of facts given by Colonel King, a readable and salable narrative of this adventurer's stirring life.

The hero figures, first, as a runaway cabin-boy from New

York; next, as shop-boy to a French perfumer in Buenos Ayres; and finally, after enduring hardships, ingratitude, imprisonment, every thing but death, he fights his way from the lowest official grade in the Argentine service up to the rank of colonel, serves in the liberating army of Peru, and returns to Buenos Ayres, to find at last a recompense for all his sufferings in the personal and solid charms of a wealthy lady of the country. Scattered through the book are several spirited descriptions, and here and there is to be gleaned some useful information; but as a whole, it lacks coherency and clearness, and the story is clogged with tedious dialogues and pathetic tales, which, with the almost entire neglect of dates, give it the air of a romance rather than a narrative of facts. But it is not our purpose to review Colonel King's book. It evidently comes from a man better able to wield the sword than the pen; whose means of acquiring information were not extensive; whose memory has been his chief reliance for his facts; and whose position so closely identifies him with one of the contending parties of the country, that he can hardly be taken as an impartial narrator of events or delineator of character.

Desirous of obtaining definite and trustworthy information respecting the history, resources, and political condition of the Argentine Republic, and disappointed in the hope of gaining it from this book, we have endeavored, from all sources within our reach, to collect and arrange such facts as would throw light upon the subject. The task has been a difficult and perplexing one, because the materials were scanty and scattered; but it has been performed with a sincere desire to do justice to all parties, and to give a faithful sketch of the progress of events and the present state of affairs in the region of the Rio de la Plata.

Buenos Ayres, La Plata, or the Argentine Republic, formed under the Spanish dominion an extensive vice-royalty, including Upper Peru, now an independent state on the north under the name of Bolivia, and the Banda Oriental, (or Eastern Bank,) now known as the Oriental Republic or Uruguay, lying on the southeast, between the Plata and Uruguay rivers. Paraguay, situated on the north, between the Parana and Paraguay rivers, was originally attached to the Confederation, and is still claimed as a member of it; but in 1813, she

declared herself independent, and afterwards, under the restrictive policy of the celebrated Dr. Francia, assumed an isolated position and refused all intercourse with other countries. In 1842, after the death of the Dictator, those at the head of affairs repeated the declaration of independence, which was met with a protest by the Argentine government. Bolivia was a member of the Confederation as formed after the country was freed from the Spanish yoke; but in 1825, with the full assent of the other members of the Union, she separated herself from it and established an independent republic. To this state, the province of Tarija, on the north of Buenos Ayres, voluntarily annexed itself.

Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental, after the expulsion of the Spaniards, was regarded as a member of the Argentine Confederation; but this province finally fell under the sway of Artigas, a ferocious tyrant, who commenced his career as chief of a ruffian band of smugglers, afterwards betrayed his associates to the Spanish government for money and rank, then became a zealous patriot leader, and finally aspired to make Uruguay independent and himself its chief. This assumption of independence and authority brought upon him the hostility of the Confederation. After successfully sustaining himself for several years against all attacks, he was at last defeated in a bloody battle by the Argentine general, Ramirez, and compelled to take refuge in Paraguay. There he was detained by Dr. Francia, and remained shut up in a convent till his death, which took place about the year 1826. One little trait will suffice to show the character of the man. His favorite method of disposing of prisoners taken in battle is said to have been to sew them up in raw hides, and then leave them in the sun to perish!

The defeat of Artigas was the signal for Brazil to put forward her claims to the territory of Uruguay. These, however, were stoutly resisted by the Argentine Confederation; and after a bloody struggle between the two powers, the disputed territory was erected, in 1828, with the consent of all parties, into an independent republic.

These states having thus withdrawn and commenced political business on their own account, (Bolivia and Uruguay in due form and with the assent of the remaining provinces, but Paraguay only by isolation, and under the protest of

Buenos Ayres,) there still remained an extensive territory, consisting chiefly of detached cities with surrounding cultivated tracts, forming, as it were, oases of civilization in the midst of a vast expanse of untilled and almost uninhabited plain. Each of these cities is the centre and capital of a province or district in some respects analogous to one of our States; and all combined form what is now generally known by the name of the ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

This territory has Bolivia and the Pilcomayo river on the north; on the east, the Paraguay river, separating it from Paraguay, and the Uruguay river, separating it from Brazil and Uruguay; on the southeast, the Rio de La Plata and the ocean; on the south, the Rio Negro, separating it from Patagonia; and on the west, the great range of the Andes, which forms the dividing line between it and Chili. The provinces, as nearly as we can ascertain, are Salta, Catamarca, Tucuman, and the Indian territory of Chaco, in the north; Rioja and San Juan in the west; Santiago, Cordova, and San Luis in the interior; Corrientes, Missiones, and Entre Rios in the east; and Mendoza and Buenos Ayres in the south.

These provinces extend over nineteen degrees of latitude and eight of longitude, and are watered by numerous navigable rivers, of which the Parana and its vast branches supply the most extensive means of internal communication. The climate is various but generally healthy, so that the principal province, Buenos Ayres, takes its name from the purity of its atmosphere. A large portion of the surface is occupied by vast, sterile plains; the remainder is fertile and well adapted for the culture of grain, rice, tobacco, cotton, and other agricultural products. Cattle are raised in immense numbers, and furnish the material for an extensive foreign trade in hides, horns, and tallow. The precious metals, with copper, iron, and lead, have been found in different parts of the country; but its mineral resources have been very imperfectly explored. The population has been variously estimated at from one to two millions, of whom about fifty thousand are Indians.

The government is nominally republican. The provinces have formed a federal league, in its general features resembling that of the United States; but their union is by no means firm, nor are the rights of the respective members of

the confederation distinctly defined. One great difficulty lies in the predominance of a provincial over a national spirit; and so strong has been the disposition manifested, by the interior provinces especially, to act upon the most ultra principles of state rights, that the action of the central government has been greatly embarrassed. Buenos Ayres is the leading member of the confederacy, and to her is entrusted the administration of foreign affairs. Buenos Ayres is the capital, and sustains the chief part of the government expenditure. Here resides the chief executive officer; here assemble the representatives; and from this place, as a central point, have radiated those influences, which, commencing with the expulsion of the Spaniards, have revolutionized and pacificated provinces, made and unmade governors, ruined but *not* rebuilt cities, and finally brought the people of the whole territory to submit to the iron rule of a dictatorial sovereign. We will briefly record the principal events which, in the course of about thirty years, have brought the country to its present position.

In 1810 commenced the struggle between the people and the Spanish authorities, which terminated in the success of the former, and a solemn declaration of independence on the 9th of July, 1816, by a general Congress assembled at Tucuman. During the whole of this period, however, the selfish ambition and the dissensions of the leading men prevented the establishment of a stable government. Soon after the commencement of the contest, it was decided that the place of the Viceroy should be filled by an officer with the title of President. The first occupant of this important post was Colonel Saavedra, whose administration was inefficient and oppressive. He was deposed in October, 1811, and the direction of affairs was intrusted to three persons, Sarratea, Chiclana, and Passo, one of whom was to retire every six months. The government was successfully administered by these parties till October, 1812, when the Assembly elected Medrano in the place of Sarratea. This choice gave umbrage to the military; and the consequence was a compulsory dissolution of the government and the formation of a new triumvirate, the members of which were Pena, Jonte, and Passo. On the 31st of January, 1813, a Congress, under the name of the Constituent Assembly, was convened,

for the purpose of giving more regularity and energy to the public administration. This body, besides various acts eminently favorable to the true interests of the country, decided to entrust the executive power to one person, to be called the Supreme Director. Don Gervasio Posadas, the first Director, was unequal to the duties of his station and the emergencies of the times, and he resigned in favor of his nephew Alvear. Young and inexperienced, Alvear showed himself as rash as his predecessor had been weak, and he was soon deposed and sent out of the country. His place was filled by General Rondeau, who was driven from power by the people, made desperate by the oppressions and outrages of their military rulers. To Rondeau succeeded Ramon Balcarce, who also was soon deposed for alleged neglect of duty. A commission was then named, composed of Yrigoyen and Escalada, who administered the government till the arrival at Buenos Ayres of Juan Martin Pueyrredon, who had been elected Supreme Director by the Congress assembled at Tucuman, during their session in the summer of 1816. In 1818, Pueyrredon was charged with treasonable practices against the state, and General Ramirez, the conqueror of Artigas, marched on Buenos Ayres, took possession of the city, and was hailed by the people as *Liberator*, while Pueyrredon fled to Montevideo.

Shortly after, General Ramirez marched to the north with twenty-two hundred men, to check a movement made by General Carrera, a native of Chili, who had raised a force in the interior with the design of crossing the mountains and revolutionizing that country, or, as some say, of menacing the government of Buenos Ayres. His attack on Carrera was unsuccessful; and during his retreat, Ramirez was so harassed by his active enemy, that at last he could muster only seven hundred men. Continuing the retreat, he received information that Echague, his second in command, had joined the opposite party, raised the standard of rebellion, and was on the march to meet him at the head of three thousand men. Hemmed in between two forces, Ramirez elected to fight the rebel, and after a sanguinary conflict, was overpowered, taken prisoner, led out before the remnant of his army immediately after the battle, and shot. His head was severed from the body, and sent through the principal towns of the republic as a trophy.

Carrera's fate was similar to that of his unfortunate opponent. He moved towards Chili; but before he could reach the foot of the mountains which separate it from Mendoza, he was met by a powerful force led by the governor of that province, fought his enemies a day and a half, was defeated, taken prisoner, and shot, at a small village where two of his brothers had met a similar death about two years before.

For several years after this period, the history of the republic is but a melancholy tale of confusion, contests, and bloodshed. The province of Salta, for example, through the ambition of its governor, General Guemez, was led to declare war against the neighboring province of Tucuman, under Don Bernivia Arouez. A fierce contest ensued, during which the sufferings of the people were excessive, and Arouez succeeded at last in repelling the invading army. But with all his bravery and devotion, he could not escape the fate of his brethren in power. A revolution soon broke out, Arouez was deposed, led out into the Plaza, and without ceremony or even the form of a trial, publicly shot. The same narrative will answer for the rest of the country. There was no stability of government, no security of property or life. Bands of unpaid soldiers, or rather robbers, traversed the interior, and every man's hand was against his neighbor. There was no sympathy of feeling, no unity of action between one province and another, or between the provinces and the nominal government; and no political head existed that could command the confidence of the people, or compel the obedience of the States. The interference of the Argentine Republic in the affairs of Uruguay, through which that province, after a protracted struggle, was liberated from the power of Brazil and made an independent State by the treaty of August 27th, 1828, undoubtedly contributed to unsettle the country, and add to the burdens and distresses of the people.

On the march of the Argentine army homeward from Uruguay, after the ratification of the treaty, General Lavalle, the commander-in-chief, declared the existing authorities unworthy of public confidence, and announced his intention of deposing Don Manuel Dorrego, then governor of Buenos Ayres. Dorrego retired from the city on the approach of Lavalle, who took possession on the 1st of December, 1828. A new election was immediately held under the auspices of

his bayonets, which resulted, of course, in his elevation to the office of governor. Having obtained reinforcements from General Rosas, then commander-in-chief of the country districts, Dorrego made a stand at Punta Marcus, about seven leagues from the city. But his irregular troops were unable to resist the veterans from the fields of Uruguay, led by Lavalle; and after a bloody battle, Dorrego was defeated, taken prisoner, and after the established custom, immediately shot.

Here appears upon the scene of action a noted personage, of whose history, character, and policy, there are the most contradictory accounts; but whose permanence at the head of affairs, when his predecessors, with scarcely an exception, had found the executive office only an avenue to exile or death, and whose firmness and success in the midst of the most trying and terrible events, mark him as no ordinary man. Don Juan Manuel De Rosas, though a native of the city, spent the early years of his life in the country, where by his energy and industry while manager of a great estate belonging to a wealthy family, he acquired great influence and a landed property seventy-four square leagues in extent. He devoted himself zealously to agriculture, and his lands were noted for their excellent condition and their productiveness, especially in corn. His first aim seems to have been, to acquire the confidence of the *Guachos*, a wild, independent, and warlike race, descended from the European colonists, who roam over the vast plains of the country, draw their food principally from the immense herds of cattle, despise agriculture and the arts of civilized life, and glory in the idea of their own dignity and freedom. By manifesting an interest in their welfare, by adopting to a certain extent their dress and habits, by acting as umpire in their disputes, by setting an example of order in the laws which he made for his own *estancias*, and of obedience, by submitting to the same punishment himself which he inflicted on the humblest laborer in case of transgression, and by organizing a force of several hundred men, whose discipline enabled him to repel the dreaded attacks of the Indians, — he acquired an unbounded popularity among the *Guachos*, and, indeed, throughout the country. "He spoke disrespectfully of General Rosas, and I killed him," was the excuse offered at that time by a man who had been arrested for murder.

The influence, activity, and courage of Rosas, gained for him the appointment of commander-in-chief of the country districts, which post, as we have already mentioned, he held when Dorrego was driven from power. It was in opposition to his advice, that Dorrego went into the battle which resulted in his defeat and death. But the success of Lavalle by no means intimidated Rosas. Aided by Governor Lopez, of Santa Fé, he raised troops, carried on a guerilla warfare, obtained possession of the country around Buenos Ayres, and so obstructed the supplies of provisions that the inhabitants were nearly reduced to starvation. In this strait, Lavalle made terms with Rosas, and in July, 1829, retired to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, while the successful general entered the city with great pomp amid the rejoicings of the people. Having restored order and reëstablished the government, he disbanded his army and retired to his estates; but was recalled, near the close of the year 1829, to assume the office of Governor of the province of Buenos Ayres, to which he had been elected for the term of three years. From that time to the present, Rosas has been the master spirit of the republic. Only eminent abilities could have raised him to the seat of power in the face of party opposition and unnumbered obstacles; nothing could have sustained him in his place in the midst of so many trials, but a strong hand, a mind fertile in resources, and a spirit which, when once resolved, goes forward without flinching towards its object through fire and blood.

It was during the contest between Lavalle and Rosas, that those political distinctions became prominently marked, a blind devotion to which has since stained the country with blood, and impeded its progress towards true freedom. Wherever liberty of thought is allowed, there differences of opinion will arise; and in politics, these differences show themselves in the organization and conflict of parties. The instability of the earlier governments of the republic, however, had proceeded, not so much from a difference about measures, as from a devotion to men. Now, principles were introduced as the basis of organization; and the people ranged themselves, according to their prepossessions, under the banners of the "Federalists" or the "Unitarians;" party designations and divisions which are still recognized in the republic.

The "Unitarian" party embraced those who, seeing the extremes of license and disorder into which the original provincial organization had led the country, desired to change the form of government, and consolidate the discordant elements into one harmonious whole, with an executive head responsible directly to the people. To this party Lavalle belonged; and he was accused by his opponents of wishing to consolidate the provinces into one state and to make himself Dictator. The Federal party, on the other hand, adhered to the old form of Confederation, with its independent states, having a common organ merely for foreign relations and general defence. To this party Rosas has given himself, from the beginning, with such an intensity of zeal, that not only do his public messages and documents bear the inscription "Death to the savage Unitarians," but his acts are said to have been as severe towards them as such a motto might lead one to expect. These charges, however, come from his enemies, and must be received with allowance. One can hardly believe, that he rides on a saddle covered with the skin of one of his opponents, or that a present of salted ears, with an affidavit that they once belonged to a political enemy, has proved a most acceptable donation to him; yet nothing but the sternest severity can account for the current reports in regard to his treatment of many of his political opponents who have fallen into his hands.

At the time of the formation of these parties, it may readily be inferred that, next to entire independence, the great mass of the people in each province would have preferred a federal organization; since their provincial pride would not allow them to entertain the idea of giving up their individuality and merging themselves in one consolidated republic. At the present time, it may be doubted whether the terms are used with any reference to their original meaning, since the will of the Dictator is the supreme law; and thus Rosas, the great head of the Federal party, is, in fact, a strict Unitarian; while all those who disapprove of the assumption of dictatorial power by Rosas, or in any way oppose him, are proscribed as "Unitarians," even though they may be in fact zealous advocates for the independence and federal union of the States. The causes of this curious change of positions we cannot pause minutely to trace. They will be found,

principally, in the character and habits of the people, and in the condition of the country when Rosas came into power, which rendered a free, or even a federal, government an absolute impossibility; which induced him to demand dictatorial powers before he would accept office; and which, concentrating in him as a unit "the sum of public power," while he clung to the name of "Federalist," converted all his opponents, in spite of themselves, into "savage Unitarians."

Though by the accession of Rosas to power, the Unitarian party had lost their ascendency in Buenos Ayres, they did not relinquish their efforts to maintain their ground in other parts of the country. General Paz, who had been sent by Lavalle before his overthrow into the interior at the head of a considerable force, had made himself master of Cordova in April, 1829, and acting from that point, used every effort to strengthen the Unitarian cause and organize a strong opposition to the government. San Juan, Mendoza, and Catamarca were successively invaded and induced to join in the movement. Facundo Quiroga, one of the bravest generals in the country, but as cruel as he is brave, endeavored to make a stand in favor of the government, and was defeated, but was soon again at the head of an army. Paz had now wrested from the power of the Federal party nearly all the interior provinces; and those which opposed the plan of Paz were Buenos Ayres under Rosas, and Santa Fé under Lopez. Quiroga once put down, it was expected that these would fall an easy prey to the Unitarian commander, and no obstacle would then remain to the reëstablishment of his party in power. Paz and Quiroga met in the beginning of 1830, in a large plain near Cordova; and after a battle, in which Quiroga is said to have fought more like a demon than any thing human, stripped of every article of clothing but his drawers, and raging over the field covered with the blood of those who had fallen before him, he was utterly defeated and his force disorganized. Of the prisoners taken by Paz in this battle, as an act of mercy, only one out of every five was shot, together with about fifteen officers!

Notwithstanding this terrible defeat, Quiroga swore to return within two months at the head of a force sufficient to face his enemy and avenge the past; and he kept his word. Paz, however, was ready to meet him, and again were the

forces of Quiroga cut to pieces. He fled towards Buenos Ayres; and it is noted as a stroke of policy on the part of Rosas, that he issued a proclamation announcing a great victory by Quiroga, made extensive preparations for the reception of the conqueror, and had the streets swept through which the general and his suite were to pass!

The interior provinces, together with Tucuman and Salta, now renounced the authority of Rosas and declared for the Unitarian party; but the sea-board provinces still adhered to the Federalists. Towards the latter part of the year 1830, a convention was called at Cordova by General Paz, which notified the foreign ministers at Buenos Ayres, that no acts of Rosas would hereafter be recognized beyond the limits of his own province. This movement determined Rosas at once to vindicate his authority and his exclusive right to treat with foreign powers; and he resumed the offensive. His first step was to drive back Lavalle, who, in the beginning of 1831, attempted, under cover of the disturbances in the interior, to regain possession of Buenos Ayres. An army of eight thousand five hundred men was then raised, after great exertions, and marched forth in three divisions, under the command of Generals Lopez, Viamont, and Quiroga, with the avowed intention of sweeping the country and crushing the rebellion fomented by the Unitarian leaders. General Paz advanced to meet them; and it is difficult to say what might have been the result, had not a trifling incident, in connection with the incompetency of his second in command, changed the whole face of affairs. He had been three or four days on his march, when, while riding towards evening some distance in advance of his army, with only two officers, to select a proper place for an encampment, he suddenly came upon a scouting party of five or six men from the enemy. Hardly had he turned to escape, when a ball-lasso* from one of the party broke the leg of the general's horse and brought the rider to the ground. In a moment, he found himself a prisoner. His companions barely escaped, to carry to the army the tidings of the mis-

* The ball-lasso consists of three iron or stone balls, united to a common centre by hide thongs several feet in length. The smallest of the three is held in the hand, while the other two are whirled round the head; and when they have acquired a sufficient velocity, are sent with unerring aim and to a great distance. As soon as the thongs strike an animal, by the rotary motion of the balls they are wound suddenly around its legs; which are thus firmly entangled and oftentimes broken.

fortune that had befallen them. The capture of Paz ruined the cause of the Unitarians. The panic-stricken La Madrid, his second in command, immediately ordered a retreat, and took up a position at Tucuman. Quiroga followed and attacked him with a superior force, destroyed a large part of his army, shot five hundred prisoners after the battle, and compelled the surviving officers and men to seek refuge in the adjoining state of Bolivia. The people of the disturbed provinces soon after submitted, and throughout the whole country the Federal authorities were restored to power.

Soon after these events, the term for which General Rosas had been elected expired, and he retired from office, leaving the country in a state of comparative tranquillity. General Balcarce was elected his successor; his administration was disturbed and unsatisfactory, particularly to the Federalists, who charged him with ambitious designs and hostility to Rosas. In October, 1833, the governor having arbitrarily suspended the elections, because the friends of Rosas would probably have the majority, a violent outbreak ensued. A party of seventy men left the city, declared against Balcarce, and prepared, according to custom, to starve the government into submission. The country people joined with them, and the demonstration became so formidable, that Balcarce resigned his office and fled from the city. General Viamont was chosen in his place; but after a few months of fruitless effort to effect a union of parties and restore order, he also was compelled to retire. Several eminent citizens were successively elected to the vacant place, but no one of them having firmness or self-confidence enough to accept it, the representatives were compelled, in September, 1834, temporarily to give the executive power to their own president.

While these stirring scenes were enacted in the capital, General Rosas had been engaged in an enterprise intimately connected with the welfare of the state. The Indians of the Pampas having become the scourge and terror of the frontiers, laying waste in their sudden incursions the advanced settlements, and thus checking the progress of agriculture, he organized an expedition to sweep their country, and inflict a blow so terrible as to render them forever incapable of future depredations. For more than a year he was engaged in this bloody labor, during which he destroyed thousands of Indians,

and completely subdued the wild tribes of the plain. He returned towards the close of General Balcarce's administration, bringing with him hundreds of rescued captives, dismissed his army to their homes with the motto, *Union, Remedio, al Pais,* — "Union, Reform, for the Country," and retired to his estates, to observe from a distance the storm of factions which threatened to bring the whole political fabric to ruin.

All eyes were turned to Rosas, as the only man who could sustain or save the state. But he resolutely remained in retirement. Five times a presidency under a national constitution was tendered to him, and as often was it refused. At last, in 1835, in reply to a strong appeal from the representatives to come to their aid, he avowed his willingness again to take office, but only on condition that for a time he should have extraordinary powers, not greater than had been usurped by his predecessors, but absolutely necessary for the safety of the state, considering the critical position of affairs. The representatives conceded to him *la suma del poder publico*, "the sum of the public power," stipulating only for federation and the religion of the state. After this act had been doubly ratified, Rosas accepted the office of Governor and Captain-General of the province; and thus, by the act of the representatives and by the voice of the people, was made in effect absolute Dictator.

By the terms of his election, he might have dismissed both the legislature and the judiciary; but at his request the representatives resumed their deliberations, and the tribunals of justice continued to discharge their duties. The Dictator now actively devoted himself, according to his motto, to the work of order and reform, and to the pacification of the state. He called to his aid the tried friends of his former administration; dismissed the peculators of the treasury, and appointed to office those in whose faithfulness and honesty he could confide; reorganized the system of finance; restored the credit of the public bank; established an effective police; and introduced strict discipline and subordination into the army. Turning then from the city to the country, he encouraged immigration, and carried out the scheme, which he had formed in the commencement of his career, for exciting an interest in agricultural pursuits, — evidently with a view of rendering the republic independent of foreign countries in re-

gard to its supplies of grain. His attention was next given to the political condition of the state. During the terms of Balcarce and Viamont, the Unitarian party had gathered strength, and made outbreaks in several places, by which the interior provinces were kept in deplorable confusion. Rosas called a strong force into the field, and proceeded immediately to drive the Unitarians from their positions and to put an end to civil commotions. His opponents did not yield without the most strenuous opposition; and so imbittered had the different parties become, and so desperate the Unitarians in particular, that the contest was marked on both sides by acts of inconceivable atrocity.

Quiroga, knowing how active he had been in the movements which had thrown into the hands of Rosas the dictatorial power, now began to cherish ambitious designs. He declared himself in favor of establishing a constitution and laws, and made a formal visit to Buenos Ayres for the purpose of discussing the subject with the Dictator. He urged upon Rosas the immediate organization of a general representative government. Rosas did not approve of the plan, but agreed that Quiroga should start on a mission of peace and reconciliation through the country, and ascertain the views of the people, and whether the condition of the provinces would authorize the hope that such a movement could be permanently sustained. Quiroga started on his tour, but had advanced only a short distance into the province of Cordova, when he and all his attendants were brutally murdered by a party who laid in wait for them. Even the horses and a dog that was in his carriage were killed. The Dictator manifested the deepest grief, and had the body of Quiroga conveyed to Buenos Ayres, where a splendid monument was erected to his memory; yet the opponents of Rosas charge him with having been privy to the assassination. General Lopez, the second of the triumvirate, who had for some time been in ill health, died soon after the murder of Quiroga; and thus the Dictator stood alone. Most of the men of influence who had opposed his policy had either died, been assassinated, shot, or driven from the country; the few who were left, with the great body of the people, found it expedient to submit quietly to his authority.

In 1836, a discussion arose the ultimate results of which

put to the severest test the authority and abilities of Rosas. The French inhabitants of Buenos Ayres regarded the English with jealousy, and the opinion prevailed among them, that certain privileges of trade enjoyed by the latter were granted through a spirit of favoritism on the part of the government. Several cases of severity and injustice towards persons claiming to be French citizens were therefore brought forward, and made the means of provoking a discussion and exciting sympathy in their favor. A correspondence was commenced by the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Vins de Peysac, with the government, relative to these grounds of complaint on the part of his countrymen; and in his hands, the affair was proceeding with every prospect of a satisfactory conclusion, when it was unfortunately interrupted by his death.

The negotiation was then taken up by M. Roger, the French *élève consul;* but Rosas was disinclined to treat upon such matters with an inferior agent. M. Roger's pride took fire at this slight; he put forward new and extraordinary claims in behalf of his countrymen, both residents and non-residents, and conducted himself with so much arrogance as entirely to disgust the Argentine government. The consul required an answer to his *ultimatum* in forty-eight hours; — Rosas did not condescend to notice it. Roger withdrew at once to Montevideo, and Rear Admiral Le Blanc went up the river with his fleet, and demanded an indemnification of 300,000 francs for losses and injuries sustained by French subjects, and that they should be permitted to trade on the same footing with the English. Rosas refused to treat with a person who had not the proper credentials, and the French admiral then declared the ports of the republic in a state of blockade. At the end of twenty-five days, instead of forty-eight hours, as had been required, Rosas answered the *ultimatum* of M. Roger, and vindicated his own course, protesting at the same time against the act of Admiral Le Blanc. This train of events, ending in the blockade of Buenos Ayres by the French, occupied the time from the early part of 1836 to March, 1838.

Within this period, other events also took place of the utmost importance to the country, to explain which, it will be necessary to enter into some details respecting another

state. It will be remembered, that at the close of the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil in 1828, a treaty of peace was made between these two powers through the mediation of England, by which Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental, which had been the subject of dispute, was acknowledged as a separate republic, and its independence was assured by both contracting parties for five years; after which, the new state was to take care of itself.

On the 10th of September, 1829, a constitution was proclaimed similar to that of the United States, its principal executive officer being a President, elected once every four years. The first President, or one of the first, was Don Fructuoso Rivera. All that we know of his administration is, that when he retired from office, he left the treasury heavily burdened with debt. In 1836, Don Manuel Oribe was elected President of Uruguay. As soon as he came into office, he took measures to secure the payment of the public debt, and to introduce regularity and responsibility into the management of the government accounts; but his strictness raised up a cloud of enemies against him, among those who had long been accustomed to plunder the public treasury with impunity. These, with others who were dissatisfied with the amount of taxes imposed, formed a strong party in Montevideo against the new president.

When Oribe came into office, as an act of policy he placed Rivera at the head of the army; but the improvident habits of the latter followed him even to that post. He called for large sums for military purposes; but when the president required a specification of the objects for which so much money had been expended, Rivera was unable or unwilling to give an account. The president insisted, and a rupture between them was the consequence. Rivera was soon deprived of the chief command, which was conferred on Don Ignacio Oribe, a brother of the president. From this moment, Rivera became a personal and political enemy of Oribe. He retired into the country, where, in conjunction with General Lavalle, who, as we have before mentioned, had taken refuge in Uruguay, he busied himself in organizing a force composed of the disaffected of the country, many of the Unitarians expatriated from Buenos Ayres, and a number of Frenchmen. His avowed purpose was to revolutionize the state and depose the president.

At this juncture, Oribe called for assistance from the Dictator, as a party to the treaty of 1828, and interested in sustaining the legal government of Uruguay, which was threatened in part by refugees from the Argentine Republic. Rosas promptly sent supplies of arms, ammunition, and troops, though the French minister murmured and even protested against such interference in the affairs of Uruguay.

These revolutionary movements in the neighboring republic, headed as they were by Lavalle, formerly a leader of the Unitarian party in Buenos Ayres, attracted the attention and excited the suspicions of the Federalists. Party excitement rose to the highest pitch, and acts of the grossest cruelty were perpetrated. Each party became known by its color, red being adopted as the badge of the Federalists, and blue as that of the Unitarians. The latter color, therefore, became an object of great dislike in the city. A zealous Federalist would pick up a piece of blue cloth, and fastening it in derision to the tail of his horse, allow it to drag in the dust as he rode through the streets.

And now began to appear the consequences which the Dictator and his party had feared from the movements in Uruguay. The people in the southern part of the province began to show signs of discontent, and to murmur at the course of the government. A revolution seemed to be impending; but Rosas crushed it at once. As soon as he had gained a sufficient knowledge of the prominent movers, he caused a large number of their relatives in the city to be seized, and held as hostages for the obedience of their kinsmen. This step proved effectual, and no more was heard of the revolution. The hostages were kept in prison about two months, when, on the 23d of May, 1837, the anniversary of the independence of the republic, they were liberated.

The affairs of the country were now comparatively quiet. Rosas continued to render aid to Oribe, although the expenses of the war made it necessary to issue treasury notes, which became depreciated, and thus deranged the currency. France renewed her protest against his interference, and continued the negotiation on account of her subjects; the English minister, Mandeville, looked on in quiet; and the struggle still continued in Uruguay between the revolutionists and the legal government.

In 1837, however, Rivera was defeated in the battle of Carpinteria, and took refuge in Rio Grande, a southern province of Brazil, and a favorite place of resort for the outcasts and revolutionists of both countries, when driven from their own territories. Still he did not relinquish his designs; but having recruited his forces from the disaffected in that province, and enlisted some Indians of the Missiones, he returned to the Oriental territory and carried on a guerilla warfare, though with little prospect of final success. The contest between the two parties in Uruguay had continued about two years, when the difficulty between France and the Argentine government was brought to a head by the formal demand for indemnification by Admiral Le Blanc, the refusal of Rosas to treat with an unofficial agent, and a declaration of a strict blockade of the ports of Buenos Ayres by the French fleet in March, 1838.

This event brought about results of great importance both to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. The French in Montevideo, who are very numerous, numbering, it is said, nearly seventeen thousand, sympathized with their countrymen in the controversy with Rosas, and were desirous of inducing Oribe to aid the demonstration against Buenos Ayres. They wished particularly to engage him in the quarrel, in order that they might have Montevideo as a centre of operations, and a convenient place in which to sell prizes, and carry out their schemes of profit based on the existence of the blockade. But Oribe had too little sympathy with the foreign population, and felt too deeply his obligations to Rosas, to join in the crusade against him; he resolutely refused to take any step which would compromise him in the affair. Deprived, through the blockade, of the assistance of the Dictator, and harassed by the agents of France as well as by the exertions of the party opposed to him, he found himself closely besieged in Montevideo by Rivera, with but little hope of being able to maintain his position.

His opponent, on the other hand, who was not over scrupulous as to the means, provided only he could again make his way to power, solicited the aid of the French, to enable him to obtain possession of the city. As through him they hoped to accomplish what they had failed in doing through Oribe, — that is, to raise the country against Rosas, — Admiral Le Blanc and the French consul, Barradere, readily

accepted his propositions, and gave the assistance which he required. This accession of strength turned the scale decidedly in favor of the Riverista party; and Oribe, seeing that he could no longer continue his resistance without uselessly distressing the country, determined to retire from office, though about a year and a half of his official term had not yet expired. Accordingly, on the 23d of October, 1838, he offered his resignation, at the same time protesting that he yielded only to the violence of an armed faction, the efforts of which would have been impotent without the assistance of the French marine; and appealing to the French government for redress against the conduct of the Admiral and Consul of France. Accompanied by his principal officers and friends, Oribe retired to Buenos Ayres, where he was received with the highest honors, and treated as "the legal President of Uruguay."

On the departure of Oribe, General Rivera peaceably entered Montevideo, where he was chosen President of the republic, and quiet was restored to the city. Not so, however, with the city of Buenos Ayres and the interior provinces of the Argentine republic. Partly from the instigations of the French agents, and partly from his own policy, to give the dreaded head of the Confederation so much to do at home that he would find it impossible to interfere in the affairs of Uruguay, Rivera had no sooner settled himself in power, than he entered into a correspondence with the government of Corrientes, an Argentine province which had manifested some dissatisfaction with the Dictator, for the purpose of drawing it into the combination against Rosas. He also called upon the Unitarians, who had taken refuge in the Oriental territory, to unite with his forces; he urged Lavalle to raise the standard of rebellion in Entre Rios, an Argentine province on the east of Corrientes; and he ended by declaring war against the Argentine republic in February, 1839, on the ground that it had attacked the independence of Uruguay. These acts of Rivera were not without their fruits. Stimulated by his movements and success, and as is asserted, receiving promises of aid from the French, the Unitarians in the city of Buenos Ayres began to entertain new hopes and to form new combinations, and those in the provinces of Tucuman, Salta, Corrientes, and Entre Rios, to prepare for another struggle with the Dictator.

But they had to deal with no common man. The first act of Rosas was to confer on Oribe the rank of Brigadier-General in the army of the Argentine Confederation, and to offer him the command of the forces intended to hold in check the dissatisfied provinces. Oribe accepted the command, and with characteristic energy hastened his preparations, and was soon in rapid march for the north.

The position in which Rosas found himself at this time was very critical. Within the city was organized a conspiracy of a large number of citizens, many of them persons of distinction, who were opposed to his dictatorial power; without, the security of the place was threatened and its commerce obstructed by the blockade of the French fleet; Lavalle, his deadly foe, at the head of a strong force flushed with their successes in Corrientes, was advancing from the north; Rivera, with the forces of Uruguay, threatened him from the east; his own army was absent in the interior; and, to crown the whole, discontent and a revolutionary spirit were rapidly spreading in the northern provinces.

Standing thus at bay, his enemies crowding upon him on every side, Rosas determined to meet the desperate case with a desperate remedy, and — come what might from those at a distance — to take terrible vengeance upon those who were within his power. His own life had been repeatedly threatened; — he resolved, by a severe and sudden blow, to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies. The names of the conspirators in the city were known to him. Without warning or trial, seventy of those most deeply implicated in the affair were seized and put to death; — and the conspiracy was at an end.

Great exasperation undoubtedly prevailed on both sides, and it would be strange if the dominant party, in the fury of their excitement, had not been guilty of acts of cruelty and injustice. We cannot wonder at them, especially when we consider the character and habits of the people by whom they were perpetrated. The opponents of Rosas have busied themselves in searching them out, and holding them up in all their revolting features to public view, so as to cast a stigma upon his character. But nothing can be more unfair than to hold the principal of a party responsible for all the acts of violence and cruelty of which his followers have been guilty.

Frequent mention is made of the fact, that after these terrible events, and the triumph of the Dictator by the quelling of the conspiracy and the execution or exile of its principal leaders, a portrait of Rosas was displayed in a triumphal car, and drawn through the city by a crowd who shouted, "Long live the Confederation! Death to the savage Unitarians!" This act of silly and pompous adulation has been imputed to Rosas, as if he had instigated or sanctioned it for the purpose of establishing his authority and intimidating his opponents. There is no evidence that he had any connection with it; but when viewed in connection with preceding events, and the character and religion of the people, it appears a natural means adopted by the party of the Dictator, to show their zeal in his cause, and their joy at his triumph over their political enemies. If carrying portraits in tumultuous processions is an evidence of political servility, certainly neither of the prominent parties in this country is entirely free from blame.

Rosas, however, is not wont to rely upon popular pageantry and clap-trap as a means of establishing his authority. No person better knows the use of stern and convincing realities, and certainly no one has made his enemies more keenly feel this determination of character. The motto adopted by him, "Death to the savage Unitarians," and with his sanction stamped in red letters on all public documents, custom-house permits, and treasury notes, and even painted over the doors of the public buildings, shows the principle on which he is resolved to act, and his conviction that nothing short of the absolute extermination of the Unitarian party would enable him to maintain his power or save the republic from destruction.

Having met the crisis of affairs in the city with an unflinching front, and trodden out the match at the moment of its application to the mine intended to destroy himself and his party, the Dictator turned with new energy to crush the rebellion fomented by Lavalle in the provinces of Corrientes and Entre Rios. At this moment, a favorable turn of fortune awaited him. The French government, moved perhaps by the apprehension of a coming rupture with England, sent orders to Admirals Blanche and Duportail, and Baron Mackau, to treat with the Dictator, making the best terms in their power, and to return with their fleet to France. Negotiations were opened anew, and after a brief discussion, all

disputes were satisfactorily adjusted, a treaty was made, the same commercial facilities were granted to the French as to other foreign nations, and the blockade of Buenos Ayres was raised, October 31st, 1840, having been in force for more than two years. All parties were gratified with this arrangement, except the political opponents of Rosas, who had looked to the difficulty with the French as the means of his overthrow, and the Riveristas and foreign inhabitants of Montevideo, to whom the blockade had afforded a rich harvest of profit through the clandestine trade they had carried on, and the enormous prices they had obtained in consequence of the scarcity in Buenos Ayres.

Rosas was now at liberty to turn his attention towards the interior, and to second the efforts of Oribe to reduce the rebellious provinces to submission. Lavalle, as we have before mentioned, aided by supplies from the French, had crossed the Uruguay with five hundred men, marched into Entre Rios, drawn around him a large body of the disaffected, and rekindled the hopes and zeal of the Unitarians. After gaining some advantages, he suffered a defeat at Santa Fé on the 16th of November, 1840; but by the 28th, he was again at the head of a considerable force, and advanced to Luxan, only twenty leagues from Buenos Ayres, where he encamped in a favorable position.

Rosas did not rest inactive in the city. Leaving Don Felipe Arana, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, as acting governor, he placed himself at the head of the army, and marched to repel the invasion. The conflict was severe, but decisive; it resulted in the total defeat of Lavalle and the disorganization of his army. Retreating by a circuitous route, with a view of taking refuge in Chili or Bolivia, he arrived at Tucuman accompanied only by his staff and about twenty men. Here, or at the small town of Jujuy, farther to the north, while resting at an inn, the fugitives were surprised by an advanced guard of the Argentine army, who fired a volley at random into the house; and Lavalle, who was advancing to the door to ascertain the nature of the attack, was pierced with several balls and killed.

After some further service with the army, Rosas returned to Buenos Ayres, while General Oribe marched with the troops towards the north. He defeated his opponents, and

being joined by many deserters and by the inhabitants of the country, he was so far successful, that, by the beginning of April, 1842, he had driven out General Paz and the army of Uruguay, had swept Santa Fé and Entre Rios with an overwhelming force, and completely broken the power of the Unitarians in those provinces. The news of these successes caused great rejoicing at Buenos Ayres. On the 11th of April, the anniversary of the installation of Rosas, the excitement broke out in acts of the most wanton cruelty upon all who were known or suspected to favor the Unitarian party. Bands of assassins patrolled the streets, unoffending individuals of all classes were brutally massacred, and private malice sated itself under the cover of political hostility. On the morning of the 13th, the heads of two persons were seen hanging in the public beef market, having *blue* ribbons drawn through the nostrils, while the bodies were labelled *carne con cuero*, "meat with the hide." The heads of well known citizens were also carried on carts through the streets, accompanied by music, and with the cry, "who'll buy peaches? who'll buy oranges?" Yet in the midst of all this license and bloodshed, the rights and property of foreigners were scrupulously respected, except in cases where persons had harbored or protected members of the proscribed party.

On the 19th, a decree was issued by order of Rosas, expressing his indignation at the murders which had been committed, and his astonishment that the police had not sooner interfered. Military patrols were established to prevent similar outbreaks, and many of the rioters were seized and imprisoned. Several of those concerned in the assassinations were shot within an hour after their arrest. One of them, named Morcira, who had boasted of killing six persons with his own hand, was adjutant of the city guard; he expected that his office would protect him, but he was mistaken. When seized, he begged for two hours in which to settle his affairs and prepare for death; but no more grace was extended to him than he had granted to the victims of his political hatred a short time before. With these facts before them, our readers can decide how far Rosas is to be held responsible for the atrocities committed by the mob during this reign of terror.

Immediately after these events came the tidings of new

successes in the interior. General Lopez, the last remaining hope of the Unitarians, had met the Federal troops under General Oribe on the borders of the Chaco, and had been completely defeated, with the loss of a large part of his army taken prisoners. The general himself with great difficulty escaped to an island in the Parana river. A decree was thereupon issued, opening trade again with the interior provinces, except for the "savage Unitarians," who were forbidden to leave the city under pain of death, and their property was confiscated for the use of the government. The Unitarians were now entirely broken in spirit, and thought only of making their escape. Some were banished; some were taken in the attempt to escape, and suffered the penalty; but many succeeded, and took refuge in Montevideo, satisfied to have saved their lives by the sacrifice of their property.

While the struggle had thus continued on the land, the marine forces of the Argentine Republic under Commodore Brown, and the Oriental squadron under Commodore Coe, had not been idle. At one time, the Montevidean fleet menaced Buenos Ayres; at another, the Argentine fleet threatened Montevideo. Several actions were fought, but without any decided advantage to either side. Brown, the commander of the Argentine fleet, was a Scotchman, between sixty and seventy years of age; Commodore Coe was a native of New Jersey, aged about thirty-eight, who had joined the party of Rivera because his property had been confiscated by Rosas. In consequence of the dissatisfaction of the Montevidean government with the inefficiency or the ill success of Coe, he resigned his office, and the command of the fleet was given to Signor Garibaldi, an Italian, who is said to have commanded a corvette in the service of Murat, when king of Naples. Soon after Garibaldi's appointment, an action took place near Goya, three hundred miles above Buenos Ayres, between Commodore Brown and two Montevidean vessels which had succeeded in passing up the river. After a severe contest, the latter were set on fire and abandoned. This success gave the preponderance of naval strength entirely to the Argentines.

Rosas now found himself firmly seated in power. The French, with their usual national courtesy, had bowed them-

selves out of their controversy with him; through the exertions of Oribe, as commander of the forces in the interior, the disturbances in Cordova, Catamarca, Tucuman, and Entre Rios had been quelled with an iron hand, and the provinces reduced to obedience; two formidable armies under able generals had been defeated and dispersed; the opposing Unitarians had been awed into submission or driven from the country; and all opposition in the city had been crushed by the stern measures adopted by the people and the government. The Legislature seized this occasion to express its feelings towards the Dictator, by conferring on him the title of Grand Marshal, which he at once declined, expressing a wish rather to resign the honors and office he already enjoyed, than to receive any additional titles. He did not, however, forget either his enemies or his friends, but determined to direct his attention particularly towards those who had assailed him from Uruguay, and at the same time to make some returns for the good service done him by Oribe in his hour of need.

A plan was therefore organized for the invasion of Uruguay by an Argentine force, of which that General was to be commander-in-chief. The grounds assigned for this invasion were, on the part of Oribe, a right to the government as legal President, since he had been elected in 1836, but had been driven from his country before he had served his full official term of four years; — on the part of Rosas, the aggressions of the existing government on the rights and territory of the Argentine Confederation, and his duty, as a party to the treaty of 1828 with Brazil, to sustain the independence of Uruguay against internal agitators and foreign influence. Commodore Brown with the Argentine navy, now sufficiently powerful to overawe the enemy's naval force, was to proceed to Montevideo and hold the port under a strict blockade, acting in conjunction with the invading force under Oribe.

The Montevideans were not ignorant of the preparations made in Buenos Ayres. The news of the settlement of the difficulties with the French had, of course, been received with great dissatisfaction. The French residents protested against the act of Baron Mackau, and resolved to draw up an appeal to the Chambers in Paris. Rivera was aware of the necessity for new exertions, and avowed his intention to

blockade Buenos Ayres as soon as the French ships should leave, and to maintain his ground at all hazards. But his coadjutor, Lavalle, had been defeated and killed, General Lopez had been driven from the field, the Montevidean navy had not been able to cope with the opposing fleet, and Oribe was in Corrientes, on the borders of the country, making preparations to commence an invasion of Uruguay. Rivera felt that a crisis was approaching, and strained every nerve to place the city and the country adjacent in a posture of defence. The legislature was convened to prepare for the threatened invasion. Among other acts, a law was passed to emancipate the slaves, of whom, it was computed, five thousand could be relied upon to assist in the defence of the territory.

In the latter part of 1842, General Oribe with his forces crossed the Parana into Entre Rios, and began his march towards Uruguay. While encamped in Entre Rios and preparing for the campaign, he received offers of mediation from the French and English ministers, which he promptly rejected. On the 6th of December, while yet within the Argentine territory, he encountered at Arroyo Grande the forces of the Montevideans and their allies, eight thousand strong, under the command of General Rivera. A bloody battle ensued, which resulted in the total defeat of the Montevidean army, with the loss of twenty-four hundred men, and the flight of Rivera. So closely was he pursued, that, like the redoubtable hero of Cerro Gordo, he lost his embroidered coat, hat, waistcoat, and sword. The victorious army pressed forward at once, crossed the Rio Negro into the territory of Uruguay, and marched towards Montevideo, subduing the interior towns and gathering strength as it advanced.

At this interesting period, the ministers of England and France make their appearance on the stage. On the 15th of December, they addressed to Rosas notes offering the mediation of their governments, which the Dictator firmly declined. The ministers thereupon wrote another note, informing Rosas that other measures would be taken to remove the obstacles to a peaceful navigation of the river Plata. Soon after, the British minister, on behalf of the English and French governments, gave notice to the Argentine government, that the sanguinary war so long existing between the governments of

Buenos Ayres and Montevideo *must cease;* and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities by both parties, and that each power should withdraw its troops within its own territory. At the same time, the ministers addressed a note to General Oribe, requiring that his army should not pass the Uruguay, or if it had already crossed, should immediately return. This interference of the ministers caused some delay; but Oribe finally, disregarding their pretensions to interfere, urged forward his army, defeated the forces drawn up to oppose him near the city, and succeeded, on the 16th of February, 1843, in investing Montevideo with an army of about ten thousand men, at the same time that it was blockaded by the Argentine fleet under Commodore Brown.

In the rear of Oribe, however, was Rivera, with a body of cavalry, while General Paz, with a force of six thousand men, prepared to defend Montevideo. The provisional government levied contributions, offered land to those who would join them, and especially addressed themselves to the French residents, who had been so much opposed to the convention between Baron Mackau and Rosas, by which the blockade of Buenos Ayres had been raised. The French consul Pichon, Rear-Admiral Clerval, and his successor, Admiral Lainé, strove with apparent good faith to prevent their countrymen from mingling in the contest; but a large body of them was formed under the name of the "French Legion," and took part in the defence of the city. The English Commodore, Purvis, issued a proclamation, forbidding subjects of Her Majesty to engage with either of the belligerents; and yet he is charged with attempting to obstruct the operations of the besieging forces, and to interfere with the blockade. On one occasion, he laid an embargo on the Argentine squadron, under the pretext of demanding explanations relative to a circular issued by Oribe on the 1st of April, in which he threatened to treat as enemies all foreigners found in arms assisting the rebels. For several months the siege was pressed by Oribe, but the city gave no sign of surrender. Rivera, during this time, had attempted to create a diversion in the interior; but he was unsuccessful and was hard pressed by General Urquiza, governor of the Argentine province of Entre Rios. Skirmishes occurred from time to time between parties of the besiegers and the besieged; and the fate of

prisoners was sealed. *They were spared by neither party.* Cattle were killed in great numbers on both sides, in order to cut off subsistence from the enemy.

On the 11th of September, 1843, the Consul-General of France issued a notice, declaring that the arming of the French in Montevideo was regarded by the king's government with great displeasure; and enjoining upon the Admiral and public agents the strictest neutrality between the contending parties. The English Admiral also received orders to remain neutral, and acknowledge the Argentine blockade. The Brazilian minister, however, refused to acknowledge the blockade; and by offers of money and assistance, prevailed on the French legion, which had been on the point of disbanding, to continue its services; while, at the same time, he set on foot a negotiation with the foreign minister of the existing government, for ceding a part of Uruguay to the empire of Brazil.

This hostile policy is said to have arisen from the refusal of Rosas to ratify a treaty of alliance made between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation on the 27th of March, 1843, having for its object the reëstablishment of peace in Uruguay by the deposition of Rivera and the restoration of the legal government. The reason assigned by Rosas for this refusal was, that the Oriental government was not duly represented in the treaty. Had he assented to it, most probably all the suffering and bloodshed caused by this protracted contest might have been avoided; and yet, it cannot be denied that the principle on which he acted was correct.

At the close of 1843, the besieged were suffering greatly for provisions, and desertions to the besieging force were frequent; yet the contest lingered. The French Consul-General made a second requisition on the government to cause his countrymen to lay aside their arms, but they refused. He then struck his flag, and on the 1st of January, 1844, left the city and went on board the frigate La Gloire.

On the 10th of April of this year, Admiral Lainé gave notice that he would allow the Montevidean government twenty-four hours in which to dismiss the French legion, and promise not to permit them to resume their arms; but that body immediately assembled, stacked their arms, and proclaimed that they laid them down as Frenchmen, and would

take them up as Orientals, which they considered themselves from that time to be. The French Admiral made no further efforts to induce the French legion to withdraw; but the French neutrals protested against being included in the act of expatriation, and appealed to their king.

Towards the close of June, Commodore Purvis was superseded by Sir Thomas Paisley, and he left the Rio de la Plata, after he had done all that his professed neutrality would permit to support the Montevideans and embarrass the operations of Oribe. It was mainly through the obstacles thrown in the way by him, that the partial blockade could never be made effective by the Argentine squadron. The same policy was followed by his successor, and the French Admiral followed their example. The American ships of war on that station rigidly observed the blockade, except in one instance, when the captain of one of our frigates followed the example of the English and French commanders, in refusing to submit to it. This act was afterwards noticed with strong disapprobation by the head of the naval department at Washington.

In July, General Paz, seeing that he could accomplish nothing within the city, left Montevideo for Rio Janeiro, with the intention of proceeding to Corrientes and renewing the war in that quarter. The Imperial government professed neutrality; and yet he sailed in a Brazilian vessel, and marched across the Brazilian province of Rio Grande with drums beating and colors flying, without interference or obstruction from the Brazilian authorities. In September, the troops for this expedition were gathered, armed, and formed into regiments in the territory of Brazil, and thence, to the number of two thousand, passed into the Argentine territory, to renew the war and spread destruction over the province of Corrientes.

Towards the close of this year, the Viscount de Abrantes was sent by the Brazilian government, ostensibly on a commercial mission to the European powers, but in reality to solicit the armed intervention of England and France; he represented that the continuance of the war on the banks of the Plata was extremely injurious to the interests of all mercantile communities. The memoranda presented by him to these powers have been severely criticized, and his opponents do

not scruple to charge the Brazilian government with hypocrisy, deceit, and enmity towards the Argentine government. According to the statement of Guizot, made in the French Chamber of Deputies, this mission of the Viscount de Abrantes was the principal cause of the governments of France and England resolving to interfere in the war. This same minister, however, in a speech delivered in the French Chambers May 28th, 1844, characterized the agitators in Montevideo as "a handful of turbulent Frenchmen, who, to promote their own interests, were willing to involve their country in new difficulties."

On the 16th of January, 1845, a strict blockade of Montevideo and Maldonado was proclaimed by the Argentine government; but the French Admiral Lainé, the English Admiral Inglefield, and the Brazilian commander refused to acknowledge it, leaving Rosas no alternative but to protest against so gross a violation of the rights of a sovereign and independent power, and to decree that no vessel, having touched at Montevideo, should be admitted to the ports of the Confederation. A similar proclamation was also issued by Oribe, in relation to the ports of Uruguay.

At this juncture, Rivera, who had undertaken an expedition into the interior of the Oriental territory, was met by an opposing force and defeated, and sought refuge in Brazil. Montevideo was the only place remaining in the hands of his partisans, and the prospects were most favorable for the speedy success of Oribe. The agent of France now expressed a willingness to acknowledge the blockade; but Mr. Turner, the English Chargé d'Affaires, demanded an exemption for vessels coming from beyond sea. Rosas refused to grant this demand. On the 11th of April, Mr. Brent, United States Chargé d'Affaires, tendered his mediation between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, which was accepted by the government of the former.

Thus matters stood, when Mr. Ousely, minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain, made his appearance at Buenos Ayres, professedly on a mission of mediation and peace. He was courteously received by the government, and a conference was commenced, on the 10th of May, 1845, between him and Senor Felipe Arana, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He condemned the conduct of the Admirals, expressed him-

self in favor of having the blockade of Montevideo acknowledged, disclaimed all idea of a forcible intervention in the affairs of the Plata, and made every effort to forestall France in the mediation, and to settle the terms before the arrival of her plenipotentiary; so that the pacification might appear to have been effected solely through the agency of the British government. Mr. Brent was invited to participate in the conferences, and on the 2d of June, an agreement was made, the basis of which was the unconditional recognition of the blockade of Montevideo, the acknowledgment of Oribe as the constitutional President, and a general amnesty and the removal of the Argentine land and naval forces, as soon as Oribe should consent. These articles were not written, as Mr. Ousely stated that he would present them to the French minister on his arrival, and they could then be put into proper form. Baron Deffaudis arrived, and began his part of the negotiation by refusing to act with Mr. Brent as a mediator, or to accede to the terms agreed upon at the conferences held previous to his arrival. The British minister now changed his policy, and sustained the demands of the French envoy. Mr. Brent, in a note addressed to the Foreign Minister, virtually withdrew his mediation, and thus freed the affair from embarrassment, so far as he was concerned.

But the two parties could come to no agreement. The ministers insisted on a suspension of hostilities by the Argentine government, while Rosas would listen to no propositions that were not prefaced with a full acknowledgment of the absolute blockade of Montevideo and Maldonado. After some further unsuccessful negotiation, the ministers demanded and received their passports on the 30th of July, and left Buenos Ayres for Montevideo. Rosas immediately ordered Commodore Brown to withdraw the Argentine squadron from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres; but, on the 2d of August, 1845, while in the act of weighing anchor, he was fired on by the English and French fleets, and compelled to surrender his ships to a superior force. Admirals Lainé and Inglefield then declared the ports of Uruguay which were occupied by Buenos Ayrean troops blockaded, assigned two vessels of the captured fleet to Garibaldi, the commander of the naval forces of Montevideo, and sent an expedition to take and occupy the principal towns on the coast.

The force organized for this expedition was composed of a few Spaniards, the disposable Anglo-French force, and the greater part of what was called the "Italian Legion;" in reference to which, it is significantly stated, that during its absence, the number of robberies in the city perceptibly diminished. This force proceeded up the river, and occupied Colonia del Sacramento without resistance, as it had already been abandoned. The Anglo-French forces began to repair the fortifications, while their Italian allies were occupied in sacking houses, breaking open stores, and giving other similar evidences of disinterested mediation. A small garrison was left at Colonia, and the remainder of the force, after making a demonstration for some distance up the river, and being warmly received with cannon shot, returned to Montevideo. The effect of this expedition was unfavorable to the Anglo-French cause, and numbers of the people took up arms in favor of Oribe. Still, the Argentine government scrupulously regarded the rights of French and English subjects within its territory, though it forbade all communication with the sea. The two plenipotentiaries then, on the 18th of September, 1845, declared a blockade of the ports of the province of Buenos Ayres, allowing fifteen days for the departure of neutral vessels.

Let us now pause a moment, and consider the position of the different parties, and the aspect of affairs. We find Montevideo under the revolutionary government, with Rivera nominally at its head, though not within the city; — Oribe, the legal President, who had some time before been compelled to resign his office and leave the country, returned with a force consisting of his own political adherents and of Argentine troops, master of nearly the whole country and besieging Montevideo; — Rosas assuming it to be his duty to aid in restoring the legal government to power, and to put an end to the exactions of the usurping Riveristas; — the English and French ministers, under pretence of mediation, authorizing acts of aggression and hostility; and thus England and France, standing in the attitude of pacificators with armed hands, rendering aid to Montevideo, and threatening Oribe and Rosas with the weight of their united opposition.

We are too far from the scene of action, and too scantily provided with data, to be able to read in full the motives

which urged on the different actors in this national tragedy of factions and cliques; yet it may not be out of place to indulge in a brief speculation as to the objects of the parties so strangely embroiled in a contest, the causes and aims of which are to this day an enigma to men of the highest intelligence in this country, and even in England and France.

It may be conceded that Oribe, in his invasion of Uruguay, believed that he might justly attempt to overthrow a faction, and recover an office from which he had been forcibly driven. To Rosas may be allowed the credit of acting with sincerity in his support of Oribe, believing himself justified by the aggressions of Rivera's party, bound as an ally to sustain the legal government, and pledged by his participation in the treaty of 1828 with Brazil, to aid in preserving the independence of the country. With these might have been mingled other considerations. Montevideo may be regarded as the rival of Buenos Ayres, and from the advantages of its position would naturally be regarded with a jealous eye. Its territory is bounded for several hundred miles on the north by the Argentine Missiones, and on the west for an equal distance by the province of Entre Rios, from which it is separated by the Uruguay. It commands the whole of the Plata opposite to Buenos Ayres, and has the Atlantic on the east; thus possessing advantages for commerce decidedly superior to the latter city. Rosas, whose quick glance overlooks nothing that may tend to the advantage of his country, if he did not aim at reannexing Uruguay to the Confederation, after the fashion of our own model republic of the north, at least saw powerful inducements to place its government in the hands of an active and obliged friend, and strong reasons for obtaining as much influence as possible in the councils of the state. This accomplished, he might break up the stronghold and asylum of his own personal and political foes, crush the growing influence of an enterprising foreign population in the city, and thus virtually command both banks of the Plata, and secure the superiority of Buenos Ayres.

The population in the interior of Uruguay was probably favorable to Oribe, but in the city of Montevideo he was unpopular. With the French and foreign residents, his unpopularity arose from his refusal to aid in the original movement against Rosas, and from the apprehension that his return

would lead to measures which would be unfavorable to trade. Another class disliked him because he had guarded the public treasury against their peculations; while many of the native citizens feared the friend and associate of Rosas, who should return at the head of an Argentine army. The Montevideans knew that their city was the rival of Buenos Ayres; they believed, if her trade came directly or indirectly under the control of the latter, that it would be crippled, if not destroyed; and they therefore resisted the restoration of a man to office, whom they regarded as the deferential friend of the governor of the very city whose prosperity might be built up at the expense of their own.

There was yet another class, whose interest it was to sustain the existing government and prevent the return of Oribe. This was composed of the speculators, mostly English, who had made advances from time to time to the Montevidean government, secured by pledges of the public property and custom-house receipts. It was their interest to preserve the existing order of things, and to foment and prolong hostilities between England and France and the Argentine Republic; for the blockade of Buenos Ayres turned the trade to Montevideo, and increased the revenues of the customs.

Thus much for the position and motives of those immediately interested in the quarrel between Oribe and his party, backed by the Argentine republic, on the one hand, and the Riveristas or Montevideans, with their legion of foreigners, principally Frenchmen, on the other. But how happens it that we find the two principal powers of Europe busily engaged in this political turmoil, their land and naval forces enlisted in the contest between two independent states of the western continent, and their energies directed towards humbling the power and destroying the trade of the one, at the same time that they were lending aid to sustain a revolutionary government in the other? Fully to answer this question would require a more extended discussion of the subject than we can give. We can only glance at some of the motives which may have induced these great powers to take part in the war, and commit acts against which the representatives of other states have protested, as in contravention of the law of nations and the rights of an independent people.

The request for the intervention was first made by the

French residents at Montevideo, and remained long unanswered. The public agents of France seemed at first to strive in good faith to hold their countrymen aloof from the struggle, and to let the natives fight it out; but the French in Montevideo had become so much attached to the city of their adoption, and their interests were so strongly favored by the Riverista party, that they went in a body over to that side, and armed for the defence of the city. It then became difficult for the French diplomatic agents to look on unmoved; and almost before they were aware of their equivocal position, they found themselves compromised in the contest. Another view is, that Brazil had formerly claimed Uruguay; that a prince of France had married into the royal family of Brazil; and that the citizen king had his designs in reference to that extensive country, and even kept his eye upon the disturbed republic on its southern border. A third, and not the least plausible suggestion, is, that jealousy of England and a fear lest she might, if left to act alone, gain an undue influence in the affairs of the river, prompted France to join in the so-called mediation. Certain it is, that, whatever might have been the first impulse, she afterwards acted from other motives than sympathy for her subjects, or a desire to vindicate the rights and independence of Uruguay.

As for England, she is notoriously watchful for any opening by which her trade and influence may be introduced into a new region, and, at the same time, jealous of any attempt on the part of another power to gain or monopolize the trade of untried countries. One of the acknowledged motives for her offer of mediation in 1828 was, that the market for her fabrics was seriously affected by the war. At the time of which we are now speaking, besides the desire of forestalling her Gallic neighbor, she had undoubtedly as strong a motive for interfering as on the former occasion. The market for her manufactures was much affected; for while Paraguay, opened at last to foreign intercourse by the death of Francia, appeared in the distance as an inviting market, the expiration of England's commercial treaty with Brazil threatened seriously to diminish the trade with that country, except so far as her fabrics might find their way into it from Uruguay and Paraguay. But Rosas claimed Paraguay as one of the Argentine states, and would not allow the English to navigate

the Parana, which flows through the Argentine territory from Paraguay, except under certain restrictions imposed by the laws of the Confederation; while Oribe was too good a friend to the Dictator to allow them any hope that he would adopt a different policy.

As for Rosas, one might as well hope to move the pyramids as to shake his adherence to the positions he had once taken, and the principles of political action by which he professed to be guided. Probably both the English and French were not without hopes, that their joint intervention would result in the final overthrow of the Dictator, and the induction into power of those who would be pliant tools in the hands of European agents, or at all events, would enable them to dictate terms of pacification favorable to their commercial aggrandizement.

We have thus presented, so far as we could infer them from the acts and position of the parties, some of the motives which prompted England and France forcibly to interfere in the contest between Montevideo and the Argentine Confederation. It is but justice to place by the side of these inferences the public professions of these powers, as made by their official agents.

Those ministers of peace, Ousely and Deffaudis, after demanding their passports at Buenos Ayres, proceeded to Montevideo. Here the fruits of their pacificating policy were seen in the seizure of the Argentine squadron and other acts of direct hostility, against which, as we have already observed, the Argentine government adopted defensive measures. The ministers then issued a declaration of blockade against Buenos Ayres, which amounted in fact to a declaration of war. In this extraordinary document, they first recite the motives and grounds for their interference, and then put forward their reasons for laying aside the garb and character of pacificators, and changing mediation into open war.

At the first step of this investigation, we meet with an anomaly in national and diplomatic intercourse that is worthy of notice. These mediators thrust themselves between the high contending parties unasked and unwelcome, at least so far as one side is concerned; and their sincerity is attested by an immediate and prolonged appeal to the sword.

But they attempt to justify their interference by the treaties

made in 1828 and 1840, in both of which the independence of Uruguay is guarantied; Great Britain claiming a right to interfere from her connection with the former, and France as a party to the latter. A second reason given for the interference is, the cruelties that have attended the war and which have shocked all Europe; and a third, that the interests of commerce are suffering, and that trade could be restored to a flourishing state only by the reëstablishment of peace.

The phraseology of the ministers, in that part of their manifesto which appeals to their connection with past treaties, is conveniently indefinite. They claim to have been concerned in them "directly or indirectly." The truth is, that in the convention of 1828, Great Britain acted as mediator. The tenth article of the treaty binds the contracting powers to protect and sustain the government of Uruguay for five years. But Great Britain was not one of the contracting powers; and Lord Ponsonby, the representative of Great Britain in the affair, when questioned upon the subject, replied that he was not authorized to guaranty either a preliminary convention, or a treaty of peace. This settles conclusively the extent to which Great Britain can justify her proceedings as a party to the intervention; for with the treaty of 1840 she does not even pretend to have had any connection.

France, on the other hand, took no part in the treaty of 1828; but bases her right to interfere on the terms of the treaty concluded between her and the Argentine Confederation, on the settlement of their difficulties in 1840. In this treaty, the government of the republic pledges itself to consider Uruguay as in a state of absolute independence, without prejudice, however, to its own natural rights. The Argentine government justifies its present course by detailing the hostile aggressions it has suffered, and by showing that it extends aid to the legal president of Uruguay, to suppress a rebellion raised by a faction, and sustained by refugees from the Confederation as well as by the arms and money of foreigners in Montevideo; and finally asserts, that it is for the government of Uruguay, and not for another, and least of all for a European government, to say when this aid shall cease. Yet France required, as a preliminary step, the withdrawal of the Argentine forces, and such treatment of Oribe as would have

involved, at the very threshold of the negotiations, an acknowledgment of wrong on the part of the republic. If Oribe was the legal President, the aid of the Confederation to reëstablish his power, instead of threatening the independence of Uruguay, was clearly and positively in support of it.

Furthermore, the good faith and disinterestedness of Rosas are proved by his conduct in reference to the proposed treaty of March, 1843, with Brazil. In this affair, he preferred to sacrifice the prospect of a most advantageous settlement of all disputes, rather than recognize a principle of interference by which the rights of Uruguay and the dignity of its government would be set at nought. It was proposed to make stipulations relative to the Oriental territory, without the presence of any representative from that state as a party to the negotiation; but Rosas refused to ratify the treaty, unless General Oribe, as President of Uruguay, was allowed to concur in its stipulations. The Brazilian government, although in the treaty alluded to it was ready to stigmatize Rivera as an enemy of the empire and of the two republics of the Plata, immediately on learning this refusal, went over to the side of the opponents of Rosas, refused to acknowledge the Argentine blockade of Montevideo, and allowed assemblages of troops hostile to Uruguay to be formed in its territories.

But who constituted the legal government in Uruguay? Oribe was the last regularly elected president, and left his office and his country by compulsion, and with open protest against the means employed to drive him from his post. Rivera, the rival claimant, at the time of the intervention had been several times defeated, and had taken refuge in Brazil. Oribe was acting in concert with the regularly constituted legislature, assembled at Miguelete, which authorized the presence of Argentine troops in the camp and sanctioned his acts. He was in possession of the whole country, with the exception of Montevideo, which was with difficulty held by the opposing party, sustained by Argentine exiles and a large force of foreigners, principally French. Can any one doubt on which side lay the presumption of legality? If the Argentine state had no right to interfere *in favor* of Oribe with his positive claims to the government, surely, for a still stronger reason, France had no right to interfere *against* him, or in

favor of the weak and revolutionary government that was on the verge of destruction in Montevideo.

To the plea that intervention was made necessary and justifiable by the cruelties practised by the combatants, and by the interruptions to commerce caused by the continuance of the war, it may be briefly replied, that war is acknowledged to be an evil, and to bring in its train suffering and death in various repulsive forms. But has the intervention put an end to these terrible scenes, so revolting to the delicate sensibilities of refined Europe? If half of what is told be true, the cruelties of the wars between the states fall far below those of which the armed foreigners and their allies have been guilty. And as to commerce, the blockade of Buenos Ayres and the acts of the Anglo-French forces have done ten times as much harm to trade as was caused by the Argentine blockade of Montevideo.

And this doctrine of interference, because a war interrupts the commerce of nations, — would either France or England dare to maintain it against a power capable of discussing the question with any approach to equality at the cannon's mouth? Why did they not interfere with our war with Mexico, if not on the plea of cruelties committed, at least on the ground of commerce interrupted? Because they durst not; because they knew that such claims put forth in reference to the United States would be instantly repelled at the hazard of war. But this poor South American republic was, in their estimation, too weak to resist an attack on its sovereignty and rights; and therefore it must not make war at its own time and after its own fashion, under pain of the displeasure of these European dictators. Yet this despised republic has resisted, and it still exists, and still adheres to all that it has ever claimed.

The professed object of the intervention was the independence of the state of Uruguay; and upon this point mainly did the reclamations of Messrs. Ousely and Deffaudis rest. But after September, 1845, the views of the mediators were suddenly expanded. Their benevolent attention was attracted towards the Parana river; and, as they had begun their grand essay in modern knight-errantry by starting on an expedition for the relief of suffering republics, they very naturally turned to the kindred labor of vindicating the right

of nations to the interior navigation of that river. They volunteered to open to Paraguay, and the other provinces on the head waters of the Parana, its free navigation, without reference to the will or the rights of the Argentine republic, a sovereign state, through whose territories its waters flowed to the sea.

Should the Yankees in Maine assert their right, as dwellers on the upper waters of the St. John's, to a free navigation, without treaty stipulations, through the British province of New Brunswick to the Bay of Fundy, and should some justice-loving nation of Europe, in view of the inability of those border settlers to vindicate their claims, volunteer by force of arms to open that stream to their trade, is it probable that England would quietly yield to the interference, and tamely receive a practical lesson in international law from her philanthropic neighbor? Or, to push the question nearer home, — suppose one of the German states, through whose territories flow the head waters of the Rhine or the Elbe, should demand the unrestricted navigation of those rivers through the intervening states to the sea, and either England or France should send up a fleet to aid this pretension by force, how long would the peace of Europe remain undisturbed?

The first step in the enterprise was the seizure of San Martin Garcia, an island in the river Plata, which commands the mouths of the Parana and Uruguay, and is of considerable importance as a military post. Announcement was then made, that an expedition up the river Parana would be organized for commercial objects, against which Rosas protested; and in November, 1845, a fleet of one hundred and ten merchant vessels of different nations were ready to avail themselves of the convoy of English and French ships of war in their passage up the river. On the 20th of November, after an action of eight hours, in which they brought one hundred and thirteen pieces of cannon to bear against twenty-five belonging to the Argentines, they forced their way by a point called Vuelta de Obligado, with a considerable loss of men and officers. Continuing their course, constantly annoyed by the batteries planted on commanding positions, after a harassing passage of several months, they arrived at Corrientes, a town near the junction of the Parana and Paraguay, only to find the province occupied by the army of the Argentine gen-

eral, Urquiza. The merchant vessels generally made but little profits by their long and perilous expedition.

On their way down, they had again to run the gauntlet of the Argentine batteries. When they approached the forts of San Lorenzo, many of the vessels were exposed to a heavy plunging fire for more than an hour, and scarcely one escaped injury. They were also followed down the stream by field artillery, while bodies of troops lined the banks and gave them volleys of musketry as they passed. One English bark and two Montevidean vessels grounded opposite the batteries, and were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. In the early part of June, the convoy arrived at Montevideo; and so ended the memorable Anglo-French belligerent-commercial expedition up the Parana.

The question, what was accomplished by this expedition, must be answered by the British, or rather by the French, minister; since a monarch of his nation, we are told, once accomplished a similar and equally successful feat.

> "The king of France, with thirty thousand men,
> Marched up a hill, and then — marched down again!"

If they went up for trade, they got but little; if for profit, less; if to assist Paraguay, she has derived but little benefit from their aid; if to open the navigation of the Parana, there are but few indications of their success; and if those who come afterwards to avail themselves of the great public good thus accomplished, find this freedom of navigation is to be saddled with a heavy impost of cannon balls, they will be likely to decline the privilege of navigating the Parana under Anglo-French auspices, and to seek an honest trade in waters where there is a reasonable chance of keeping their vessels afloat and their heads on their own shoulders. Seriously, of all the follies and crimes engendered by the Anglo-French intervention, this expedition up the Parana is one of the most glaring.

About the time of the return of the expedition from the Parana, Rivera, having obtained passports from the government of Brazil, proceeded in a Spanish corvette to Montevideo; but to his great surprise, he found not only the parties in power, but the English and French ministers, were opposed to his admission into the city, so that he was shut out from

his own stronghold. As soon as this fact became known, the soldiers rose in open revolt. The captain of the port and several officers were killed; the acting President and other civil officers took refuge with the English minister; the Minister of Foreign Affairs resigned; and the Minister of War, with Pacheco y Obes, late commander-in-chief, escaped on board a vessel in the harbor. In the night after these scenes of confusion and bloodshed, Rivera landed and assumed the command; and thus "Richard was himself again." This wheel within a wheel, or revolution within a revolution, rather staggered the faith of the mediators, and somewhat diminished the warmth of their sympathy. Unfortunately, their national pride had become enlisted in the affair, and interested motives tended to postpone the moment of conciliation.

In July, 1846, however, Mr. Hood arrived at Buenos Ayres, on a special mission from the governments of Great Britain and France, with propositions for the complete pacification of the Plata. The principle articles proposed by him and accepted by the Argentine government had reference to a suspension of hostilities between the Oriental forces in Montevideo and those in the country; to the raising of the blockade at the same time with the suspension of hostilities; to the disarming of the foreigners in garrison at Montevideo and those out of the city; and to the withdrawal of the Argentine troops in case General Oribe should consent. Having concluded his arrangements with the Argentine government, Mr. Hood proceeded to Uruguay, to treat with Oribe. After he had agreed with him in regard to all that concerned the state of Uruguay, he proceeded to deliver the acceptances of the two parties to the British and French ministers then residing in Montevideo, that they might arrange at once the proposed convention. But Baron Deffaudis, alleging the want of instructions from his government, refused to act, and Mr. Hood returned to England. Shortly after his arrival in England, Mr. Ousely was withdrawn from his mission, and Baron Deffaudis was recalled to France accompanied by Rear-Admiral Lainé.

The year 1847 opened with a short and severe contest between General Ignacio Oribe, brother of the ex-President, and the forces of Rivera, who by the aid of his foreign allies had succeeded in gaining possession of several towns. In

this campaign, the cavalry which the latter had kept on the coast south of the Rio Negro, under the protection of the English and French marine, was almost entirely annihilated; the towns of Salto and Paysandu were retaken; and finally Rivera himself was defeated, with the loss of one hundred men and all his horses and cattle. In twenty-seven days from the commencement of the campaign, the victorious commander announced that it had been closed by the defeat of Rivera, the dispersion of his followers, and the recovery of the whole territory of Uruguay, except Colonia and Montevideo.

In May of this year, Lord Howden and Count Walewski arrived at Buenos Ayres, severally deputed by the English and French governments to negotiate a definitive arrangement on the bases offered by Mr. Hood for the cessation of hostilities. Both parties seem to have commenced the negotiations with a sincere desire to come to an agreement; for the two parties consented to concede the demand of Generals Rosas and Oribe, that the blockade should be raised on both banks of the Plata simultaneously with the armistice and the cessation of hostilities. But besides differing on other points, there were three circumstances which proved fatal to the success of the mission. The first was a refusal on the part of the Argentine government to allow Don Joachim Suarez, provisional president of Montevideo, to be recognized as a party to the treaty; the second was the refusal of the English and French governments to accord to Oribe the title of legal president of Uruguay, while the Argentine government steadily declined to accept any article, which, even by implication, should question his right to that office and title; the third difficulty arose from the phraseology of an article relating to the navigation of the rivers of the republic, which was rejected at once, as failing to recognize with sufficient distinctness the right of the Argentine government to regulate its own interior navigation.

There is something ludicrous in the manner in which the article on the navigation of the Parana was urged by the foreign ministers. They gravely insisted, that it had been very carefully drawn up, after consultation with the most eminent jurists and statesmen of Europe; and therefore, it ought to be presumed by those uninformed South Americans

to express the true law of nations on the subject. Henry VIII. beating up for theological recruits among the universities of Europe, to obtain opinions upon the illegality of his marriage with Catharine of Aragon, affords a counterpart to the course of these modern sovereigns, stirring up the doctors of the law in the same institutions to declare, for the enlightenment of the benighted Argentine republic, the true doctrine in reference to the navigation of her rivers.

Late in June, the negotiation was broken off, and the ministers very soon sailed for their respective countries. Immediately before their departure, Mr. Harris, our Chargé d'Affaires, addressed a letter to them, declaring that the blockade had only brought evil upon the people and expense and loss to those who maintained it; that the intervention was contrary to the principles and practice of the government of the United States, and regarded by it as illegal; but its policy being not to interfere with other powers, it had acquiesced in the proceedings of the former English and French ministers, though not without a protest; that the long continuance of the blockade gave color to the idea that it was enforced for political objects; that the government of the United States would never sanction the establishment by a European government of any colonies as political communities in any of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata; and he concluded by protesting against the further continuance of the blockade. Both ministers addressed courteous replies to Mr. Harris, declining to discuss the legality of their proceedings, but protesting against the idea that they had ever harbored a thought unfavorable to the perfect independence of Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation.

It is worthy of note, in regard to this blockade of Buenos Ayres, that it was generally maintained by two ships of war; a force amply sufficient so far as vessels from beyond sea were concerned, but totally ineffective in regard to the small craft, which, under cover of the night, came in fleets from Montevideo, and carried on a profitable trade with the shore. Mr. Harris, in his note to Lord Howden, states, that from February, 1846, to May, 1847, the number of vessels that entered and sailed from Buenos Ayres was four thousand and twelve. It is true, these were chiefly small vessels, passing in and out at night; but a number of them also passed in

open day, and in full view of the blockading force, without any serious attempt being made to stop them. These vessels all paid duties at Montevideo on the merchandise or produce which they carried.

On their way home, Lord Howden and Baron Walewski stopped at Montevideo, and proposed an armistice to General Oribe, which he at once accepted. The government of Montevideo, however, refused; and in consequence, the plenipotentiary of England ordered the blockade to be raised by the naval forces of his country, and closed all intercourse on the part of his government. In his instructions to the naval commander, Sir Thomas Herbert, he says, "The government of Montevideo has refused the armistice, although without money, credit, or native troops; the Orientals are not free agents, being entirely controlled by a foreign garrison; and the blockade, having lost its character of a coercive measure against Rosas, has become exclusively a means of supplying with money, partly the government of Montevideo, and partly certain foreign individuals there, to the detriment of the commerce of England in these waters."

The French minister, on the contrary, pursued such a course as was to be expected from one whose countrymen in Montevideo were prominently interested in prolonging the struggle. A circular was addressed by the French Chargé d'Affaires and M. Devaize, Consul-general of France, to the foreign consular agents in Montevideo, declaring that the French squadron would continue the blockade of the province of Buenos Ayres and the ports of Uruguay occupied by Argentine troops. Thus the French agents, in the face of the reasons assigned by Lord Howden for raising the blockade on the part of the English, persevered in the odious and oppressive policy so long and so ineffectively pursued by the two governments. The diplomatic agent of the United States again protested against a blockade continued under circumstances so flagrantly unjust.

The course of the British ambassador caused the greatest excitement and alarm in Montevideo. A part of the garrison turned their guns against the government, and demanded an explanation, which those in authority were unable or unwilling to give. Finally, even the Orientals themselves in the city, weary of the war and the assumptions of their foreign allies,

and despairing of success, proposed an accommodation with Oribe. A petition to this end was presented to the government; but it was rejected, and the principal movers in the affair suffered some persecution for their attempt to restore peace. The French admiral, Predour, is said to have taken an active share in quelling the disturbances, and thus obstructed the natives in their endeavors to effect a settlement of the contest.

Thus upheld by the representatives of the French government, the city of Montevideo was enabled to resist the efforts of Oribe; and nearly a year passed in a contest of "masterly inactivity" on both sides. A new spirit of exertion, however, had just sprung up, and the French admiral had determined to make a final effort by a more stringent blockade, when the overwhelming intelligence came, that the king, his master, by whose orders these aggressions had been commenced, was himself driven from his throne, and had become a fugitive from the land he had misgoverned. The Provisional Government of France soon manifested its intention of adopting a different policy. On the 18th of June, 1848, a notification appeared from the French Consul-general, raising the blockade of Buenos Ayres, but continuing that of the ports of Uruguay occupied by Oribe's forces. On the same day, the French vessel of war off the city sent an officer on shore to announce the discontinuance of the blockade, and the departure of the ship without delay for Montevideo; and thus quietly France made her exit. An English officer also went on shore with despatches, expressing, it is said, the expectation of England that the Argentine government would observe the treaty of 1825 with her, and of 1828 with Brazil. And so ended the grand national drama of the Anglo-French intervention.

And what have these two nations gained for themselves, or accomplished for commerce or humanity, by their intervention? After three years of trial, they retire from their professed labors in the cause of peace with the consciousness of having greatly increased the horrors of war, and of leaving the combatants still in the attitude and act of hostility; after blockading Buenos Ayres for nine hundred and ninety-nine days, they withdraw their ships, knowing that they have destroyed their own trade as well as that of other nations. And where are the unfortunate leaders, against whom the

combined strength of the two most powerful nations on the globe was directed? Neither of them is overthrown; both are nearer to the political objects they had in view than when this far-famed intervention was commenced. Rosas still rules the Argentine republic with dictatorial power; Oribe is within one step of restoration to the presidency of Uruguay, unless Brazil or the foreign powers use direct force to prevent it; while Montevideo needs all the aid it can get from abroad to prevent it from falling at once into the hands of its besiegers.

Rosas has not abated one tittle of the claims which he put forward at the commencement of the struggle. On the contrary, he presents a bolder front, and requires more decided concessions than before. He has refused to receive Mr. Hood, who was sent out by the English government as Consul-general; he has prohibited all intercourse with the English and French squadrons, except the embarkation of provisions for the former, on the ground that the blockade of the ports of Uruguay occupied by Oribe is still continued by the French, and that the raising of the blockade of Buenos Ayres has been so effected as to make no reparation for the grievous injuries inflicted by it; and finally, he has demanded a full indemnity for the losses sustained through the intervention, before he will consent to negotiate or allow any intercourse with the offending nations.

This extraordinary result is mainly due to the firmness and the ability of the head of the Argentine Confederation. Rosas is no ordinary man. Acuteness, quick perception, strong passions, deeply rooted prejudices, a contempt for mere show, and indomitable energy, are decided traits in his character. He first engaged in public affairs in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and became essential to the existence of the state before those who deemed themselves its masters were aware of his presence as a leading spirit; he saw at once the stern and decided measures which were necessary to save the country from anarchy, and to establish himself firmly in power, and he embraced them without hesitation; he found a strong party opposed to his political principles, and striving by conspiracy to destroy their opponents, and he swept them from his way by every means which hatred could devise; he consented, after repeated solicitations, to accept the chief magistracy, with dictatorial power; and he has shown, since his induction

into that office, his abilities and resources in modes so energetic and terrible, that the factious have shrunk from further contest with him and yielded to his sway.

The accounts given of General Rosas are so contradictory, that it is not easy for one at a distance to form a fair estimate of his character. His administration is represented to be strict, severely honest, and unswervingly patriotic. All officials are held to a rigid accountability, and the Dictator himself renders an exact statement of all his acts and expenditures to the House of Representatives. The financial operations are conducted in the most open manner. Daily publication is made of the amount received into the public treasury, and the sums paid out, showing also on what account they were received and for what expended. The finances, notwithstanding the great difficulties arising from the interruption of trade, have been administered with strict economy and without any augmentation of duties. The extraordinary expenses have been met principally by large issues of treasury bills; and some idea may be formed of the state to which the intervention has brought the public treasury, from the fact that the estimate of government expenses for the year 1847 amounts to $58,720,000, while the receipts from all sources are placed at about $15,500,000; thus leaving a deficit for that year of $43,250,000. Large as is this amount, the legislature pledged themselves to use the most active means to raise it, even to the extent of contributing their private fortunes, rather than cease their resistance to the foreign powers. Rosas declares, in his message delivered at the close of 1846, that the laws have been administered with promptness and impartiality. Only three persons were executed for capital crimes during that year, and but one of these was a native. Foreigners were allowed to remain in the city and provinces unmolested, and even the English and French, who remained neutral, suffered during the intervention no interference and no persecution.*

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* We have before us the message of Rosas to the House of Representatives of the Confederation, dated December 27th, 1848; some points in it are worthy of notice.

He congratulates the House on the firmness and success with which they had thus far resisted the intervention of the foreign powers. The difficulties with these powers were not yet adjusted, though with England they appear more easy of settlement than with France. England had sent a consul to Buenos Ayres, but

A writer in the London Morning Chronicle of February, 1847, asserts that the intervention was brought about by the most extravagant stories of the cruelties of Rosas, of his hatred to foreigners, his disinclination to form commercial relations with them, and the readiness of the people of Buenos Ayres to expel him the moment an armed demonstration was made. Agents were sent to England, who made a tour of the country, got up petitions to Parliament, and finally induced Lord Aberdeen to interfere. All this was done by parties who had advanced money to the intrusive government of Montevideo, and who knew that, if they could only shut up the port of Buenos Ayres, and confine the trade of the river to Montevideo, they must realize immense profits on their speculation. Hence their efforts to excite the British government against Rosas, and the wholesale slanders of him indus-

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the government refused to receive him until reparation was made for the injuries suffered from the blockade. Then Mr. Henry Southern came out as Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain, and was not received for the same reason. Rosas offered to treat with him on the basis of the Hood articles, with such modifications as the change of circumstances might render proper; but he had no powers, and therefore retired.

Hon. Robert Gore and Baron Gros also came, after the failure of the mission of Lord Howden and Baron Walewski; but their propositions were rejected by the Argentine government, as inconsistent with its own rights and those of its ally, Don Manuel Oribe, the legal president of the Oriental Republic.

Chili and the Argentine Republic both claim the islands and territory along the coast of Patagonia, and they had had some negotiations on the subject.

Movements against the government had been made at Mendoza, San Luis, and Rioja; but they were crushed, and the leaders had been shot. The Jesuits had been ordered to leave several of the provinces, and the government evidently intends to drive them from the country.

Austria, under the influence of Brazil, had recognized the independence of Paraguay, against which act Rosas had protested. Paraguay had seized the island of Arispe, in the Parana, and other places, though the Argentine government insisted upon its right to possess them.

The Governor has induced the Archbishop to decree the suppression of the greater part of the religious holidays. This is certainly a grave and important step, and a great reform for a Catholic country. Its effects upon the morals, industry, and productive results of the labor of the people will be immense. It argues not only great power, but a far-reaching view and true policy on the part of Rosas.

It is proposed to improve the public roads, and facilitate communication between the capital and the interior. Benevolent institutions have been organized, and some troops have been disbanded. All this looks like turning from war to peace.

As to the treasury, Rosas regrets that the government had been obliged to stop the monthly payment of $5,000 on account of the English debt; but for this, the English may thank themselves and their blockade. He thinks the payment might be resumed in January, 1849, now that the blockade has been taken off. The total expenses of the government for 1848, in current (paper) money, were $56,929,576. The estimated expenses for 1849 were $64,088,270; estimated receipts, $64,382,163.

The Governor concludes with his usual pathetic appeal to the House, to be allowed to retire from the toils and responsibilities of office to the tranquillity of private life. This is excellent foolery; probably he would cut off the head of the first representative who should have the temerity to propose an assent to this earnest petition.

triously circulated among the people. So with other charges made against him ; they have come from his enemies. Many of them originated in a journal published at Montevideo, edited by a man who is politically and personally the mortal foe of the Dictator.

Still, we doubt not that Rosas has given cause for some of these accusations. The Spanish blood is easily heated, and both in old Spain and the states on this continent colonized by her, the victors have almost uniformly stained their success with blood. But Rosas has not always followed the example of his predecessors in this respect. He might have shot General Paz ; but he spared him, as he did others, who afterwards left the country to unite with his enemies. He may have been severe ; but we need more facts and more impartial witnesses, before we make up a final judgment in regard to his character.

Thus far, in his own territory, he has been successful, and it does not seem difficult to foresee the result of the movements with which he is connected in Uruguay. Oribe, with his aid, will regain his position at the head of affairs in that state ; and then it must depend upon the extent to which he and his party are willing to become subsidiary to Rosas, whether Uruguay becomes a mere appendage to the Argentine Confederation, or maintains her position as an independent republic. The future of the Argentine republic it is not difficult to read. As long as Rosas survives, there will be no change. He will rule the people with an iron hand, yet with an eye to the aggrandizement of the state, and perhaps to the gradual improvement of the people. But at his death, all the smothered elements of opposition and hatred to him and his principles will burst into a flame ; the Unitarian party will again gather strength and contend for preëminence ; and through terror and blood, the people of that beautiful yet unhappy region must work their way to free government, equal laws, and the enjoyment of prosperity and peace.

ART. IV. — *Dictionary of Americanisms; a Glossary of Words and Phrases, usually regarded as peculiar to the United States.* By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnographical Society, &c. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848.

WITHOUT going so far as the old lady, who declared that a dictionary was very delightful reading, owing to the great regularity with which the words were arranged, and to the ease of understanding them on account of the copious definitions of their meaning, we confess that a dictionary is by no means the most tedious book that reviewers are obliged to examine. In one of these ponderous records of a language we find no slight indication of the taste and intellectual spirit of the nation which uses it. In a dictionary of archaisms and provincialisms, we have revealed quite as plainly the whims and oddities, the local customs and prejudices, the political and religious strifes, the partial knowledge, and perverse ignorance of the uneducated multitude. It is no unfruitful study for those who would understand the habits and temper of a people, to find out the origin and uses of watchwords and proverbs, and the causes of the perversion of legitimate expressions.

Mr. Bartlett's volume is far the most complete glossary of Americanisms that has yet been published. We hail it as a sign of attention paid to a subject of some importance, which we have a thousand temptations to forget or neglect. Since the valuable vocabulary by Mr. Pickering, no very serious attempt has been made to collect our peculiar forms of speech. We are aware of the obstacles in the way of the undertaking; how difficult it is to fix very rigidly the limits to such a work; what extensive observation, and that too, of a peculiar kind, and what varied reading, are required to make it even tolerably complete. We are not surprised, then, at occasional omissions even of familiar peculiarities, nor at occasional insertions of words which are, at best, of rare use. We doubt sometimes how far the authorities upon which Mr. Bartlett depends indicate the real usage of the people. In depicting the strange manners and odd expressions, either of Yankees or of settlers in the far West, the writer who wishes to tell a

piquant story is almost irresistibly tempted to color the picture very highly. Many of our American oddities, we suspect, have no better origin than the fancy of such writers. One might travel for a lifetime in search of a Sam Slick, or even a Jack Downing, without finding either.

But were Mr. Bartlett's book not half as complete and well arranged as it is, we should still be very thankful for it. While it places on record a great many singular idioms, slang phrases, and uncommon expressions, it also shows how small a part of the whole are of American origin, and of those which are, how very few have the sanction of good use. Notwithstanding the diligence of our author, and the variety of sources from which he drew his materials, the number of words is greatly exceeded by the most recent English glossaries. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," published in London in 1847, contains more than fifty thousand words. A writer in the Edinburgh Review, a few years since, estimated the number of provincialisms in the colloquial tongue of the lower classes at "fifty-nine thousand words which can, for the chief part, produce proofs of legitimate origin; about the same number, in short, of authorized words that are admitted into Todd's edition of Johnson's dictionary."

Besides accomplishing his main purpose, Mr. Bartlett has certainly made a very entertaining book for a winter evening. The illustrations of political watchwords are chosen with great adroitness, and the sly humor which often gleams through the becoming gravity of the lexicographer would win a smile even from a political opponent. In proof, we may refer our readers to the articles, *loco foco*, *constructive-mileage*, *nullification*, *native-American*, and *defining one's position.* Nor are our political follies the only ones which are here chronicled and chastised by ridicule.

The tone of English criticism respecting the United States was, unhappily, for a long time, neither candid nor generous. It was denied that we had either the "accent of Christian," or the "gait of Christian." We were degenerating in language as rapidly as in every thing else. Every English traveller in America seemed to think it his duty to bring back, among other novelties, a fresh batch of barbarisms and vulgarisms; and these were charged, not upon the classes who

used them, if anybody did, but upon the whole people. It is gratifying to observe, that foreign criticism is fast becoming more just and genial. From the severity of English criticism, however, we derived some benefit. Our scholars began thoroughly to examine how far we were justly chargeable with corrupting the king's English, and our writers probably became more careful of sanctioning unauthorized words and phrases. About the close of the last century, Dr. Witherspoon, in the fifth number of *The Druid*, used the following language: — "I shall also admit, though with some hesitation, that gentlemen and scholars in Great Britain speak as much with the vulgar in common chitchat, as persons of the same class do in America; but there is a remarkable difference in their public and solemn discourses. I have heard in this country in the senate, at the bar, and from the pulpit, and see daily in dissertations from the press, errors in grammar, improprieties and vulgarisms, which hardly any person of the same class, in point of rank and literature, would have fallen into in Great Britain." More than thirty years ago, Mr. Pickering, in a paper communicated to the American Academy, gave it as his deliberate conclusion, "that although the language of the United States has, perhaps, changed less than might have been expected, when we consider how many years have elapsed since our ancestors brought it from England; yet it has in so many instances departed from the English standard, that our scholars should lose no time in endeavoring to restore it to its purity, and to prevent future corruption."

In order to determine the relative purity of speech in the two countries, the usage of Parliament has sometimes been compared with that of Congress. But we think the comparison unfair for evident reasons. Our representatives are often taken from a class in society which is seldom able to send a delegate to the English legislature. Parliament, it has been said, is mainly composed of Lords and of those who are to be Lords — Lords *in esse* and Lords *in posse* — of the best bred and best educated persons in the kingdom. Besides, the *insanabile loquendi cacoëthes* is more prevalent here than there. In England, the stout country gentleman, from whose honest lips a provincialism might, now and then, slip unheeded, thinks that he performs his duty if he patiently

endures the debate, and votes with his party; speaking he leaves to the leaders. With us, a representative is expected not only to study the subjects of legislation carefully, and to vote wisely and independently, but to perpetrate at least one speech to — his constituents, if not to the House. Amidst so much speaking, from men of more action than education, from men living two thousand miles apart, in different climates and with different manners, is it to be wondered at that strange literary enormities should be occasionally committed, the criminal all the while being quite unconscious of guilt, or, if aware of the law, willing to show his independence by practical nullification? If any comparison is to be made, it should be between the same classes in the two countries; between English and American scholars, or the English and American people. From the mistakes of our public men, however, it is as natural that imputations should rest upon our use of language, as that imputations upon our manners should spring from acts of rudeness (to use no stronger word) in the legislative halls.

But it is of far more consequence to be aware of our dangers, than to be able to compare ourselves favorably with another nation; and although we may doubt whether the remark of Dr. Witherspoon would apply to our writers at the present time, the caution of Mr. Pickering has not yet lost its force.

American scholars should watch the purity of their mother tongue with a care proportioned to the dangers to which it is here exposed. One reason for exercising this watchfulness is to be found in that extension of our territorial limits to which we have already referred. It is true, that west of the Alleghanies, there are now few literary men whose writings will hereafter be standards; but there are politicians, and orators, and preachers; there are governments, too, whose state papers and public documents are among the precedents entitled to authority in the republic of letters. Corruptions of language do not come at once into general use; they creep in stealthily. They often spring from ignorance or caprice; then they do some service in an humble way in the market or the courts, ministering to the wants of the poor and ignorant; then they attract the favor of the press in its least authoritative form; and finally, partly by assumption and partly from

necessity, they come to be acknowledged as good citizens and freeholders of the realm. Now, since these creatures of low and foreign birth have such advantages of access from the very extent of our frontier, it becomes us to be careful that they gain no undue advantage over the freeborn natives.

Another reason why we should be jealous of our language is, that we have no authoritative guardians of it, constituted either by law or fashion. We have no metropolis, no court, no learned order, no academy. Usage, to be sure, is the law of language, but usage, of course, within certain restrictions; not the usage of the majority, but of the learned; not usage reckoned from the origin of the tongue, but of the present day; not provincial, but national. To determine all this easily and readily, England appeals to her scholars and to the court, as by presumption affording the best authority; while France and Italy depend much upon their academies. London, to be sure, has its cockneyisms; but London, for a portion of the year, contains the wealth, fashion, and elegant society of the whole kingdom. Liverpool and Manchester, York and Bristol, always yield to its authority. We have no single city to control by its laws the speech of the nation. We *reckon*, we *guess*, we *expect*, we *calculate*, in defiance of Boston or New York, Cincinnati or Charleston. We profess, indeed, to be as obedient to the laws as any good citizens can be; but the police is not very active, and it may be a long time after the offence is committed before we receive, by a peculiar tap on the shoulder and the exhibition of the staff of office, an intimation that we are held amenable to the broken statute.

A third reason for care may be found in the fact that newspapers have with us so extensive a circulation, and constitute almost the sole literature of large classes of people. The first printed corruptions of the language will be apt to find their way into the daily and weekly journals. Now this would be of little moment, were it not that many of the persons whose early reading has not gone much beyond the newspapers may be promoted, in a government like ours, to places of responsibility, and thus may themselves become prominent violators of the laws of our tongue.

Again, the heterogeneous nature of our population in some portions of the country exposes the language to corruption.

When a score of nations, each with its own dialect, unite to make up our population, some effect must be produced on our language; some peculiar threads will be found after a while interwoven with the national web. The ear will no longer be delicate in detecting mispronunciations; the quick apprehension of barbarisms and solecisms will be lost. Even now, the West takes a pride in its not very elegant dialects. It demands of its popular speakers free manners and bold words; it feels its political importance, is conscious of its exhaustless resources, and, naturally enough, cares as little for the canons of verbal criticism as for the authority of the English parliament. This region has already proved a fruitful source of *American* peculiarities. The Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, the Welsh in both these States, the Norwegians in Illinois, the Spanish in Florida, the French in Louisiana, have already imparted a hue to the English in contact with them.

"If a few Dutch colonists," says Mr. Bartlett, "mingled with the English, have been able to engraft so many words on our language, what may we expect from the hundreds of thousands of Germans in the State of Pennsylvania? There the German language will doubtless exist for centuries; for although they are situated in the midst of an English-speaking population far more numerous than themselves, and although the government and laws are conducted through the English language, still the tendency of a people of common origin to cling together, — the publication of newspapers, almanacs, and books in German, — and the cultivation to some extent of German literature, will tend to preserve the idiom and nationality of the people. It is true, the language is already much corrupted, and in the course of time it must give way to the English; but it will leave behind it an almost imperishable dialect as a memento of its existence. In the State of Ohio, where there are large settlements of Germans, a similar result must follow."

It is also evident, that the nature of our language facilitates the introduction of foreign words. Without the homogeneousness of the Greek and German, and with little power of growth from its original elements, it cannot, either by composition or derivation, make any great addition to its vocabulary. In order to express a new idea, or a delicate modification of an old one, it must generally divert from its ancient meaning some word which it already possesses, or borrow a foreign

one. It is made up of such a variety of foreign elements, which often cohere so loosely as seemingly to have no vital union, but only a mechanical juxtaposition, that it is difficult to tell where the liberty of appropriation ends. It may be asked, if we have not the right to coin or borrow words with the same freedom as the English? Undoubtedly we have; but it is a right which we should exercise with the same caution, and under the same limitations. If a new word be needed to express a new thought, or a nice shade of thought; if it be formed according to the analogy of the language; or if, the idea being a foreign one for which our language has no substitute, we therefore borrow a foreign word to express it, no just objection can be made. "Purism," says Menzel, speaking of the German tongue, "is praiseworthy, when it teaches us to express the same idea which a foreign word expresses, as comprehensively and intelligibly by a German word; but it is to be rejected, when the foreign word is more comprehensive or intelligible, or when it signifies an idea entirely foreign to our language."

In all languages there are to be found provincialisms, vulgarisms, cant phrases, and the like, which are not chargeable to the negligence of scholars, because these peculiarities are entirely beyond their control. Neither is the existence of them a proof of general degeneracy or looseness of speech, because they have been found from the earliest times, and among the most polished nations. How the English provincialisms, as to their extent and distinct character, compare with those of other European nations, we do not care to inquire; but we have supposed they were not less marked, and differed not less widely from the authorized national standards. It is a singular fact, that in a country but little larger than the State of New York, whose language has been settled for five hundred years, the people for almost as long a period having been at the head of the world in power, wealth, refinement, and learning, there should still be found a dozen provinces with dialects so distinct, that the inhabitant of any one of them can with difficulty understand his neighbor. The origin of these dialects is to be traced, probably, to the fact that the different parts of the island were early occupied by different foreign tribes; and it is not difficult to understand how, among a stationary peasantry, a dialect has been handed

down for hundreds of years essentially unchanged. Nothing is so fleeting as speech, yet nothing is so permanent. Idioms almost as remarkable as those of England may hereafter be found among the descendants of our German, French, Welsh, and Irish emigrants; although this result will be in part counteracted by the fact, that we have no peasantry properly so called, by the increasing facilities for intercommunication, and by the prevalence of education.

It is a more interesting question, how far we are guilty of abusing the language which we have inherited. Mr. Bartlett states it as his own opinion, fortified by the observations of intelligent English travellers, that "the English language is in no part of the world spoken in greater purity by the great mass of the people than in the United States." "We cannot say as much, however," he adds, "in favor of our literary dialect. The ripest scholars among us acknowledge the fact, that in the best authors and public speakers of Great Britain, there is a variety in the choice of expressions, a correctness in the use of the particles, and an idiomatic vigor and freshness of style, to which few or none of our writers can attain." If we feel constrained to assent to this remark as containing much truth, though stated too broadly, notable instances of incorrectness in the use of language are certainly to be found on the other side of the water. Indeed, it would be difficult, we think, to find in all our little phalanx of writers for the last forty years, so much bad writing as is exhibited in the really great and valuable work of the latest British historian of the French Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire.

Without attempting a very definite classification of peculiarities, which are quite various and disconnected, we may point out some classes of unauthorized words by way of illustrating our subject. One kind of genuine Americanisms, though we are aware that they are not included in any strict definition of the term, is found in the Indian names of mountains, lakes, rivers, and states. No frequency of sibilants, no perverse combination of gutturals, can destroy the moral interest of all these names, while some of them are as musical as a lute. They are almost the only *old* things we have, almost the only relics left to remind us that human beings roamed over these hills, and floated on these waters, before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Massachusetts and Ohio,

Monadnock and Monongahela, Seneca and Oneida, Huron and Ontario, are sonorous and beautiful words; they are as precious as an inheritance of gold. We wish the good taste which preserved these mementos of departed tribes had been extended a little farther. Much as we venerate the first president of our country, the original Indian name would please us far better than Mount Washington; but pardoning that, we come almost into the region of the ridiculous, when, in the same group, we find Mount Adams, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Lafayette.* The mighty Himalayas would thank no foolish geographer for calling their peaks Marlborough or Wellington; and Popocatapetl and Chimborazo would shrink from their grandeur under the poor appellations of Cortez or Pizarro. As a mark of better taste, we are glad to notice that in many parts of the country the Indian names are beginning to be revived, in spite of the statute of limitations claimed against them by the modern titles. Horicon almost takes the palm from Lake George; Onion river (what Egyptian priest worshipping leeks and garlic — what emigrant on its banks, who wept when he remembered Wethersfield — what satiric rogue afflicted with ophthalmia — gave to so beautiful a stream a name so odorous?) has nearly yielded to Winooski.

In providing names of towns, our countrymen have exhibited remarkable ingenuity, and seem to have nearly exhausted the nomenclatures of all other ages and countries. We have Jericho and Bagdad, Hebron and Sharon, and Babylon and Sodom; we have Rome, Alexandria, Athens, Canton, Cairo, Mexico, Peru, Delhi, and China; we have Ox-bow, Painted Post, Paw Paw, Mud Creek, Penn Yan, and White Oak. We have Brownsville, and Edwardsburg, and Hillsdale, and Jonesborough, and Blissfield, and Cassopolis. We have all battle-fields, from Thermopylæ to Waterloo; all warriors, from Alexander to Tecumseh; all poets, from Homer to Barlow;

* The White Mountains were early called the Crystal Hills, which, though perhaps more poetic than the name they now bear, does not distinguish them from similar hills, and has not the definiteness nor the peculiar associations of the native appellation. In a ballad on *Lovewell's Fight*, we find the following musical stanza, which introduces the Indian name.

"Then did the crimson streams that flowed
Seem like the waters of the brook
That brightly shine, that loudly dash,
Far down the cliffs of Agiochook.

all lawgivers, from Solon to Houston; all orators, from Cicero to Crockett. Nor can we stop here.

"Now the Mexican war is over," to quote from Mr. Bartlett, "we shall doubtless have a large fund of names to use in our newly acquired territories, and the new States at the West. The old generals of the Revolution will be passed by, and the span-new heroes of this war will be handed down to the admiration of posterity in the metamorphosed shape of cities, towns, and villages yet to come into existence. As the simplicity of the revolutionary period no longer remains, the plain surname will not answer nowadays; but the love of glory and the love of magniloquence may both be gratified in such euphonious compounds as Quitmanville, Pillowtown, and Polkopolis."

One class of words, sometimes charged upon us as Americanisms, consists of those which have grown obsolete in England, while they have been retained in this country; or which have here preserved the old authorized meanings that have gone out of use in the country of their birth. Many decayed gentlemen, who centuries ago lost caste at home, followed our fathers across the Atlantic, were hospitably entertained, and in return have done us very good service. We have sometimes been blamed for adopting a new word; then, the word having been found among English writers, we have been scolded for claiming the honor of producing it. This, as Mr. Pickering shows, was the course pursued respecting the verb to *advocate*. First reproved for using it at all, we were next, the authority of Milton and Burke being found in its favor, warned not to plume ourselves on the pretended improvement, and at once to withdraw our "unfounded claims to discovery." The late Dr. Porter remarks on this criticism, that though "we sometimes *coin*, or *introduce*, a new word, we never *discover* one."

Progréss, as a verb, has received a good share of criticism. Perhaps it has not the best modern authority, but it is not an Americanism. It is found in the old writers accented on the first syllable. Mr. Bartlett gives illustrations from Shakspeare and Ford. Milton too, in his tract on the Reformation in England, has this clause: — "progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity." This is said to have been a Devonshire peculiarity, from which county came many of the early settlers of the American colonies. Mr. Gifford, in his

edition of Ford, acknowledges it as one of the words lost to England, but which, having crossed the water, have been retained by the English race in America. We recently heard of a singular instance of the preservation of the ancient meaning of a word. A farmer in one of the interior towns of New England, who had recently lost his wife, called upon a lawyer of the place for advice under his bereavement, remarking that "he wished to express a proper *resentment* on the occasion." This we find to be very nearly the meaning in which the word is used by Barrow, Cudworth, Bull, and other writers of their times. The following examples exhibit it: — "First by expressing such a hearty *resentment* of the excellence of piety." Cudworth, *Int. Syst.* p. 25. "Throughout this excellent song, the sacred virgin expresseth a deep sense of her own unworthiness, and upon that account, a profound *resentment* of the singular favor of the Almighty bestowed upon her." Bull, Vol. I. Serm. 4.

Another class of words, charged upon us as Americanisms, we derive from English provincial usage. Such are *expect* for *suspect*, *reckon* for *think*,* and *guess* for *suppose*, which is so used in Kent and Derbyshire. We do not mention this to excuse our perversion of good words, but would cheerfully second Mr. Bartlett's somewhat energetic warning against the dangerous "tendency to banish from common use a number of the most useful and classical English expressions, by forcing one word to do duty for a host of others of somewhat similar meaning. If not checked and guarded against in time, it will corrode the very texture and substance of the language, and rob posterity of the power of appreciating and enjoying those masterpieces of literature bequeathed to us by our forefathers, which form the richest inheritance of all that speak the English tongue."

A larger class of Americanisms is formed by giving a new use, or new meaning, to old words. Among them are *clever* for *good natured ; desk* for *pulpit*, the distinction between the two being marked in the following quotation, — "What we want for our security is, that the voice from the *pulpit* may concur with the voice from the *desk ;*" and *improve* for *occupy*, or *employ*, as "Ann Cole, a person of serious piety, living in

* On one occasion, we heard a preacher infer from Rom. VIII. 18, ("For I reckon,") that Paul was a great mathematician, because he *reckoned!* This, however, is an exegetical, rather than a rhetorical illustration.

Hartford, in 1662, was taken with very strange fits, whereon her tongue was *improved* by a demon to express things unknown to herself," (Mather's *Magnalia.*) *Solemnize* for *to make serious*, long condemned as a clerical fault, has spread wide through the country, and has even been admitted into the later English Dictionaries. We are reluctant to allow this valuable word to be perverted from its legitimate signification, but we find its new meaning sanctioned by a writer so sensitive to the delicacies of language as De Quincey, and it is reported to have been so employed by one of our orators, who is as much distinguished for purity of diction as for manly and vigorous eloquence. *Transpire* for *happen* is a bad usage, because by making synonymes of words with meanings so distinct, it deprives us of the power of expressing that delicate shade of thought which the former word, as shown by its etymology, would indicate. *Temper* in the sense of *passion*, or *irritation*, is used by the English with just the opposite meaning; — e. g. "Hook was nearly engaged in a duel, in which transaction, from first to last, he showed equal *temper* and spirit;" — hence, too, the derivatives *temperate*, *intemperate*, &c.

But there is a graver view of the subject. The importance of preserving our language in its purity and strength cannot be easily overestimated. This is a responsibility of educated men, from which they should not shrink, and which they should never forget. It can do no harm to learn the opinion of our author respecting the fidelity of one class of professional men to this trust.

"The greatest injury to our language arises from the perversion of legitimate words, and the invention of hybrid and other inadmissible expressions, by educated men, and particularly by the clergy. This class is the one, above all others, which ought to be the conservators rather than the perverters of language. It is nevertheless a fact which cannot be denied, that many strange and barbarous words, to which our ears are gradually becoming familiar, owe to them their origin and introduction; among them may be mentioned such verbs as *to fellowship*, to *difficult*, to *eventuate*, to *doxologize*, to *happify*, to *donate*," &c.

It is something more than a figure of speech which ascribes life to a spoken tongue. Even as the body, by mysterious vital forces, is ever assimilating to itself the crude and dead

material which it receives, and at the same time is throwing off the decaying and useless, so language, which is the living body of thought, is ever renewing itself; is ever flowing, yet permanent; ever changing, yet the same; unlike what it was, yet never losing its identity; and he who studies it wisely must not treat it as a production of mechanism, which may be dissected and put together again according to the humor of the mechanic, but as a vital, organic product of profound sympathies, sentiments, and reflections. Some men, even those of considerable learning, have dealt with our language as if it were a mere thing, mangling its orthography, congealing its freedom under icy restrictions, shaping it according to whim or caprice, cutting off or gluing together with the coolness of a carpenter, as if entirely incapable of appreciating the affection with which we cling to authorized forms of speech and idiomatic phrases, and destitute of the true historical feeling which regards language in its growth, and as the "incarnation of thought." That was a fine burst of enthusiastic indignation at the abuse of the English tongue, which prompted the criticism of De Quincey upon Keats, though one might judge unfairly of the poet from this quotation separated from the attendant, earnest, sympathizing and deserved praise.

"If there is any thing in this world," he says, "that next after the flag of his country and its spotless honor, should be holy in the eyes of a young poet, it is the *language* of his country. He should spend the third part of his life in studying this language and cultivating its total resources. He should be willing to pluck out his right eye, or to circumnavigate the globe, if by such a sacrifice, if by such an exertion, he could attain to greater purity, precision, compass, or idiomatic energy of diction. This, even if he were a Kalmuck Tartar, who, by the way, *has* the good feeling and patriotism to pride himself upon his beastly tongue. But Keats was an Englishman; Keats had the honor to speak the language of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton. The more awful was the obligation of his allegiance; and yet, upon this mother tongue, upon this English language, he trampled as with the hoofs of a buffalo. With its syntax, with its prosody, with its idiom, he has played such fantastic tricks as could enter only into the heart of a barbarian, and for which only the anarchy of chaos could furnish a forgiving audience. Verily it required the Hyperion to weigh against the deep treason of these unparalleled offences."

We can neither understand our language, nor become masters of it, unless we study it historically. We speak of it sometimes as a compound tongue; but we have a very erroneous idea, if we suppose that the Saxon, Danish, Norman, French, Latin, and other elements were shaken together in some strange crucible, and finally poured out good English; though it is the harmonious union and interpenetration of these various elements which render our native tongue so powerful, so rich, so plastic, so full of beauty. Languages are not so formed. Mysterious in their origin and growth, they are the organic product of thousands of minds, of most varied tastes and capacities, acting through a long course of years, perhaps of centuries, in ten thousand thousand circumstances and relations, upon ten thousand different materials.

We are therefore jealous of pretended improvements, even in orthography, to say nothing of the abominations of phonotypy. We have no right, literary or moral, to treat our language with indifference, or contumely, or caprice. For, first, it is the treasury of a literature richer in some of its forms than any other people ever produced. In it is preserved the wisdom of our fathers, and the spirit of a nation grander than Rome, of orators as patriotic as Demosthenes, yet broader in their sweep of thought, and more humane in sentiment, of poets not second to Homer and Sophocles, of a religious faith such as Socrates never dreamed of. It comes to us hallowed by a thousand associations, tinged with hues caught from the radiant glories of that manly, vigorous, poetic, chivalric life which history has not begun to be weary of portraying, and some of whose mightier elements tragedy has not yet gathered into her garner. Its words are strong and rigid as iron; they are flexible and pliant as the willow. They soar to the transcendent height of the epic; they march along in the dignified tread of history; they fail not in the subtlest speculations of philosophy; and only seem to halt, if anywhere, in the region of vagaries and dreams. They are sufficient for the prose of Taylor, of South, of Hooker, of Burke, of Hall; and in all the affairs of practical, energetic men, they allow no superior, no equal. Now their music swells in the organ tones of Milton; now entrances us in Spenser's "notes of linked sweetness long drawn out;" now murmurs in the plaintive melodies of Cowper; is now wild and fitful like an

Æolian harp; now rich, grand, resounding, like the harmonies of a lofty choral anthem. Our language, to vary the figure, stands like an ancient and venerable temple, sombre with age, yet cheerful with the varied lights of sunrise and noonday, that cease not to play upon its surface. How many great and good have wandered in its "long drawn aisles," and worshipped beneath its echoing arches! All that remains of thousands, for whose existence we give daily thanks, lies here. Some of its buttresses have fallen, some of its oratories are neglected, and the grass has overgrown its pavements in some deserted corners; but it is every day enlarging its walls, to meet the wants of the new generations which flock to it, and are enfolded within its ample embrace.

And it is not spoken by effete nations, by a people shattered and dispirited, worn out and lying down to die. Every zone and both hemispheres are familiar with it. It is the mother tongue to men whose homes are on the dark Atlantic and the smiling Pacific, on the shores of India and China, of New Holland and New Zealand; of a people not multitudinous and semi-barbarous, like the unwieldy masses of central Asia and the Celestial Empire, but enlightened, conservative, energetic, Christian, in the full maturity of life and strength; over whom, if true to themselves and to God, coming centuries may yet roll, and their power not begin to wane.

Once more, and chiefly, should we guard well this rich, this invaluable inheritance, because of its close connection with our various welfare as a nation. It is in some sense a conservator of the national character. That people cannot be wholly degraded whose dialect is ample, delicate, and supple. Especially do a people spread over broad territories need this centripetal force to preserve them one. Heart beats with heart among those whom the subtile, mysterious, mighty bond of a common language links closely together. Their sympathies are one; they have sung the same songs, have sat at the same firesides, have learned of the same masters, have kindled their lamps at the same shrine; and this too, though oceans roll between them and different zones contain them. The dweller in the Indias remembers affectionately, reverently, the little parent isle whose tongue is his, whose fame in letters as well as in arms is partly his. The dwellers in the far, far West cannot be wholly separated

from their parent stock on the rough Atlantic slope, so long as both speak familiarly of the same orators, poets, and historians; so long as a common language compels them to have so many common sympathies. It was, indeed, this very circumstance, the speaking of one and the same tongue, which, in the wars between ourselves and England, gave even in the apprehension of the common soldier the deepest horror to the strife; for when the fight was done, and victors and vanquished were mingled, no barrier of an unfamiliar speech kept them apart; the thirsty asked for water, the hungry for bread, in words familiar to the homes of both; — to shoot a Hessian was not like shooting an Englishman. English and Americans — they were, after all, brothers, children both of the same benignant mother; and war never put on so terrible a visage as when it made them foes.

If people are so strongly united by these innumerable cords, then, on the other hand, will they become disunited as these bands are relaxed or sundered. From the confusion of tongues at Babel followed of necessity the dispersion of the race; and wherever a similar experiment is repeated a similar result will follow.

It is, moreover, a fact established by the concurrent testimony of history and philosophy, that the corruption of the language of a people is accompanied or followed by their general degradation in character. Language follows pretty closely the fortunes of its masters. "From errors in words to errors in things the road is short." Hence, too, he who rescues an important word from abuse, who restores its true and full meaning in the public estimation, may do more for the welfare of his country than he who gains a battle; and he who degrades or perverts a single important word may do more for its injury than even a tyrant. It is the remark of Milton, that "it ought not to be thought a matter of small importance, whether the language of a people be pure or corrupt, and what is the character of their daily speech; since, whenever a language becomes inaccurate and vicious, the degeneracy of it will soon be followed by the downfall of the state, and a degraded and inglorious condition; — for when there is a lazy or licentious use of words, with ignorance or carelessness of their genuine meaning, is not this one plain mark of a people unprincipled and sluggish, and full ready

for some slavery or other? But on the other hand, there never was empire or state, which did not flourish more or less, so long as the people dutifully cultivated their language and upheld its character."

Art. V. — *Nineveh and its Remains; with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldæan Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil-Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians.* By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

More than twenty-two centuries ago, when the Ten Thousand Greeks, after the unfortunate battle at Cunaxa, were beginning their memorable retreat along the east bank of the Tigris, they crossed the Zabatus a little above its confluence with the former river.

"There," as one of their number informs us, "was a great deserted city, the name of which was Larissa. In the olden time, the Medes inhabited it. The breadth of its wall was twenty-five feet, its height a hundred feet, and its circumference about seven miles. It was built of bricks, but the under part of it was of stone to the height of twenty feet. When the Persians subdued the kingdom of the Medes, the Persian king besieged this city, but was not able to take it. An eclipse of the sun took place,* however, which caused the besieged to abandon the city, and thus it was taken. Near this city was a pyramid of stone, the breadth of which was a hundred feet, and its height was two hundred. Upon it were many of the barbarians, who had fled thither from the neighboring villages." *Anabasis,* III. 4.

Xenophon evidently knew but little about the history of this uninhabited city, on the heights of which the frightened country people took refuge as the armed Greeks passed by. But it is probable that he described its appearance faithfully;

* We adopt the conjectural reading, ἥλιον δὲ σελήνη προκαλύψασα; for the common reading makes nonsense; and if we preserve νεφέλη instead of σελήνη, the question arises, what was there in so common an occurrence as that of a cloud passing over the sun to terrify the inhabitants.

for Mr. Layard testifies to the great correctness of his description of the face of the surrounding country, and of the animals and birds which inhabit it. The kingdom of the Medes was overthrown two hundred years before Xenophon visited the spot; and he knew not that the ruins which he saw once formed part of the old renowned Nineveh, that "exceeding great city of three days' journey," which even in his time had become "a desolation, and dry like the wilderness," a dwelling-place for the cormorant and the bittern.

Those ruins still remain where he described them, worn, indeed, by the lapse of more than two thousand years, into almost shapeless mounds, the stone facing having crumbled away from the pyramid and the lower portion of the walls, and the sun-dried bricks, which form the bulk of the structure, being covered with the dust and rubbish that centuries have heaped upon them, and in which later generations have dug graves for their kindred. As the traveller floats down the Tigris, the vast conical mound with some traces of its ancient pyramidal shape still attracts his notice, rising high above the shapeless masses of brickwork and rubbish which surround it, and seeming to defy alike the wasting power of time, and the curiosity of man as to its origin and history. It is probably the oldest ruin of man's work upon the face of the earth, not even the gray monuments of Egypt being its seniors. Indeed, graves containing the characteristic sculptures of Egypt have been found in the vast accumulation of earth that covers the *oldest* monuments of Nineveh; the city of Nimrod, then, had in part become a ruin while the arts of Egypt were flourishing, and had begun to find their way into the surrounding countries. According to the most approved version of Genesis x. 11, "the mighty hunter before the Lord" went forth out of the land of Shinar "into Assur (or Assyria,) and builded Nineveh." The Arab name, by which the mound has long been known, is Nimroud, and the sculptures that it contains were considered by the simple people of the desert to be the remains of the idols that Noah cursed before the flood.

Other ruins of a similar character are found in the surrounding country, the most remarkable among them being not more than twenty miles from the spot just described.

Xenophon says, that after the Greeks had advanced a long day's journey northward from Larissa, they came to another "great deserted fortification (or walled enclosure) lying before the city."

"The name of the city was Mespila. The Medes formerly inhabited it. The substructure of the wall was of hewn stone having petrified shells in it, [gypsum, or alabaster;] its breadth was fifty feet, and its height fifty. Upon this was built a brick wall, fifty feet broad and one hundred feet high; the circumference of the enclosure was twenty-one miles. There the Median wife of the king is said to have taken refuge, when the kingdom of the Medes was destroyed by the Persians. The king of the Persians attacking this city was not able to take it either by assault or by a long siege. But Zeus terrified its inhabitants by thunder and lightning, and so it was captured."

These ruins, now reduced to huge shapeless mounds, may be either those at Khorsabad (the abode of Khosroes,) or those at Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul, about eighteen miles north of Nimroud. The great extent which Xenophon gives to Mespila makes it possible that this city included both Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, though they are about twelve miles apart; the country between them, and indeed the whole plain on the east bank of the Tigris, as far south as Nimroud, shows frequent traces of similar ruins. The indistinctness of the Greek historian's account, and the similarity of the stories respecting the capture of Larissa and Mespila by the Persians, show that the history of the destruction of these cities had assumed a legendary aspect even in his day. Probably the Persians of Xenophon's time knew little more about the history of these ancient structures than we did, before Botta and Layard began their researches. Mr. Rich measured the height of the pyramidal mound which forms the north-west angle of the platform at Nimroud, and found it to be one hundred and forty-four feet, while the circumference of the pyramidal portion, measured at its broadest part, is seven hundred and seventy-seven feet. This agrees sufficiently well with Xenophon's account, showing that the lapse of twenty-two centuries, as might be expected, has lessened its height and broadened its base. The whole mound, of which the pyramid forms one corner, is about one thousand feet long, and five hundred wide.

Why have these mounds, long known to be the sole remains of the great city of Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, the oldest of the mighty empires of the earth, and most interesting to us from its connection with Scripture history, remained so long unexplored, and almost unvisited by civilized man? The antiquity even of the great pyramid of Egypt seems to dwindle when it is compared with the relics of a city which was probably founded but three generations after the flood. The history of Assyria had almost entirely perished; nothing was known of it but from a few vague traditions picked up by the Greek historians, about Ninus, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, and from incidental allusions to it in the Old Testament. Even Herodotus has little to say about the Assyrians, and that little was evidently derived from imperfect information. The mantle of obscurity, which shrouded it from the gaze even of the Father of History, seemed impenetrable also to the moderns. Even after the temples and burial places of the Egyptians had been explored, and their hieroglyphics in part deciphered, the great empire of Assyria continued to be little more than a name in history; and of Nineveh, as we have seen, nothing was left but a few vast grassy mounds. Niebuhr visited them about a century ago, but he gave only a brief description of their outward aspect. Claudius James Rich, a prodigy of youthful learning and genius, whose early death was so much deplored, went thither in 1820, carefully examined the topography of the region, and brought away a few bricks and fragments of sculptured stone inscribed with cuneiform characters. But to decipher these characters, which are probably the oldest form of written language that has come down to us, seemed a hopeless endeavor; and the zeal of antiquarian and philological research attempted nothing more.

One reason of this neglect was the unsettled condition of the country, which rendered it so hazardous for European travellers to visit the banks of the Tigris. Mohammedan misrule has desolated what is naturally one of the fairest and most fertile regions of the earth, and which once supported an immense population. In Nineveh alone, according to the prophet Jonah, were "more than six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left;" and if this proverbial expression be understood, as it is

commonly interpreted, to be applicable only to the children of tender years, the total population of the city must have exceeded half a million. But the great works by which the country was formerly irrigated and made astonishingly fertile were long since destroyed, and it is now a scorched and barren desert. The rapacity of Turkish governors and the predatory visits of wandering Arabs give the wretched inhabitants no chance to retrieve their fortunes by industry. Lying on the borders of Turkey and Persia, with the wild tribes of Kurdistan at a short distance to the northeast, and the proper "children of the desert" roaming over the plains to the south and west, the nominal authorities of the district could give no general safeguard to the traveller. He must confide in his own courage and dexterity, and often in the speed of his horse, as the only means of escaping robbery and murder. So heterogeneous is the population, that the friendship of one class might only expose him to the enmity of several others. There is a singular agglomeration of races and creeds among the people. Turks and Arabs, Kurds and Nestorian Christians, believers in the Bible and the Koran, and worshippers of the Devil who are accursed by both, all meet together here, though their friendship is seldom more than an armed truce. Only within the walls of Mosul may the European hope to find shelter and peace, and not even there unless he can make friends with the Turkish governor. The zeal of antiquaries, and the enterprise of *dilettanti* travellers, seldom brought them within the range of so much peril, and the ruins of Nineveh were but infrequently visited by Europeans.

Mr. Layard, however, has braved the dangers and hardships of the undertaking, and his great success has placed him in the first rank of a class of men who have multiplied of late years, and who deserve a distinctive appellation as the Explorers of ruined cities. We know nothing of his early history, except from his communications to the Journal of the Geographical Society, which show that he has been for years a wanderer in the East, and that the objects of his curiosity there were such as would naturally draw the attention of a highly cultivated scholar. He must have been a diligent student for a portion of his life, and he has probably the same facility in acquiring languages, which appears a natural endowment in a few individuals like Sir William Jones, Clau-

dius J. Rich, and that mysterious person, Mr. Borrow. His book indicates also that he is a tolerable draughtsman and a keen observer, while he has more than an ordinary share of grace, fluency, and liveliness, as a writer. These accomplishments alone, however, would not have assured his success in so difficult an enterprise; they were accompanied by high traits of character, which enabled him to exert great influence over the wild tribes that frequent the banks of the Tigris. By his address, his resolute manner, the strict justice of his dealings with them, and his thorough knowledge of their habits and prejudices, he was able to live among them at once as a master and a friend, and to make them diligent and faithful assistants in his labors. His course, at once firm and conciliatory, seems to have disarmed their antipathies, and reconciled them both to himself and to each other; so that Turks, Arabs, and Nestorians worked harmoniously side by side, under his direction. The natural ascendency of the European over the Asiatic intellect, which is more than that of the cultivated over the ignorant mind, was never more strikingly or more pleasingly shown than in his narrative.

The full value of Mr. Layard's discoveries cannot be known till the inscriptions which he has brought to light have been thoroughly examined, with the best aids that learning and philological skill can command. We dare not anticipate that they will ever be deciphered entirely; these cuneiform, or arrow-headed characters, but a few years ago, were literally the unknown writing of an unknown tongue, — of a language which probably ceased to be spoken long before the birth of modern civilization; and no Rosetta stone has been found to furnish a key to the enigma. But Major Rawlinson and Mr. Layard himself have accomplished much already in this seemingly desperate task; their learned conjurations have compelled these figured stones and bricks to speak, though as yet with a stammering tongue, and little more than a few proper names can be distinguished. But in deciphering an inscription, *c'est le premier pas qui coute.* We may hope, though with trembling, that the clue to the riddle will not long elude their diligent search; at any rate, the ingenuity of the means which they have devised to spell out these obscure characters is certainly deserving of success, and seems to promise it. It is a beautiful instance of the application of the inductive method to philology.

But whether the cuneiform writing be interpreted or not, Mr. Layard deserves the high praise of having restored in great part a lost chapter in the history of the world. A new and strong light has been thrown upon the arts and civilization of the Asiatics in the earliest times. The Assyrians are no longer unknown to us; Mr. Layard has dug up a considerable portion of their history, after it had been buried for nearly three thousand years. We now have as distinct, though not as perfect, a conception of what manner of beings they were, of their dress, arms, and implements, their government and religion, their modes of making war and following the chase, their progress in the arts, and even their domestic habits, as we have of the corresponding points in relation to the Egyptians. Those huge old mounds, after being dumb for so many centuries, have given up their secrets, and have spoken clearly as to the character and history of the people who raised them. And the information which they are capable of giving is not yet exhausted. But one of them has been thoroughly explored; the excavation of the second is not complete; and the others have hardly been examined at all. It is much to be hoped that the liberality of the British government will enable Mr. Layard to finish the work which he has so nobly begun.

But it is time to give some connected account of the manner in which these striking discoveries were effected. It was in the spring of 1840, as Mr. Layard informs us, after several months of wandering in Asia Minor and Syria, that he first visited the banks of the Tigris, and had his curiosity awakened by the sight of the great mounds in the vicinity of Mosul. The following is his account of the impression which they made upon him: —

"Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldæa as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay; the richly carved cornice or capital half hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely,

where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating; desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia."

Why had these mounds never been explored? Fragments of bricks and pottery, bearing cuneiform inscriptions, were found scattered upon their surface, which seemed to indicate that the remains of buildings and other works of art were concealed beneath. The channel of the Tigris, a short distance above Nimroud, was still impeded by the remains of an ancient dam, which created a dangerous rapid in the stream; and the portion which was still visible showed it had been solidly built of vast stones squared and clamped with iron. The Arabs attributed the building of this dike to Nimrod, saying that he intended it for a bridge to form a communication between his palaces on both sides of the river. It was evidently constructed, however, for purposes of irrigation. Might not edifices as solid and durable as this river-work be still concealed under the rubbish of those immense mounds? Unable to prosecute the investigation at that time, Mr. Layard resolved to visit the place again, and cause excavations to be made which would answer this question. He communicated his plans freely to others, and on his return to Mosul in 1842, he learned that M. Botta, lately appointed French consul there, had commenced digging at Kouyunjik, but had found nothing of consequence. Mr. Layard encouraged him to proceed, and endeavored to obtain assistance from England, that he might himself cause similar explorations to be made at Nimroud. But no one seemed inclined to take part in the enterprise; and it was after he left Mosul for the second time, that M. Botta was enabled to make the first dis-

covery of an Assyrian monument in the mounds. It was found at Khorsabad, twelve miles north of Mosul, where he had commenced digging after his failure at Kouyunjik. Several large chambers were opened, the sides of which were formed of great "slabs of gypsum, covered with sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and similar events." The halls of Sennacherib, Esar-haddon, and Sardanapalus, perhaps even of Ninus and Semiramis, were again exposed to the light of day, after they had been buried for thousands of years.

This discovery naturally excited great interest in Europe, and the French government immediately granted ample funds to enable M. Botta to continue his researches. The excavations were continued by him for two or three years, till the monument was entirely uncovered. Unfortunately, it appeared that the building had been destroyed by fire, and the half-calcined slabs were no sooner exposed to the air than they rapidly crumbled to pieces. It seemed that their discovery was destined only to complete their ruin; the artist had scarcely time to make drawings of the sculptures, before they were reduced to lime. This was the fate of nearly all the objects found at Khorsabad. But M. Botta formed a rich collection of drawings of the bas-reliefs, and copies of the inscriptions, which, with some fine specimens of Assyrian sculpture that had escaped calcination, he carried to Paris. We give no more particular account of his discoveries, as they were of the same general character with those subsequently made by Mr. Layard at Nimroud, but were quite inferior to them in extent and importance.

Encouraged by the French consul's success, Sir Stratford Canning, the English ambassador to the Sublime Porte, a liberal patron of art and learning, now came to our traveller's aid, and took upon himself for a limited time the cost of making excavations in the mounds. Furnished with strong letters of recommendation to the Turkish authorities on the Tigris, Mr. Layard left Constantinople in October, 1845, took the route by steamer to Samsoun, "crossed the mountains of Pontus and the great steppes of the Usun Yilak as fast as post-horses could carry him, descended the highlands into the valley of the Tigris, galloped over the vast plains of Assyria, and reached Mosul in twelve days." The object of his ambition for five years seemed now to be within his reach, and he was eager to commence his discoveries.

The first obstacles which the work encountered arose from the ignorance and rapacity of the Turkish governor of Mosul, a wicked old wretch, whose extortionate and cruel conduct had made him the terror of the people of his district. Knowing his character, Mr. Layard resolved to commence operations secretly; and having obtained a few tools, he proceeded to Nimroud, which is about five hours ride from Mosul, under the pretext of a hunting excursion. The Arabs in the neighborhood of the mound were wretchedly poor, and he easily engaged a small party of them at low wages to begin the excavations. It is evident that Mr. Layard is a worthy rival of Belzoni, who always seemed to know by instinct precisely the right spot in which to dig for antiquities. M. Botta's workmen labored for weeks before they found any thing of importance; but the Arabs under Mr. Layard's direction had hardly struck a spade into the ground before they hit upon the upper part of a large slab, which was soon found to be joined to another on a line with it, and that with a third. In the same day, ten others were discovered, the whole forming a square with a gap at one corner. It was plain that they had found the top of a large hall, which was probably connected with others; and it was now reasonable to hope that the mound was full of sculptured stones and buried edifices. But we must quote our author's striking account of the first night which he spent near the ruins.

"I had slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter, and its inmates, did not invite slumber; but such scenes and companions were not new to me; they could have been forgotten, had my brain been less excited. Hopes, long cherished, were now to be realized, or were to end in disappointment. Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, floated before me. After forming plan after plan for removing the earth, and extricating these treasures, I fancied myself wandering in a maze of chambers from which I could find no outlet. Then again, all was reburied, and I was standing on the grass-covered mound. Exhausted, I was at length sinking into sleep, when hearing the voice of Awad, I rose from my carpet, and joined him outside the hovel. The day already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction.

"The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. But how changed was the

scene since my former visit! The ruins were no longer clothed with verdure and many-colored flowers; no signs of habitation, not even the black tent of the Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind, dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud, like Naifa, a heap of ruins."

Having hired a few Turcomans and Nestorian Christians to increase the number of his laborers, the excavations now went on with speed. He chose these people because they were stronger than the Arabs, who were too weak to use the pick to advantage, and could only bear the earth and rubbish in baskets out of the trenches. The chamber already discovered, which was in the northwest corner of the mound, was cleared out, and it was found that the slabs on its sides bore inscriptions in the cuneiform character, but no sculptures. Its floor was paved with slabs like those on the walls, bearing inscriptions on both sides of them, and laid in bitumen, which was probably used in a liquid state, as it had preserved a perfect imprint of the characters on the under side of the stone.

"In the rubbish near the bottom of the chamber, I found several ivory ornaments, upon which were traces of gilding; amongst them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian crux ansata, part of a crouching sphinx, and flowers designed with great taste and elegance. Awad, who had his own suspicions of the object of my search, which he could scarcely persuade himself was limited to mere stones, carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold leaf he could find in the rubbish; and, calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper.

"O Bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say any thing about it to those Arabs, for they are asses and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He left me, muttering "Yia Rubbi!" and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings."

Most of the workmen were now moved to the southwest corner of the mound, where the tops of many chambers and passages had been discovered, and it was hoped that the slabs, when laid bare, would prove to be sculptured. And in truth, some bas-reliefs were soon exposed; but it seems the building had been destroyed by fire, for a great quantity of charcoal was found in it, and the slabs, when uncovered, soon crumbled into lime. The edges of many of them had been cut away, to the injury of the sculptures and inscriptions, and some of them were reversed in position; it was quite evident, then, that they had been brought from another building, which had been dismantled in order to furnish materials for this southwest edifice. Subsequent discoveries left no doubt that this was the case; and Mr. Layard even found, near the centre of the mound, a large number of slabs, some of them much worn, packed together back to front, like the leaves of a book, as they had been arranged in the course of removal from the old building to the new one. It soon appeared, that the palace at the northwest corner of the mound was much the older structure of the two, and that it had been partially stripped in order to obtain slabs and sculptures for the new building to the southwest; just as the triumphal arch of the Emperor Constantine at Rome was built by taking to pieces the arch of his more deserving predecessor, Trajan, finely worked sculptures being thus easily procured which a degenerate age could not imitate. So the bas-reliefs of the northwest palace at Nimroud were found to be in the older and superior style of Assyrian art. Remembering that the conflagration which ruined the southwest building probably took place at least as far back as when Nineveh was taken and destroyed by Cyaxares, about 600 B. C., and that the northwest edifice was even then a plundered and abandoned ruin, as there are no marks of fire upon it, we gain some idea of its amazing antiquity.

But we are anticipating some conclusions which will be more in place hereafter. Mr. Layard was not permitted to carry on the work of discovery in the mound without many vexatious interruptions. By a few presents and much judicious management, he had indeed made friends of Daoud Agha, who commanded the Turkish irregular troops in the vicinity, and even of the Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, who, with

his Arab tribe, of the Abou Salman race, had crossed the Zab for the express purpose of plundering him and his laborers at Nimroud. This Sheikh, when conciliated, became a very useful ally to the Englishman, and was able to give quite a good excuse for his former dishonest intentions. He placed all the blame on the piratical one-eyed Pasha of Mosul, to whom we have before alluded, and who was called *Keritli Oglu*, or "the son of the Cretan," — probably because he was an expert liar. The following is Mr. Layard's account of a conversation which he had with this Sheikh, when he was making a visit at the Arab encampment: —

"'Inshallah,' said I, 'we are now friends, although scarcely a month ago you came over the Zab on purpose to appropriate the little property I am accustomed to carry about me.' 'Wallah, Bey,' he replied, 'you say true, we are friends; but listen: the Arabs either sit down and serve his Majesty the Sultan, or they eat from others, as others would eat from them. Now my tribe are of the Zobeide, and were brought here many years ago by the Pashas of the Abd-el-Jelleel.* These lands were given us in return for the services we rendered the Turks in keeping back the Tai and the Shammar, who crossed the rivers to plunder the villages. All the great men of the Abou Salman perished in encounters with the Bedouin, and Injeh Bairakdar, Mohammed Pasha, upon whom God has had mercy, acknowledged our fidelity and treated us with honor. When that blind dog, the son of the Cretan, may curses fall upon him! came to Mosul, I waited upon him, as it is usual for the Sheikh; what did *he* do? Did he give me the cloak of honor? No; he put me, an Arab of the tribe of Zobeide, a tribe which had fought with the Prophet, into the public stocks. For forty days my heart melted away in a damp cell, and I was exposed to every variety of torture. Look at these hairs,' continued he, lifting up his turban; 'they turned white in that time, and I must now shave my beard, a shame amongst the Arabs. I was released at last; but how did I return to the tribe? — a beggar, unable to kill a sheep for my guests. He took my mares, my flocks, and my camels, as the price of my liberty. Now tell me, O Bey, in the name of God, if the Osmanlis have eaten from me and my guests, shall I not eat from them and theirs?'

The fate of Abd-ur-rahman had been such as he described it; and so had fared several chiefs of the desert and of the mountains. It was not surprising that these men, proud of their origin and

* The former hereditary governors of Mosul.

accustomed to the independence of a wandering life, had revenged themselves upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the villages, who had no less cause to complain than themselves."

Mr. Layard soon had occasion to measure wits with this respectable functionary, and though greatly harassed and impeded in his operations, fairly outgeneraled him. The fanatical Cadi and Ulema attempted to raise a commotion against the Europeans in Mosul, by spreading some absurd calumnies against them; but the worthy Pasha, who cared very little about any religion, expressed to Mr. Layard great contempt for their proceedings. "When I was at Siwas," said he, "the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached on a burying-ground. But I made them eat dirt! Wallah! I took every gravestone and built up the castle walls with them." He soon issued orders, however, to stop the excavations at Nimroud, though at first he had made no objections to the search. Mr. Layard immediately waited on him, when he pretended to be surprised, disclaimed having given any such orders, and promised to write to Daoud Agha, directing him to render every assistance in his power to the work. The Englishman returned well satisfied to Nimroud, and within a few hours Daoud came to tell him, that the Pasha had sent more stringent orders than before to stop the digging immediately.

"Surprised at this inconsistency, I returned to Mosul early next day, and again called upon the Pasha. 'It was with deep regret,' said he, 'I learnt, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the Cadi and Mufti have already made representations to me on the subject.' 'In the first place,' replied I, 'being pretty well acquainted with the mound, I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm '*politica*,' which your Excellency exhibited at Siwas, gravestones would present no difficulty. Please God, the Cadi and Mufti have profited by the lesson which your Excellency gave to the ill-mannered Ulema of that city.' 'In Siwas,' returned he, immediately understanding my meaning, 'I had Mussulmans to deal with, and there was tanzimat,* but here we have only Kurds and

*The reformed system introduced into most provinces of Turkey, but which had not yet been extended to Mosul and Bagdad.

Arabs, and, Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend; if any thing happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! your life is more valuable than old stones: besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head.'"

By a few presents, however, Mr. Layard induced the Pasha's officers to wink at a few workmen being employed, ostensibly only to guard the work; and Daoud Agha soon confessed to him, that he had been ordered to make graves on the mound, and his troops had been employed two nights in bringing stones from a distance for that purpose. "We have destroyed more real tombs of the true believers," said he, "in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying these accursed stones." Finding what sort of a person he had to deal with, Mr. Layard easily struck a bargain with Daoud, in virtue of which the troops were diligently employed for several other nights in removing all the tombs, both those which the Pasha had caused to be built, and some genuine ones, that were afterwards discovered.

A week or two after these events, the joyful news came from Constantinople, that the Porte had finally listened to the representations of the wretched people of the district, had disgraced the old governor who had caused them so much misery, and appointed a new Pasha of high character for humanity and justice. But with the characteristic policy of the Turkish government, the matter had been delayed till old Keritli Oglu had sent the usual presents to the capital in return for the promise of being continued in office another year, so that his Excellency lost both his pashalic and his money. The new governor was received with acclamation, while his predecessor was shoved to the wall with little ceremony, and was forced to encounter the jeers of the people he had injured. He was found, a day or two afterwards, sitting in a dilapidated chamber which did not even protect him from the rain. "Thus it is with God's creatures!" he exclaimed, with a mixture of philosophy and spite; "yesterday, all those dogs were kissing my feet. To-day, every one and every thing falls upon me, even the rain!"

To escape from the commotion excited by this change, during which little could be done at Nimroud, Mr. Layard

made a hasty visit to Bagdad, and returned to Mosul early in January. He found the aspect of things altered much for the better. The people had returned to their villages, whence the tyranny of the old Pasha had driven them, and resumed the cultivation of the ground. The Arab sheikhs and Kurdish chiefs, no longer driven to robbery and murder as the only means of supporting their followers, now sought to live on peaceable terms with the government.

"The change that had taken place in the face of the country during my absence, was no less remarkable than that which I had found in the political state of the province. To me they were both equally agreeable and welcome. The rains, which had fallen almost incessantly from the day of my departure for Bagdad, had rapidly brought forward the vegetation of spring. The mound was no longer an arid and barren heap; its surface and its sides were equally covered with verdure. From the summit of the pyramid my eye ranged, on one side, over a broad level inclosed by the Tigris and the Zab; on the other, over a low undulating country bounded by the snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan; but it was no longer the dreary waste I had left a month before; the landscape was clothed in green, the black tents of the Arabs checkered the plain of Nimroud, and their numerous flocks pastured on the distant hills. The Abou Salman, encouraged by favorable reports of the policy of the new Pasha, had recrossed the Zab, and had sought their old encamping grounds. The Jehesh and Shemutti Arabs had returned to their villages, around which the wandering Jebours had pitched their tents, and were now engaged in cultivating the soil. Even on the mound the plough opened its furrows, and corn was sown over the palaces of the Assyrian kings."

As the new Pasha made no opposition to the continuance of the researches at Nimroud, Mr. Layard resumed the work with great ardor. Soon afterwards, indeed, through the kindness of Sir Stratford Canning, he received a firman, or order from the Porte, which prevented any further interference either by the authorities or the people. An important and striking discovery awaited him. The workmen were now employed on the older, or northwest palace, the sculptures found there being more nicely finished, in a higher style of art and better preservation. One day, when he was engaged at a little distance, two of the Arabs came running to him at the top of their speed, exclaiming with great eagerness,

"Hasten, O Bey, hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but true! We have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God!" Mr. Layard hastily descended into the trench, and the Arabs, withdrawing a screen that they had thrown up, suddenly disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of alabaster.

"They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below."

Mr. Layard immediately suspected that this figure was one of a pair placed as ornaments, or guards, on the two sides of a portal; he told the workmen in which direction to dig, and before night the companion figure was discovered. The earth was soon removed from their sides, when they appeared entire and in perfect preservation, two immense human-headed lions, with wings extended over the shoulders and back, the head and front being sculptured in full, but the sides only in high relief. They were about twelve feet in height, and as many in length, the portions of the slab not occupied by the figure being covered with cuneiform inscriptions. A knotted girdle, ending in tassels, was carried round the loins, and the finest lines in these ornaments and in the wings appeared in their primitive freshness. "The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form."

"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness in the words of the prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs . . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;' for now is 'Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds.'"

The report that Nimrod himself had been dug up having reached Mosul, it naturally created some excitement there, and

the fanatical priesthood sent in a formal protest against Mr. Layard's irreligious proceeding. The excellent Pasha was not disposed to interfere, and moreover he did not quite remember whether the mighty hunter was a true believer or an infidel; but he felt obliged to hint that the excavations had better be suspended for a time. This was done, till the wonder and alarm had passed away, when the work was quietly resumed. In the course of a month or two, another pair of these stone monsters was discovered, differing from the former in one respect, the human shape being carried down to the waist, and provided with arms. Others were found at a later period in the search, the intention being, apparently, that each of the grand entrances into one of the larger halls of the edifice should be guarded by two of these figures, the walls within being faced with slabs covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions.

It is difficult to give any idea of the variety and complexity of the subjects represented on the sculptured slabs, without borrowing too largely from Mr. Layard's book. Most of them relate to the operations of war and the chase, the ceremonies of religion, and the homage paid to the kings. The subjects are represented in detail with great minuteness, all the particulars of costume and employment being preserved, as if the object were to tell the whole story of the event commemorated, even to those who could not read the accompanying inscriptions. As this minuteness is a striking feature in those paintings which have given us so complete an insight into the life of the ancient Egyptians, we cannot but suspect that both the hieroglyphic and the cuneiform characters were but rude kinds of writing, and conveyed ideas very imperfectly, even to those who were best acquainted with them. We are disposed, in other words, to explain away the difficulty which the moderns find in interpreting these inscriptions, by supposing that the writers themselves could hardly read their own characters. At any rate, in the earliest times when these characters were used, before the art of writing had been developed through successive improvements, it is probable that the inscription and the sculpture or painting were each equally necessary for the interpretation of the other.

One series of slabs was intended to commemorate the conquest of a foreign nation by an army commanded by the

king in person. The monarch in splendid attire stands in a chariot drawn by three horses, and discharges an arrow against a warrior who appears falling from his car, one of his horses being already killed. A charioteer appears by the side of the king, and a shield-bearer holds a buckler before him. Over the monarch is seen a figure symbolical of the Deity, a winged form within a circle, wearing a horned cap like that of the human-headed lion. Other warriors are represented in different attitudes in their war-chariots, and the royal standard waves above them, bearing on its folds the figure of an archer in a horned cap, standing on a bull. In the background, wavy lines indicate a river, trees are represented on its banks, and headless figures represent the enemy who have fallen.

Then come two slabs representing the return after victory. The musicians play on stringed instruments, the attendants bring human heads and throw them before the victors, and the warriors march in procession unarmed, bearing their standards, while an eagle flies above them grasping a head in its talons. Then follows the monarch, his shield-bearer being now replaced by a eunuch holding a parasol over him, and the horses of his chariot being led by grooms.

"After the procession, we have the castle and pavilion of the conquering king. The ground plan of the former is represented by a circle, divided into four equal compartments, and surrounded by towers and battlements. In each compartment there are figures apparently engaged in various culinary occupations, and preparing the feast; one is holding a sheep, which the other is cutting up; another appears to be baking bread. Various bowls and utensils are placed on tables and stools, all remarkable for the elegance of their forms. The pavilion is supported by three posts or columns; on the summit of one is the fir-cone,—the emblem so frequently found in the Assyrian sculptures; on the others are figures of the ibex or mountain goat, their feet brought together as if preparing to jump. They are designed with great spirit, and carefully executed. The material — probably silk or woollen stuff, — with which the upper part of the pavilion is covered, is richly ornamented and edged with a fringe of fir-cones, and another ornament which generally accompanies the fir-cone when used in the embroidery of dresses, and in the decoration of rooms. Beneath the canopy is a groom cleaning one horse; whilst others, picketed by their halters, are feeding at a trough. A eunuch, who appears to stand at the entrance

of the tent, is receiving four prisoners, with their hands tied behind, brought in by a warrior in a pointed helmet. Above this group are two singular figures, uniting the human form with the head of a lion. One holds a whip or a thong in the right hand, and grasps his under jaw with the left. The hands of the second are elevated and joined in front. They wear under-tunics descending to the knees; and a skin falls from the head, over the shoulders, down to the ankles. They are accompanied by a man clothed in a short tunic, and raising a stick with both hands."

From the great number of these slabs, and the variety of subjects represented on them, we become acquainted in detail, as it were, with the character and pursuits of the Assyrians, and their modes of life. In these representations of events we have also the crude materials, the *disjecta membra*, of their history; but in order to make out their annals in full, the events must be individualized by connecting names and dates with them, which can be done only by deciphering the inscriptions. Mr. Layard seems to have almost a universal genius, and rivals Champollion in one department of research, as he does Belzoni in another. He gives the results of his study of the inscriptions with much candor and modesty, not pretending as yet to have made out much more than the names of several kings, and the order in which they succeeded each other, and not holding out any extravagant hopes of what may be effected by further effort. This is one of the cases in which it would be "unwise to be sanguine, and unphilosophical to despair."

Leaving the inscriptions for future study, which can be prosecuted at leisure, as great collections of them have been deposited in the British Museum and the Louvre at Paris, Mr. Layard sums up, in several interesting chapters, the information afforded by the bas-reliefs and other objects found in the mounds respecting ancient Assyria. In this summary we shall not attempt to follow him, as the results are presented by him with great succinctness, and we could not give our readers any adequate notion of them without far exceeding our limits. We may mention, however, that several inventions which have long been supposed to be of comparatively modern origin, are now conclusively referred back to a very early period. The Assyrians were acquainted with the principle of the arch and the vault, numerous representations of

which appear in the bas-relief, and a vaulted chamber was opened at Nimroud. They raised buckets from a well by a rope passing over a pulley precisely similar in form to those now in common use. They were skilful workers in the metals and in glass, as bottles and vases in the latter material, of elegant shape, were found both at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. It does not yet appear, however, that they had stamped money, though further search may possibly bring to light medals or coins. The metals in their rough state may have passed by weight in exchange for merchandise; as Abraham weighed to Ephron "four hundred shekels of silver current with the merchant."

One very interesting circumstance connected with these discoveries is the light which they shed upon the imagery and illustrations used by the prophets in the Old Testament. The sublime rhetoric of Ezekiel, Nahum, and Zephaniah, which in parts formerly appeared extravagant and forced, now seems to have been directly suggested by the attire, arms, and symbols in common use among the Assyrians. Their bas-reliefs were frequently painted, and traces of the coloring on them still remain. The following passage from Ezekiel, then, shows that the stern prophet must have gazed upon those sculptured figures, with their rich head-dress and long girdles, before the fire had passed over the palaces of Nineveh, or the city had become "a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in." "She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity."* Again, the prophet describes the mode of attacking a city, as if he had borrowed his idea of the scene from one of these stone tablets. "Lay siege against it," he exclaims, "and build a fort against it, and cast a mount against it; set the camp also against it, and set battering-rams against it round about."† And when the prophet Nahum, while menacing Nineveh with ruin and desolation, suddenly asks, "Where is the dwelling of the lions, and the feeding-place of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walked,

* Chap. xxiii. 14, 15. † Chap. iv. 2.

and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid?"* we cannot help seeing a reference to those grim monsters which guarded the portals of her magnificent halls. We dwell too long upon this point, it may be; but there is a sublimity and magnificence in the fervid old Hebrew prophecies, which the classic poetry of later ages has never equalled, and we linger over them as if spell-bound. And these grand sculptures, now first exposed to light after being entombed for thousands of years, seem to form a fitting commentary upon them.

Sir Stratford Canning having presented to the British Museum the Assyrian sculptures, which Mr. Layard had discovered in the beginning of his researches and forwarded to England, a niggardly grant was made by the British government to enable the work to be continued. The sum appropriated was very small — only £1,500, we have understood — and was hardly sufficient to pay for transporting the articles to England by the tedious and expensive route of the Tigris, Bombay, and the Cape of Good Hope. Through the same system of ill-judged parsimony, when one cargo was wrecked on its way home, the heavy cases of stone were allowed to remain a long time exposed on the beach — indeed, we do not hear that they have been removed yet — from the want of funds wherewith to reship them. We cannot account for the sudden stinginess of John Bull in this matter, as on other occasions he has shown great munificence in patronizing learning and art. The whole world will cry shame on the present Whig administration, if it allows the noble work to stop short of completion which a British subject has so admirably begun. Parliament gave £50,000 to pay Lord Elgin for robbing the Parthenon, an enterprise in which his lordship incurred no risk but that of covering his own name with eternal opprobrium, for plundering what even the Goths and Turks had spared;† will it not give at least a quarter as much to unearth the precious remains of Assyria? The propriety of removing the sculptures from the banks of the Tigris to some place where they can be seen and studied is quite as evident as was the impropriety of taking the marbles

* Chap. ii. 11.

† *Non Gothi, sed Scoti, hoc fecerunt*, was inscribed by an indignant traveller on the brick column which Lord Elgin put up in place of one of the Caryatides which he — *conveyed* away.

from the Acropolis, where they might have been visited without hazard.

Mr. Layard made the best possible use of the pittance that was doled out to him. A larger band of laborers was hired, and under the protection of the Sultan's firman, the excavations were continued on a larger scale. To save expense, only trenches could be dug to expose the face of the slabs, the earth in the interior of the chamber remaining unmoved. From this cause, no doubt, many smaller objects of curiosity and value remain undiscovered. In one apartment, which it was necessary to clear out in order to raise the slabs which had fallen on their faces, a quantity of iron rust was found, in which could be distinguished the scales of a suit of armor, like that represented in the bas-relief. A helmet remained perfect a little while; but the iron being almost wholly decomposed, it soon fell to pieces. A pair of gigantic winged bulls were dug out, and a few perfect vases of glass and alabaster. "A kind of exfoliation had taken place in the glass vase, and it was incrusted with thin semi-transparent laminæ, which glowed with all the brilliant colors of the opal. This beautiful appearance is a well known result of age, and is frequently found on glass in Egyptian, Greek, and other early tombs." But the most important discovery was of a black marble obelisk, about seven feet long, which is thus described: —

"Although its shape was that of an obelisk, yet it was flat at the top and cut into three gradines. It was sculptured on the four sides; there were in all twenty small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them was carved an inscription 210 lines in length. The whole was in the best preservation; scarcely a character of the inscription was wanting; and the figures were as sharp and well defined as if they had been carved but a few days before. The king is twice represented, followed by his attendants; a prisoner is at his feet, and his vizir and eunuchs are introducing men leading various animals, and carrying vases and other objects of tribute on their shoulders, or in their hands. The animals are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian or two-humped camel, the wild bull, the lion, a stag, and various kinds of monkeys. Amongst the objects carried by the tribute-bearers, may perhaps be distinguished the tusks of the elephant, shawls, and some bundles of precious wood. From the nature, therefore, of the bas-reliefs, it is natural to conjecture that the

monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the east of Assyria, and on the confines of the Indian peninsula. The name of the king, whose deeds it appears to record, is the same as that on the centre bulls; and it is introduced by a genealogical list containing many other royal names."

The inscriptions on this valuable relic were copied, and the obelisk itself, being packed and transported with great care, reached England in safety, and is now in the British Museum. It affords a better study than any monument yet found for deciphering the inscriptions; and if the secret of the Assyrian cuneiform character should ever be discovered, it will probably lead to historical discoveries of great interest.

The famous pyramid, or high conical mound in the north-west corner, was examined, two deep trenches being opened in it; but no remains of buildings were discovered. Openings were made in the eastern face of the mound, through a solid mass of sun-dried bricks nearly fifty feet thick; and deep cuts into other parts showed pretty conclusively, that the body of the mound was a solid structure of brickwork, forming an artificial hill, the smoothed top of which was a platform on which the several palaces were erected. The whole surrounding country being a low plain, the Assyrians seem to have formed these vast artificial elevations to give an imposing position to their more sumptuous buildings. Xenophon's account, considered together with the great use made of stone slabs in the interior, makes it probable, that the exterior both of the mound and the palaces was originally cased with stone for a considerable height from the ground. "Time, flood, and fire," have destroyed this casing, and the rude sun-dried bricks being quickly disintegrated by the rains, the winds also bearing clouds of dust thither from the plains, soil was formed on the top and sides of the mound, the deserted and ruined buildings were filled up and covered over, and the palaces of Assyria were thus entombed in a vast grassy hill. Centuries pass away, and then the top of this hill is used as a foundation for a new tier of palaces, which in their turn are deserted, burned, or otherwise ruined, and then covered over like their predecessors. Thus we have in the mound successive layers or strata of ruined buildings, the work probably of ages widely separated from each other, many of the materials for the

edifices of later dates having been obtained by digging into the ruins beneath.

"The flooring, or foundation, of the southwest palace is on a level with the tops of the walls of the northwest and of the centre palaces;" and while the first was certainly destroyed by conflagration, the walls of the two earlier ones are untouched by fire. There is a depression, also, over that part of the oldest building whence the slabs were taken away to aid the construction of the later one, as if excavations had been made to reach these slabs; and in one part of the northwest palace, two prostrate slabs were found that had fallen *back* from their original position, instead of forward into the chamber, so that the wall of bricks, of which they were the original facing, must have been removed before they fell. A still more curious circumstance is, that tombs containing sarcophagi, vases, and other objects, *in the Egyptian style of art*, were found *over* the centre and northwest palaces; and it was only after digging through five feet of earth and rubbish below these tombs, that the tops of the palace walls appeared. Ivory ornaments of much beauty of workmanship were also found in the older palaces; the gelatinous matter in the ivory had been almost exhausted by many centuries of decay, so that they were dug out with great difficulty, being on the point of decomposition. But after they were carried to England, they were boiled in gelatine, and the ivory was thus restored to its original consistency and hardness. One of them is a small tablet, on which are represented two sitting figures holding an Egyptian sceptre, and having between them a cartouche containing Egyptian hieroglyphics.

We have not space to give even an abstract of the reasoning that Mr. Layard builds upon these discoveries, in order to make out the age of the different buildings at Nimroud. We can only copy the conclusions at which he arrives, which are certainly cautious and free from exaggeration.

"1st. That there are buildings in Assyria which so far differ in their sculptures, in their mythological and sacred symbols, and in the character and language of their inscriptions, as to lead to the inference that there were at least two distinct periods of Assyrian history. We may moreover conclude, that either the people inhabiting the country at those distinct periods were of different races, or of different branches of the same race; or that by

intermixture with foreigners, perhaps Egyptians, great changes had taken place in their language, religion, and customs, between the building of the first palace of Nimroud, and that of the edifices at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik.

"2d. That the names of the kings on the monuments show a lapse even of some centuries between the foundation of the most ancient and most recent of these edifices.

"3d. That from the symbols introduced into the sculptures of the second Assyrian period, and from the Egyptian character of the small objects found in the earth, above the ruins of the buildings of the *oldest* period, there was a close connection with Egypt, either by conquest or friendly intercourse, between the time of the erection of the earliest and latest palaces; and that the monuments of Egypt, the names of kings in certain Egyptian dynasties, the ivories from Nimroud, the introduction of several Assyrian divinities into the Egyptian Pantheon, and other evidence, point to the 14th century, B. C., as the probable time of the commencement, and the 9th as the period of the termination, of that intercourse.*

"4th. That the earlier palaces of Nimroud were already in ruins, and buried before the foundation of the later; and that it is probable they may have been thus destroyed about the time of the 14th Egyptian dynasty.

"5th. That the existence of two distinct dynasties in Assyria, and the foundation, about two thousand years before Christ, of an Assyrian monarchy, may be inferred from the testimony of the most ancient authors; and is in accordance with the evidence of Scripture, and of Egyptian monuments."

Mr. Layard's narrative of his personal adventures, his intercourse with the Arabs, and his visits to the Nestorian Christians and the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, is hardly inferior in interest to the account of his discoveries at Nimroud. But we have occupied so much space in attempting to give some idea of the latter, that we can only touch upon the former very briefly. Mr. Layard has lived so long among the people of the East, and has gained so thorough a knowledge of their language and habits, that he was able to observe them to great advantage; and the picture which he gives of them is deserving of all credit. All who were in his employ at the mound, Arabs, Nestorians, Turks, and Kurds, seem to have

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*I do not, of course, include the Assyrian conquests of Egypt, by kings of the latter dynasty, which are proved by positive historical evidence, and the effects of which are well known and traceable.

become strongly attached to him, and to have parted with him with great regret. He was their arbitrator, not only in their disputes with each other, but in their family difficulties; and the impression which his firmness, equity, discretion, and good sense made upon them, will be likely to remain long in their memories. The Arabs appear from his account to be very childlike in character; they are excitable, fond of amusement, vociferous in expressing their feelings, and rather fickle in their attachments. Their conduct is hardly at all regulated by principle or a regard to law; but they are not malicious or wantonly cruel, and many of their vices are attributable to the hardships of their lot. Though greedy and apt to pilfer in a small way, they do not seem disposed to robbery and murder except when they are driven to plunder for a livelihood. The following extracts give a pleasing idea of Mr. Layard's mode of dealing with them.

"The principal public quarrels, over which my jurisdiction extended, related to property abstracted, by the Arabs, from one another's tents. These I disposed of in a summary manner, as I had provided myself with handcuffs; and Ibrahim Agha and the Bairakdar were always ready to act with energy and decision, to show how much they were devoted to my service. But the domestic dissensions were of a more serious nature, and their adjustment offered far greater difficulties. They related, of course, always to the women. As soon as the workmen saved a few piasters, their thoughts were turned to the purchase of a new wife, a striped cloak, and a spear. To accomplish this, their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost extent. The old wife naturally enough raised objections, and picked a quarrel with the intended bride, which generally ended in an appeal to physical force. Then the fathers and brothers were dragged into the affair; from them it extended to the various branches of the tribe, always anxious to fight for their own honor, and for the honor of their women. At other times, a man repented himself of his bargain, and refused to fulfil it; or a father, finding his future son-in-law increasing in wealth, demanded a higher price for his daughter — a breach of faith which would naturally lead to violent measures on the part of the disappointed lover. Then a workman, who had returned hungry from his work, and found his bread unbaked, or the water-skin still lying empty at the entrance of his tent, or the bundle of fagots for his evening fire yet ungathered, would, in a moment of passion, pronounce three times the awful sentence, and divorce his wife; or, avoiding such extremities, would

content himself with inflicting summary punishment with a tent-pole.

"When I first employed the Arabs, the women were sorely ill-treated, and subjected to great hardships. I endeavored to introduce some reform into their domestic arrangements, and punished severely those who inflicted corporeal chastisement on their wives. In a short time, the number of domestic quarrels was greatly reduced; and the women, who were at first afraid to complain of their husbands, now boldly appealed to me for protection. They had, however, some misgivings as to the future, which were thus expressed by a deputation sent to return thanks after an entertainment: — 'O Bey! we are your sacrifice. May God reward you. Have we not eaten wheat bread, and even meat and butter, since we have been under your shadow? Is there one of us that has not now a colored handkerchief for her head, bracelets, and ankle-rings, and a striped cloak? But what shall we do when you leave us, which God forbid you ever should do? Our husbands will then have their turn, and there will be nobody to help us.'"

The story of Mr. Layard's visit to the Tiyari mountains, inhabited by the Nestorian Christians, has a pathetic interest, from the engaging account that he gives of their simplicity of manners and character, their blameless and industrious lives, and the shocking massacre of the greater number of them by the savage and fanatical Kurds. The cruel fate of these amiable and unoffending people being foreseen, from the menaces uttered by their oppressors, it seems strange that so little effort was made to save them. It is consoling to know, however, that the chief agent in this atrocious massacre, the savage Beder Khan Bey, did not wholly escape the punishment due to his crimes; he was defeated and captured by a Turkish army that was sent against him, and though he succeeded in purchasing his life, he was stripped of his power and banished to Candia. Through the kind intervention of Sir Stratford Canning, many of the Nestorians, who had been carried off as slaves by the Kurds, were rescued or ransomed, and restored to their desolated homes. One act of this fearful tragedy happened before Mr. Layard visited the mountains, and he visited the spot where the bones of thousands of the victims were bleaching in the sun. The concluding scene took place a few days after our traveller's return to Mosul, when the Kurds made a second irruption into the Tiyari

country, ravaging the few districts which had escaped on the former occasion; and the very few people who had received Mr. Layard and the American missionaries with so much kindness and hospitality, were butchered like their brethren, and their villages wholly laid waste.

The handful who escaped this shocking massacre, and who are now feebly endeavoring to restore some of their ruined dwellings, are the sole representatives of the once flourishing church which was founded in Assyria by the earliest preachers of Christianity. They disseminated their faith throughout the interior of Asia, making converts among the Bactrians, the Persians, the Huns, and even the Chinese. But the bloody victories of Tamerlane reduced them to a feeble remnant, who found in the mountains an imperfect shelter from the ferocity and fanaticism of the Tartars, the Turks, and the Kurds. As Nestorius, whose opinions were generally adopted by them, was excommunicated in the fifth century, they were early separated from the church of Rome, and preserved against its subsequent corruptions; rejecting the worship of images, the necessary celibacy of the clergy, the doctrines of transubstantiation and purgatory, and the worship of the Virgin, and administering the communion in both kinds, they merited the appellation of the protestants of Asia. Their learned men affirm that they did not follow Nestorius, but that Nestorius followed them; and they trace back the origin of their church, as we have said, directly to the first preachers of Christianity. They have naturally attracted much attention of late years from the protestants of Europe, especially from those of the English church, with whom they seem closely united by their adherence to episcopacy. But American missionaries alone, we believe, have labored actively among them, except the emissaries of the church of Rome, who, more by fraud and violence than persuasion, have brought nearly all of them who live upon the west side of the mountains, in Mosul and its vicinity, into nominal allegiance to the Pope. The missionaries from this country have labored chiefly among those in the mountains and on the plains to the eastward, around the lake of Oroomiah, where they are under the government of Persia. Though the American Board of Foreign Missions are Congregationalists, they have not interfered, we believe, with the church government of the Nesto-

rians, either because it would be difficult to induce them to change it, or because it was admitted that episcopacy was best adapted to the present condition of the sect; and herein, we think, they have manifested a wise discretion. Their chief object has been to teach the Nestorians, so that they might study the Scriptures for themselves, and for this end to circulate the Scriptures widely among them. Mr. Layard rather hastily assumes, that the members of this interesting sect are the lineal descendants of the ancient Assyrians, who have survived the Persian, Greek, Roman, and Tartar conquests of their country. We know of no other foundation for this opinion than the fact, that their patriarchs at an early period called themselves the patriarchs of the Chaldeans; but an assumption of a name proves little as to community of origin.

Mr. Layard gives a very interesting account of the remarkable sect of the Yezidis, or worshippers of the Devil, whom he visited on occasion of one of their great festivals, and was received by them with great kindness. Formidable as they may appear from their name and the distinguishing tenet of their faith, they seem to be a very innocent and amiable people, who have suffered great persecutions, and are more sinned against than sinning. We are told on high authority that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and certainly the character and conduct of these his avowed followers justify the compliment. Their history is not well known, and there is some mystery about their tenets and religious ceremonies, which they seem too ignorant to understand or explain even to themselves. They affected no concealment, however, but conversed freely about their doctrines with Mr. Layard, and admitted him to witness their rites, some of which, being performed at night by torchlight, were very picturesque and striking. They hold the name of Satan in great reverence, and no greater offence can be given them than to utter it on light occasions. They even carefully avoid certain names of common objects which too closely resemble in sound the revered appellation. But in other points of belief and practice, they do not appear to differ widely from the Mohammedans by whom they are surrounded. They baptize in water, like the Christians; circumcise their children, and carve verses from the Koran on their tombs, like the Mohammedans; and worship the sun, like the Sabæans. These observances,

however, may have been grafted on their original creed, in order to avoid persecution from the people who held to them. We copy a part of Mr. Layard's fine description of their ceremonies on one of their great festival nights.

"As night advanced, those who had assembled — they must now have amounted to nearly five thousand persons — lighted torches, which they carried with them as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical; the varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness; men hurrying to and fro; women, with their children, seated on the house-tops; and crowds gathering round the pedlers who exposed their wares for sale in the courtyard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose from the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in the cathedral of a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured intervals the song was broken by the loud clash of cymbals and tambourines; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody.

"The same slow and solemn strain, occasionally varied in the melody, lasted for nearly an hour; a part of it was called 'Makam Azerat Esau,' or the song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the Sheikhs, the Cawals, and the women; and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words; nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic; and, as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible, even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma, who accompanied me. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened, they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to their highest pitch; the men outside joined in the cry; whilst the women made the rocks resound with the shrill *tahlehl.* The musicians, giving way to the excitement, threw their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the

ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated ages ago the mysterious rites of the Corybantes, when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites, and obscene mysteries, which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail amongst all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley, or seated themselves under the trees."

We must stop here, though we have given but a very imperfect sketch of the entertaining and instructive contents of these volumes. Our readers will certainly join with us in expressing the hope that Mr. Layard may be enabled, through the liberality of the British government, to continue the researches which he has so well begun, and to throw more light upon the history, antiquities, and present condition of the region which was the birthplace of the human family. The American publisher of the work deserves great credit for putting forth a very handsome and faithful edition of it, the numerous engravings, plans, and maps being all repeated with exactness and beauty, and the paper and type being but little inferior to the English copy. Indeed, he has generally shown so much judgment and good taste in selecting the proper books to be republished in this country, and so much liberality in the mechanical execution of them, that it is almost a sufficient reason for purchasing a new book to find the name of G. P. Putnam at the bottom of the title-page. We would only call his attention to the necessity of having the proof-sheets revised with great care, incorrectness in this respect being the easily besetting sin of the printing offices in this country, and being the chief reason of the inferiority of an American reprint to the English original. The evil cannot be wholly remedied till well-trained and accurate scholars are employed here, as they have long been in England, to superintend the press.

ART. VI. — *Description de l'Observatoire Astronomique Central de Poulkova.* Par F. G. W. STRUVE, Membre de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de St. Petersbourg, Premier Astronome et Directeur de l'Observatoire Central. St. Petersbourg. 1845.

WHO has not heard of Pulkowa, El dorado of astronomers, as the enthusiastic Biot calls it? In comparison with the vastness of plan and magnificence of its great observatory, its beauty of detail and exquisite organization, the historic Uraniburg and Cassel appear insignificant. Yet a little while ago, we looked back with wonder to the time when Tycho, Longomontanus, Roemer, and Horrebow controlled resources and enjoyed facilities, the account of which would seem fabulous, did not the monuments of their labors survive.

In March, 1834, when one of Struve's assistants placed a little transit instrument on the summit of the hill, upon the spot where the great central tower now stands, Pulkowa was a little village of serfs, celebrated for nothing under the sun, except that, being an imperial domain, its log-houses were a little better, and its inhabitants a little happier, than those of most other Russian villages. It was not till August, 1839, that the observatory was inaugurated, and not until the middle of the year 1843 that it was completed.

Having recently visited this celebrated establishment, where we were received with a kind welcome and princely hospitality, we have thought that some account of it might be acceptable to our scientific readers. As its geographical position alone would prevent most of our astronomers from visiting it, a sketch of its history, progress, and present condition may afford some useful hints for the conduct of similar institutions in the United States.

Two illustrious directors of European observatories, Messrs. Schumacher and Airy, have already visited Russia for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with this establishment. The Astronomer Royal of England left Greenwich full of predilections for English instruments and English methods of observation; he disliked the Munich refractors, would have nothing to do with counterpoises, and thought the Prime Vertical instrument must be inaccurate and clumsy. On

returning home, he wrote to Professor Schumacher as follows: — "I trust, therefore, that you will not regard as unfounded the opinion which I express, that no astronomer can feel himself perfectly acquainted with modern observing astronomy in its most highly cultivated form, whether as regards the personal establishment, the preparation of the buildings, the selection and construction of the instruments, or the delicacy of using them, who has not well studied the observatory of Pulkowa."

After the buildings were completed and furnished, and the corps of observers had commenced their work, an accurate description of the observatory and its instruments seemed to be needed, that the improvements here introduced might not remain unknown to other astronomers. This object has been accomplished in the magnificent work before us, which is now the best source from which the student can derive an accurate knowledge of the refinements of modern astronomical instruments and of observations of the modern school. The work is in two volumes, one containing a minute description of the establishment itself and its instruments, and the other furnishing the drawings necessary to illustrate the text. The instruments are all constructed upon the German system, and the whole observatory forms a monument to the excellence of that system. No ungainly quadrants, or mural circles for determining declinations alone, are to be found there; no broad wheels with graduation on their rims, to be read off by microscopes placed around like spokes, the various readings being brought into apparent harmony only by the application of some empirical "correction for runs;" no instrument in which the accuracy of the observer is entirely dependent upon the degree of skill exercised by the mechanician; no zero points which describe little diurnal and annual orbits, being fastened to stone pillars, and subjected to all their thermometric and hygrometric motions.

Before speaking further about the merits of this observatory, we will give a short account of its origin and history, which are discussed at length in the "Description." It is remarkable that the little realm of Denmark has done far more for astronomy, in proportion to its size and finances, than any other country in the world; and this distinction even now, in its days of political tribulation, does not desert it, while it

enables such men as Schumacher and Hansen to labor for future ages. Here was established the first public observatory in Europe. In less than thirty years after the observatory at Copenhagen was created, that of Paris was founded; that of Greenwich followed after a short time; and soon, under the able direction of Cassini and Flamsteed, both were rendering eminent services to science.

It was under Peter the Great, that Russia made the first steps toward taking the scientific position which she now holds. This enlightened monarch, on returning from his travels, founded the Petersburg Academy of Sciences in 1724, and placed under its superintendence an observatory, the building of which was completed in the following year. No pains were spared to provide proper instruments, and Lalande speaks of it as one of the most magnificent establishments in Europe. A conflagration, in 1747, destroyed all the buildings of the Academy and the observatory, and all the instruments which it contained were lost. The munificence of the Empress Catharine restored the observatory, and provided it anew with the best instruments to be had at the time, among which were a five-feet transit instrument, and a huge mural quadrant by Bird, which to this day remains fastened to the walls of the building.

Still under the direction of the Academy, the new observatory rendered important services to science, and boasts, among other great names, of Delisle, Lexell, and Schubert. Observatories have sprung up in all parts of the Russian empire, at Nicolajen, Abo, Dorpat — a name rendered illustrious by the labors of the same great astronomer who now directs the central observatory — Kasan, Moscow, Helsingfors, and Kien. Without going back to the times when Bernoulli, Euler, and Lagrange sat in the Imperial Academy of Sciences, we can assent to the remark of Struve, when he says, that within one generation more has been done by the Russian government for the advancement of astronomy than was ever accomplished in any other country in an equal period of time.

The Academy had seen for some time, that the observatory of St. Petersburg had fallen behind the age. It was no longer able to answer the demands which astronomy in the nineteenth century was justified in making. The instruments,

once unequalled, were now old-fashioned, and much inferior to the new instruments of the Germans. Their position, too, on the top of a high tower, was far from being sufficiently firm. There was need also of more room, as is sufficiently attested by the fact that a magnificent twenty-feet telescope, by Herschel, remained unpacked for want of a place to put it in ; and it remains in the case to this day.

The Emperor Nicholas determined, therefore, to build a new observatory, and to spare nothing which should tend to make it as complete and serviceable as the present state of astronomical science would permit. For this purpose, he requested the Academy to appoint a commission to superintend the plans and arrangements. Struve, at that time director of the Dorpat observatory, and whose biography might almost be said to be the history of stellar astronomy during the period of his labors, was placed in this commission.

Their first step was to settle definitively the constitution of the new observatory. The field of astronomy is so vast that no one establishment can cover it all, and it is of the highest importance that for every observatory a definite line of research should be laid down. As Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal of England, and many distinguished astronomers before him, have clearly shown, the energies of every observatory ought to be devoted to some one department of astronomy. This prevents the astronomers from wasting their time in fanciful speculations, or flitting from one investigation to another; and it is necessary for giving to each observatory a proper place in public estimation. The objects to which the commission decided that the labors of the new observatory should be devoted were three: — first, regular observations, as complete as possible, whose end should be the advancement of astronomy as a science ; secondly, corresponding observations for the geographical expeditions in the Russian empire ; and thirdly, the advancement and development of practical astronomy in its geographical and nautical applications.

It was with reference to this threefold purpose that the plans for the instruments and the buildings were adopted. The regular observation of sun, moon, and the large planets has been for a hundred years the special province of the observatory at Greenwich ; and as the whole attention of the

many distinguished men who have presided over that establishment has been devoted to perfecting that particular class of observations, it was thought best to leave this department to Greenwich altogether, since there are many others where accurate observations are still more needed.

The hill of Pulkowa, twelve miles (seventeen wersts) south of the Admiralty palace in St. Petersburg, and belonging to the imperial domain of Tsarskoie Leló, was selected as the most favorable site for the observatory. The high road from the capital to Warsaw runs almost due south, forming a straight line for the whole distance, until it reaches the base of the hill around which it winds. This hill is neither very steep nor very high; but it is a prominent feature in an almost level plain like that on which the Russian capital is situated. It is about two hundred feet high, and stands just in the prolongation of the straight line formed by the road. As the traveller who leaves St. Petersburg by the barrier of the triumphal arch looks before him, the magnificent façade and cupolas of the observatory appear precisely in front, as though the great *chaussée* were but an avenue leading to Pulkowa. As the roads to Warsaw and to Moscow separate about half a mile before reaching the observatory, the instruments are effectually secured from the dust and tremors caused by vehicles passing by, while the height of the edifice commands a wide, clear horizon, and a more healthful air than those enjoy who live on the plain. A remarkable testimony to the healthfulness of the situation is furnished by the fact, that while that dread scourge of Russia, the cholera, was this last summer sweeping away its hundreds of thousands, — while more than eighteen hundred fell a daily sacrifice to the pestilence, and the Russian realm, according to one of the St. Petersburg physicians, was decimated, as scarce a man or woman could be seen who was not in mourning, — the inmates of the observatory wholly escaped the fearful disease. The writer of these pages was at that time in Pulkowa, and felt there as secure as in his native city.

The tract of land given by the emperor contains five hundred and forty-five acres, (twenty *dessjatines*,) being two thousand two hundred and five feet long, and one thousand five hundred and eighty-two wide at its greatest breadth. No houses can be built in its vicinity, to dim the air with

smoke and heated currents; for by a special edict of the emperor it was ordained, that no dwelling-house should be ever erected within a werst, or two-thirds of an English mile, of the southern frontier of the land belonging to the observatory. The future astronomers of Pulkowa are thus exempted from what has been so fruitful a source of annoyance to the observatories of Berlin, Paris, and even Greenwich, and which bids fair, at some not very distant day, to be a serious impediment to the labors of our own observatory at Cambridge.

Struve's reputation at the head of observing astronomers had already been earned at Dorpat. Under his superintendence and according to his plans, the great refractor of that observatory had been built, erected, and used. His application of clock-work to telescopes; his "Mensuræ Micrometricæ Stellarum Duplicium;" his determination of the parallaxes of α Lyræ and Polaris; and, above all, the almost incredible accuracy to which he had brought his observations, had united to give him this distinction. The investigation by Bessel of the parallax of 61 Cygni was undertaken subsequently to Struve's similar determination of that of α Lyræ, although published a short time before; and was, indeed, undertaken at Struve's suggestion. Struve was appointed director of the new observatory, and leaving Dorpat, applied himself with great zeal to the labors of his new position. He made two journeys to the *Ausland*, a somewhat greater undertaking in Russia than it is in America, and visited the artists whom he had selected as the most competent to construct the instruments.

The accuracy of which the modern system of instrumental observation is now capable is considered by many as the highest which the nature of our senses will permit. Without altogether assenting to this proposition, we must still acknowledge, that the precision already attained approaches this limit perhaps as nearly as we can expect for generations to come. The harmony which can now be established between observation and computation seems almost marvellous. But to obtain the highest degree of accuracy, instruments and modes of observation are needed entirely different from those used before the refinements of Gauss, Bessel, and Struve were made. The sources of great errors are few, and may be

avoided in almost all instruments of the present day; but minute errors can be avoided only by instruments constructed with the special aim of allowing observations to be made under as many different circumstances as possible, that by the combination of results the errors may be eliminated. As the only means of attaining accuracy, it was till lately the usage in all countries, and still is in many, to adjust the instruments with all possible care, and then to rely upon their indications; but the best adjustments are now considered by the ablest observers as only such approximations to accuracy, that in calculating the corrections, the terms depending upon the squares or higher powers of the errors may be neglected as inappreciable. Observations are then made under circumstances designedly varied in such a way, that in the proper combination of results, the errors may be not only eliminated, but precisely determined; for a result whose exact deviation from the truth is known is as good as one affected by no errors whatever.

Some of the sources of error lie in the instruments themselves, and can be determined once for all, the investigation being repeated, however, from time to time, at such intervals as may render it certain that any change in the instrument shall be promptly detected. The discharge of a cannon in the neighborhood, a severe clap of thunder, the slamming of an observatory door, or a strong draught of wind might easily change the collimation of a transit instrument or meridian circle; and, after any such occurrence, a new determination ought to be made. The values of the divisions in the best levels and micrometer scales are quite different at different temperatures, and most of them change slowly as to their values for the same temperature in different years.

Other causes of inaccuracy, which vary from hour to hour, must be investigated for every observation where the highest precision is required. Such are the changes in the inclination and azimuth of the axis of a meridian or prime vertical instrument, or the variation of the zero point on a declination or altitude circle. Still another class of errors arises from the want of strict mathematical accuracy in all works of human art, in cases where the precise determination of the error is impossible. No screw or micrometer circle was ever made in which the dead motion did not furnish an element of error,

and many astronomers who have never investigated it would be astonished at the amount of error thus introduced into their observations. The want of strict parallelism in the spider-lines of a diaphragm, and the breadth of the lines of graduation on all scales, belong also to this category. Errors arising from such sources as these cannot always be avoided, but may always be materially diminished by the skill and ingenuity of a practised observer.

The first requisite, then, of an astronomical instrument at present is, that it be constructed not only with the greatest possible accuracy, but also on such a plan as to allow us to determine the precise magnitude of the errors which must necessarily exist. It is in this that the German instruments, constructed by Reichenbach and Repsold, with the aid of plans suggested by the genius and experience of Bessel, Gauss, and Schumacher, so far surpass all others; and this is the idea which the combined talent of all the German astronomers has since been constantly laboring to develop. Hansen and Encke, Ertel, and the younger Repsolds have carried on the work, and Germany still leads the way. It is, indeed, almost as much to the talent and skill of the Frauenhofers, Reichenbachs, Repsolds, and Ertels, as to the labors of those who use their instruments, that we owe the accuracy of modern physical and astronomical measurements. A mechanician of the rank to which these men belong is a genuine artist; he creates as well as executes. No one but the mathematician or the *physicist* can appreciate the labor, skill, and ingenuity necessary for grinding what is commonly called a plane surface so that it shall be truly a mathematical plane from which all parallel rays of light shall be reflected parallel; or for making a material circle which shall be strictly a circle, with circular curvature in its smallest microscopic parts; or for constructing an astronomical clock, which in winter and summer, through all changes of temperature, shall retain the same rate. All these things have been done. The men of whom we speak have devoted their property, their powers, and their health, to satisfy the constantly increasing demands made upon their profession by the progress of science; and their success demands our admiration and gratitude. Without them, Struve could never have verified his declaration, *Alles Sichtbare ist messbar*, "whatever can be seen may be measured."

The construction of all the instruments for Pulkowa, excepting one or two of the clocks and chronometers, was confided to German artists. With them Struve discussed at length each change that he proposed to introduce, and went through all the details, from the largest counterpoise to the smallest screw. The plans for all the instruments were then subjected to the judgment of the most distinguished men of science in Europe, — to Bessel, Encke, Humboldt, Lindenau, Olbers, Schumacher, and Steinheil. Thus, although all the instruments were constructed in accordance with the general system which has prevailed in Germany since the time of Reichenbach and Frauenhofer, there was not one which was not in some respects new ; and we believe the artists who were selected to construct the Pulkowa instruments still look upon those instruments as their masterpieces. The great refractor by Merz was of a size till then deemed impracticable, and we may well be proud of possessing in our own country its exact duplicate.

The construction of the famous Dorpat refractor formed an era in the history of astronomical instruments. Struve published, in 1825, a detailed account of it, and descriptions and drawings of it are to be found in the Cyclopedias. It was Frauenhofer's masterpiece, both as regards the construction and the glass. The extreme difficulty of obtaining large pieces of glass suitable for astronomical and optical researches is well known. The obstacles in the way of their manufacture are almost numberless, and the object-glass of the Dorpat refractor was the largest achromatic lens known which was free from fault, being nine French inches in diameter. For a good object-glass, both the flint and the crown lenses must not only be free from striæ and air bubbles, but, what is far more difficult, must be perfectly homogeneous, having the same refracting and dispersing power in every part. If the glass be cooled too quickly, the parts at the edge, and near the surface, acquire different optical properties from those near the centre. If cooled too slowly, the lower portion becomes, in consequence of the weight of the mass above it, much denser than the surface. Thus, when after much pains and many vain trials, a glass has been cast free from all striæ, bubbles, and cloudiness, it is still, in nine cases out of ten, however beautiful in appearance, of small value for the

optician or astronomer. Experience, too, has shown, that of two different castings, performed under the supervision of the same persons, and apparently under the same circumstances, the glass may be very different in its optical properties.

Frauenhofer claimed, however, to have discovered an important secret in the manufacture of the glass, which, upon his death-bed, he imparted to his successor, and which Merz, the present head of the establishment, purchased at a high price. No sooner had Frauenhofer, after a long series of costly experiments, succeeded in obtaining the two glasses which form the Dorpat lens, than it was secured by Struve for his observatory, and the refractor built upon a plan devised by himself and Frauenhofer jointly. This was the first instrument which, by the application of clockwork, was made to follow the stars, keeping pace with their diurnal motion, and thus admitting of an accuracy and care in the micrometric comparisons which would be impossible if the star were moving through the field of vision. The principle of the mounting was new and peculiar, the telescope being on one end of the axis balanced by a counterpoise at the other extremity. Experience has shown the great practical advantage of this construction, which has been ever since invariably adopted for all large refractors, excepting in England.

Since the erection of the Dorpat instrument, Frauenhofer and his successors had made several other large refractors, one of which, that of Bogenhausen, was of still larger dimensions, having 10.5 inches aperture. Emboldened by this success, they applied themselves, at Struve's instigation, anew to their work, and succeeded, in 1837, in producing two object-glasses of 14 French inches (14.95 Engl.) in diameter. Struve selected one of these for Pulkowa, which was mounted much like the Dorpat telescope, but with some farther improvements, and which arrived at its destination in 1839. The other was mounted in the same way in 1845, and is now at the Cambridge observatory in this country. A detailed description of it, therefore, is unnecessary, the more so as the great refractors at Cincinnati and Washington are mounted in the same way. The length of the instrument is twenty-three feet; the weight of the part which moves on the hour-axis is seven thousand pounds. The tube is conical, being at the one end seventeen, at the other eleven inches and eight tenths in

diameter. Its construction is curious. A great number of thin strips of pine wood, each being of the entire length of the tube, and slightly wedge-shaped, are glued together side by side, and in different layers, the whole mass being an inch thick, and veneered externally. Thus a cross section of the tube would appear to be formed of a multitude of thin radiating slips of pine an inch long. This curious structure has been found to possess all the inflexibility of metal, while it is, of course, very light in comparison. The equilibrium is preserved, and ease of motion effected, by means of eight counterpoises. The friction of the hour-axis is diminished by one, that of the declination-axis by two, of these ; two more serve to protect the tube from any tendency to flexure, while the three others act to produce equilibrium in the whole huge mass. It was with the mounting of this instrument that Professor Airy "was not satisfied."

Merz also furnished a heliometer like Bessel's, but with an aperture of seven and a half inches. This instrument has not as yet been systematically used, and Professor Struve contemplates some important changes in the mounting, by which it will be made to resemble the magnificent instrument on which Repsold has been employed the last few years, and which is about to be mounted for Professor Johnson, at Oxford. The transit instruments and the new vertical circle were by Ertel ; and the latter, made on Struve's plan, is already so well known to astronomers as to need no description here. It is the instrument with which Peters has made his remarkable observations on the parallax of the fixed stars.

All the meridian instruments designed for solar observations are provided with diaphragms of thin brass plate, to protect the interior of the tube, and especially the plate which holds the spider lines, from the sun's rays. Care has been taken to place these diaphragms in such a way, that they can exert no pressure on the sides of the tube by their thermometric expansion. Of course, the instruments and piers here, as in every well ordered observatory, are protected from the rays of the sun during the observation.

The Prime Vertical instrument, by Repsold, is perhaps the greatest triumph of mechanical art in existence, as regards its exquisite accuracy. It was designed and is used by Struve himself, for the determination of the aberration of the

fixed stars, the nutation and annual parallax. The telescope is at the extremity of an immense steel axis, and balanced by a counterpoise at the other end. The nature of the observations requires, that a star be observed on each side of the zenith with the instrument in its two different positions, the telescope and counterpoise changing places with each other. Before an observation is completed, therefore, the whole gigantic mass, axis, circles, tube, and weights, must twice be lifted from the axis supports, technically called the Ys, and turned entirely round. This must be done, too, as rapidly as possible; for as the astronomer knows by sad experience, the star will not wait for him. The slightest jar to the instrument, the smallest scratch upon the axis, which a particle of dust might produce, would be fatal to the accuracy which Struve requires in his observations. It seems incredible, but is true, that the huge mass, weighing a thousand pounds, can be lifted, reversed, and the axis deposited again in the Ys, in sixteen seconds. The force necessary to lift it for this purpose is, in summer, two pounds and two-thirds. The writer reversed the instrument in sixteen seconds and a half, with his little finger alone, raising the whole, turning it round, and carefully replacing the axis. Concerning this instrument, the English Astronomer Royal makes the following curious remark: — "Before I had examined this instrument at Pulkowa, I was not disposed to recognize it as one competent to the delicate determinations for which Mr. Struve intended it. After a careful examination of it, I am bound to say, that my objections to it are in part removed, but not entirely. The firmness of the instrument exceeded my expectations; yet I am still unwilling to adopt for this use a form which no one would for a moment tolerate in a transit instrument. But in stating these objections to the instrument, I must state that they apply to it as an instrument to be used by astronomers in general, and not as one to be used by Mr. Struve. In his hands, I have no doubt that the accuracy of the instrument is limited only by the circumstance which he himself pointed out to me, — namely, the difference of radiation from the different piers; — in other hands, I should have no such confidence in its accuracy." Those who espouse the German system in instruments and methods of observing were by no means displeased with these words of its most accomplished and influential opponent.

The great meridian circle was also the work of Repsold, and in regard to its proportions, its exquisite execution, and the improvements which have been introduced, it is superior to any which has as yet been made. Among the latter are especially to be mentioned the arrangement, originally suggested by Hansen, and introduced into all the Pulkowa instruments, by which the eye-piece and object-glass are capable of changing places with one another, so as to eliminate any flexure of the tube, and the removal of the microscopes from a circle resting on the axis to a frame fixed to the stone pier, and provided with levels.

Astronomical clocks were furnished by various makers; but the honor of constructing the great normal clock, to which all the others are referred, was reserved for Kessels of Altona. This clock is fixed in the interior of one of the pillars of the central rotunda, where the variations of temperature are very small. The niche in the interior of the pillar is sixteen inches deep, twenty-three broad, and five feet eight inches high. It is lined with copper, to guard against dampness, and covered in front with a slab of glass, pierced with a hole through which the key is introduced when the clock is to be wound up, but which is of course kept closed at other times. The daily variations of temperature are less than a degree of Reaumur ($2\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit); and so accurate is the clock that, according to Professor Struve, the only source of change in its rate is the change of barometric pressure. The daily rate of the normal clock varies thirty-two hundredths of a second for every inch of barometric fluctuation. Kessels furnished two pendulums for this clock, the one being what is called a gridiron pendulum, the other mercurial. The latter alone is used, being considered, from its simplicity and for other reasons, much preferable to the more complicated gridiron pendulum in situations where the variation of the temperature is not great; although the other ought to be used when a clock is exposed to thermal changes.

Kessels also made three chronometers for Pulkowa; Tiede, Dent, and Hauth of St. Petersburg furnished the other clocks. One of Hauth's, placed between the transit instrument and the vertical circle, is most ingeniously contrived, having a dial plate and three hands on each side.

On entering the Pulkowa observatory by the chief door,

the visitor finds himself in a magnificent rotunda, hung round with the portraits of different astronomers and of the artists who furnished the chief instruments. All of these are paintings in oil, and are either originals, or copies taken for Pulkowa from the best originals which exist. The portrait of Copernicus is an original, painted in Italy on copper, and the gift of the emperor. The copies are portraits of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Hevel, Newton, Flamsteed, Halley, Bradley, Roemer, W. Herschel, and Schubert. The originals, besides Copernicus, are Airy, Bessel, Ertel, Gauss, Hansen, Hansteen, J. Herschel, Merz, the two Repsolds, Schumacher, South, and Steinheil. Most of them were painted by Jensen of Copenhagen, and are very striking likenesses. Those of Gauss and Schumacher are the originals of the lithographed portraits, of which some copies exist in this country. It is intended to procure portraits of the eminent French astronomers, which, it will be remarked, are as yet wanting in the collection.

At the side of the rotunda opposite the great entrance stands a fine marble bust of the Emperor Nicholas, to whom astronomy owes a debt of gratitude. To the right and left, doors open into the meridian observing rooms ; and opposite to the entrance, behind the bust of the emperor, is a door which leads to the library and to the Prime Vertical instrument. Immediately to the right of the chief entrance is the flight of stairs, which conducts to the central tower, where the great refractor is placed, and which is directly over the rotunda.

Of the library we will merely say, that no book of value on any department of astronomy is wanting which has been obtainable since the observatory was established, and that agents are employed all over Europe, ready to avail themselves of the first opportunity of acquiring rare books as they may happen to be in the market. Even now, the elegantly classified catalogue of the Pulkowa library is of great use in astronomical bibliography. Among the rarest works are the *Machina Cœlestis* of Hevel, the copies of which were destroyed by a fire on the day before its intended publication, except a very few which Hevel had sent off in advance, as presents to his intimate friends. Of the *Epistola ad amicum de cometa anno* 1677 *Gedani observata*, only two other copies are known to exist.

An admirable nucleus for the collection was furnished by the purchase of the library of Dr. Olbers, immediately after his death. This was one of the most valuable and complete private libraries in existence, and especially rich in works relating to cometography. For more than fifty years, this eminent astronomer had been constantly collecting works on his favorite subjects; and as he had fortunately never lacked sufficient pecuniary means, he had gathered about him the rarest and most valuable works relating in any way to comets, as well as those having reference to any unsettled points in the history of astronomy. This library was secured for Pulkowa through the agency of Professor Schumacher, who, standing as he does above all petty national jealousies, was never found wanting either in zeal or power to advance the interests of astronomical science. Would that the opportunity offered astronomers, three years ago, of acquiring the library of the illustrious Bessel for this country, had been as promptly improved! The Pulkowa observatory has lately obtained the unpublished manuscripts of Kepler, and we look forward with great interest to their publication. A minute description of the rarest works in this library may be found in the tenth volume of the Bulletin of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences.

As we have already stated, the indirect advancement of science by the education and cultivation of students of astronomy, is one of the chief objects of the Central Observatory. To fulfil this object without interfering with the labors of the regular astronomers of the establishment, (each of whom has his own particular instrument, for which he is responsible, and with which no one else has any thing to do,) four small detached observatories have been erected for the smaller instruments, designed for the use of young astronomers, or for navy officers preparing themselves for geographical observations.

The observatory is crowned by three imposing cupolas, the central one of which contains the great refractor, and the eastern the heliometer. The western tower is intended to support a seven-inch Munich refractor, which has, however, not yet been ordered. In the meantime, it is provided with comet-seekers, which are placed at the disposal of any of the young astronomers or students of the St. Petersburg university who may desire to use them. The only other room to which

we will allude, is the small one immediately over the furnace, on the left of the grand entrance, and opposite the flight of stairs leading to the central tower. This room can be heated to a very high temperature, and is used for testing the chronometers offered to the observatory.

The cellars, or rather passages beneath the edifice, which are usually kept walled up, were opened on the day preceding our departure, and the colossal foundations of the piers exposed to view. It is of the first importance, not only that all the instruments should be fixed on foundations as firm as possible, but that these foundations themselves should not be exposed to variations of temperature, especially in a climate like that of Russia. Little, indeed, as the English Astronomer Royal remarked on his return, "little do persons who merely look in a cursory way at the observatory suspect what masses of brickwork are concealed beneath their feet." The foundations descend below the depth of the winter's frost, and thrice as much mason-work is concealed below as is exhibited above the ground. Struve lays great stress upon the principle, that the bases of the fixed instruments ought to rise as little as possible above the level of the ground, on account of the unavoidable influence of changes of temperature. It is necessary merely to raise them to a sufficient height to free the visual ray even in the horizon from the refractions, and perhaps diffraction, which a too great proximity to the earth would produce. This height was fixed for the Pulkowa observatory at thirteen feet; and to protect the superterraneous parts of the bases as much as possible from the influence of changes of external temperature, or at least, to insure that this influence should be as slight and gradual as the case would admit, they are insulated from the external soil by double walls, and arched over with vaults pierced only in the places through which the piers rise. The double walls serve at the same time as foundations for the walls of the observing rooms.

Another principle established by Struve is, that the walls of the places of observation should be constructed as lightly as the nature of the case will admit; that is, of wood. "For a fixed instrument," he says, "the portion of the observing hall above the floor plays the part of a great box for the shelter of the instrument, provided with openings conveniently

situated for making the observations. The cupolas which cover the equatorial instruments ought to be boxes of the same kind, but capable of revolving."

For all accurate observations it is indispensably necessary that the temperature of the air should be the same internally and externally. This is requisite not only on account of the different directions which the visual ray would assume in air of different temperatures, thus rendering the observed place of a heavenly body inaccurate, but also on account of the currents which would otherwise prevail at the apertures, and thus render the images tremulous and ill defined. For the same reason, then, that the foundations are carefully protected from the influence of the external air by the double brick walls, the walls of the rooms for observation, as well as the cupolas, are constructed of wood, and as slightly as is consistent with proper strength, in order that the interior may as nearly as possible preserve the temperature of the external air. The only purpose of these constructions is to preserve the instruments from the sun and wind, moisture and dust. A great disadvantage of brick walls or metallic roofs to observing apartments is, that they condense the atmospheric moisture when the air suddenly becomes warmer, especially in spring, and thus expose the instruments to dampness.

Attached to the observatory are various workshops, and already the mechanical department furnishes a large proportion of the smaller instruments used in the other Russian observatories. It has especially acquired a high reputation for its ether levels, and those of Brauer, the Pulkowa mechanician, are equalled only by those of Repsold at Hamburg. Every Pulkowa instrument has levels from one or the other of these makers, and all the levels are protected from radiant heat by glass cases, — a valuable suggestion of Struve, which has already been adopted in Berlin and at Altona.

The "Uranian colony of Pulkowa," to use again one of Biot's phrases, consisted last summer of one hundred and eighteen persons. In this number all the *employés* are included, as also the domestics, who are veteran soldiers detailed for this service. The total cost of the observatory, excluding the value of the land and all salaries, was 2,100,000 rubles, or about $500,000.

Such is the Russian Central Observatory. Built under

advantages such as never before existed, and most probably never will again exist in our day, it is the harmonious "expression of a scientific idea."

The chaste and elegant architecture of the building shows in every part and every form the Temple of Science. The pecuniary resources were absolutely unlimited; and, as Airy justly observed, "while it is nobly and expensively constructed, it is not constructed extravagantly, or with a disregard of expense; while on the one hand it is worthy of an emperor, it is on the other hand built in a style which ought not to be displeasing to a minister of finance." The most skilful artists of the age exhausted their skill and ingenuity upon the instruments, so that to order the best refractor, the best meridian or vertical circle, the best transit instrument, the best clock, which can at this day be made, is to say, "Let it be like that in Pulkowa." Whatever can be done to make its library more complete is effected by the director and his agents. It remains but to speak of its activity. What has it done? What is it doing?

The observatory, as we have already stated, is chiefly dedicated to the advancement of stellar astronomy, as much regard being had to the observation of the bodies of our solar system as is compatible with this end. The observations during the ten years of its existence have been chiefly with the Prime Vertical instrument, for determining the coefficients of aberration and nutation, and the parallax of fixed stars; with the vertical circle, for the more accurate determination of the law of atmospheric refraction, (the observations serving at the same time for a fundamental catalogue of declinations,) of the position of the ecliptic, and of the parallax of fixed stars. This instrument has likewise been used for taking declinations of the sun, moon, and superior planets. Observations have been made with the transit instrument, for a fundamental catalogue of right ascensions, and for right ascensions of the moon and superior planets; with the meridian circle, for refraction, for a catalogue of the declinations of fundamental circumpolar stars, and for declinations of sun, moon, and superior planets; with the great refractor, for micrometric measurements of double and multiple stars, for the determination of parallaxes, for observation of the comets of short period when lost to view at other observatories, and for observing the satellites of Uranus and Neptune.

Subsidiary operations have been made in correspondence with the colossal survey of the Russian empire, which has been long carried on under the superintendence of the Director of the Observatory, and more recently, of his son, M. Otto Struve. The immensity of the region over which the survey is extended, stretching from Finland to Hindostan, from the confines of Bohemia to the Chinese frontier, precludes the usual methods of measurement; and a large majority of the latitudes and longitudes have been determined solely by astronomical observations, and with a precision perfectly satisfactory to the superintendent.

But the labors of the observatory in connection with the measurement of the meridian arc in Finland are of still greater importance. The measure of this arc was commenced under Struve's direction in 1830, for the purpose of connecting the great Russian arc with the one measured in Lapland by the Swedish astronomers at the commencement of this century. This was completed in 1846; and in fulfilment of a new order of the emperor, the colossal arc is now to be extended in a southerly direction as far as the Danube. This large measurement is now nearly completed, and we shall soon have the length of an arc of the meridian extending over 21° 48′ of latitude, from Ismail, latitude 45° 20′ N. to Pahlavaara, latitude 67° 8′ N.

The number of young astronomers, who have already availed themselves of the advantages offered by a residence at Pulkowa, is from fifteen to twenty, so that the four little detached observatories have been in almost constant activity since their first establishment; and Danes, Prussians, Austrians, Swiss, Fins, and Swedes, as well as Russians, have gone through their apprenticeship in them, and returned to disseminate in their respective countries their rich experience. While the observatory has been of great service to these young men, they have rendered essential aid to it in the reduction of observations.

The Pulkowa Observatory has already given to the world entirely new determinations of the constants of precession, nutation, and aberration, in memoirs as remarkable for elegant analysis as for accuracy, — memoirs which have already become classic. Two important chronometric expeditions have been made; the one between Altona and Greenwich,

the other between Pulkowa and Altona. Numerous smaller astronomical papers and geographical memoirs have been published. The *Recherches sur la Parallaxe des Etoiles Fixes*, published by Dr. Peters, in October last, must rank among the most remarkable works of this century. We only allude to it, without attempting even a description, as the importance of the subject and the work alike forbid superficial views.

Through the liberality of the Petersburg Academy, of which the Pulkowa observatory forms a department, copies of the Description of the observatory have been forwarded to all the observatories, and to some of the public libraries of the United States. It is thus placed within the reach of all our astronomers, and must be their text-book. The author of it closes his description in the following words: — "Those who have read this description will cordially agree with the author, when he designates the foundation of the Central Observatory of Russia as an epoch in the history of astronomy; inasmuch as the history of science cannot furnish a single example of protection so liberal as that which has been accorded to it by the Emperor Nicholas. The results of the labors of the commission and the exertions of the astronomers during the first years of the observatory's existence, will justify the thesis which I here propound, 'that the observatory of Pulkowa is to be regarded as the realization of a scientific idea, clearly conceived, and executed with the illimitable means furnished by the munificence of its founder.'"

ART. VII. — *Sermons by the late* WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D., *with a Memoir, by his Brother.* Second Edition. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1849. 12mo. pp. 393.

OF the characters commonly termed great, many appear so by virtue of their deficiencies. Traits not in themselves remarkable are rendered salient by the lack of their normal concomitants and auxiliaries; or, as a phrenologist would say, organs not absolutely large seem so, because the skull is depressed where the surrounding organs should be. An imagin-

ation daring and lofty, but disciplined neither by pure taste nor by sound judgment; the capacity of research in any one department of learning, though connected with obtuseness as to every other; or conversance with the grammatical niceties of a buried language without the power of appreciating its literature,—is enough to raise a man to what we call eminence, though by writing so many names on Fame's scroll, we are most assuredly making it a *palimpsest* for the next generation. The case is precisely the same as to moral excellencies. The philanthropist, whose field is all the world except his own heart and household; the patriot, who is ready to give his country every thing but an example of chastity and sobriety; the religionist, who is a fervent hater and an eloquent railer, is sure of a crowd of admirers and incense-burners, while the purest personal social and civic virtue is deemed commonplace, and wins but slight regard, when set in the framework of a quiet, circumspect, and charitable life. One reason for this state of things, no doubt, is the prevalent demand in our times for what is striking, extraordinary, *piquant;* for bold contrasts and glaring discrepancies. Another, is the ease with which a grossly defective, yet strongly marked, mental or moral character may be analyzed and described. In all such cases, the task of the admirer, flatterer, biographer, and imitator, is simplified to the last degree; the sketch may be drawn in charcoal, yet seem life-like, and "he that runs may read."

But in every true estimate, the *quantity* of character is the first thing to be taken into the account; and in this, as to both mind and heart, the useful weigh as much as the brilliant qualities; the accomplishments and virtues that adorn home and bless the narrower circle, as those which attract the regard and solicit the homage of the great world. It is a more noble achievement to have left nothing undone and to have done every thing well, than to have done a few things splendidly, and many things not at all, or indifferently. The character that has all along been throwing off proof impressions of itself, glowing with beauty and loveliness, though it leave few and faint records for posterity to read, deserves incomparably higher esteem than that which seeks posthumous reputation at the sacrifice of present influence and usefulness. And the mind, of which you cannot designate the strong, because you

fail to ascertain the weak, points; the moral nature, of which you cannot define the prominent excellencies, because there is no form of goodness lacking, though it may elude analysis, invites for that very reason the warmer sympathy; it enriches and ennobles us by the contemplation of what it was, and whatever it may have accomplished or endured.

To this class of characters Dr. Peabody belonged. It was our privilege to know him, not intimately, but well; and we look back upon our interviews with him as among our most precious opportunities of communion with living excellence. His brother's memoir, eminently graphic and faithful, has not helped us to know him better, in a sense in which we could impart our knowledge; but it has traced for us the same rich mind and glowing heart through years of patient and happy toil, and then through a series of bereavements and sufferings, to which his mortal frame yielded, before his spirit had grown one jot the less elastic, energetic, and hopeful. He who saw him once felt that he had seen the "highest style of man;" and the most that subsequent acquaintance or biography could do, was to make no abatement from that first impression.

William Bourn Oliver Peabody was born in Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799. The peculiar incidents of his childhood were not such as to claim record; but those who knew him then remember in him the same gentleness, candor, fidelity, and conscientiousness that marked his maturer years; while in simplicity, transparency of character, and susceptibility to tender emotion and sentiment, he never ceased to be a child, and had a heart incapable of growing old. After the usual course of preparation at the Exeter Academy, he entered Harvard College in 1813, as a member of the Sophomore class. Here he maintained a highly creditable standing, and acquired a respectable proficiency in the usual course of studies; but he occupied a large portion of his time in miscellaneous, yet not desultory reading, making himself extensively familiar with the earlier English literature, and, by the instinct of a taste natively pure and true, selecting such authors as were best adapted at once to form his style as a writer, and to mould his character as a man. His performance on graduation was an English poem, which gave hopeful promise of the poetical endowments which he subsequently displayed.

On leaving college, he spent a year as assistant instructor in the Exeter Academy, and the two following years as a theological student at Cambridge. In 1819, he was licensed as a preacher, and in October, 1820, was ordained at Springfield as pastor of the religious Society with which he sustained an unbroken harmony of mutual affection for twenty-seven years. His brother's description of his early professional labors will, as to their amount and their character, apply equally to the entire period of his ministry.

"It was his usual practice to write two discourses in each week, and to these was commonly added a weekly lecture for the illustration of the Scriptures. From the accounts given us by those who listened to him in the earlier period of his ministry, there can be no doubt that his preaching was then touching and impressive. He had no leisure for the preparation of very elaborate discourses, and had no taste for controversial divinity whatever. His aim was to enkindle the spiritual life in the hearts of those who heard him; and with this end in view, he dwelt but little on disputed doctrines, and cared little for the peculiarities of sects. Love to God and man, — the attractive divinity of holiness as manifested in the character of Jesus Christ, — the qualities and graces by which man is brought into resemblance to the Saviour and to God, — these were the points on which he dwelt with the greatest earnestness and satisfaction. He was deeply solicitous to cherish in himself, and to inculcate upon others, that unfailing charity and kindness without which Christianity is but a light-house tower in which no flame is kindled. He was never inclined to ascertain and point out what was wrong in other sects, so much as the particulars in which they might be imitated, and was ever ready to express his love and admiration of the pure and eminent, who have given lustre to them all. All those, of all persuasions, who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, were to him as brethren. This spirit of love was the ruling principle of his life; and probably no hearer of his was ever induced by his persuasion or example, to indulge in a spirit censorious or harshly critical towards any other human being."

For many years Dr. Peabody's situation seemed as enviable as any this side of heaven. Singularly blessed in the nearest relation of life, dwelling among scenes which nature had made surpassingly beautiful, surrounded by friends of kindred tastes and congenial pursuits, bound as in the closest family union with the people of his charge, with the blessings of the poor and grief-laden constantly resting upon his minis-

trations, loved and honored by those of every name and creed with a unanimity that seldom falls even to a good man's lot, he felt that his cup indeed overflowed with joy. His labors, to be sure, were arduous; but he wrought in the most sunny, buoyant spirit, and would have done no less, had the demand from without been relaxed. His health was far from vigorous; yet his constitution was endowed with great elasticity, and his power of effort and endurance seemed constantly on the increase till he had passed the meridian of his years. March 16, 1843, a day which he deemed the happiest of his life, is now remembered by his friends with a regretful interest, as lying under the forecast shadow of events which were to sadden and darken the residue of his days. That was the period selected for a festival at his house, planned and prepared by the members of his parish, who loaded his tables with tasteful and costly memorials of their affection, and clustered around him with the warmest expressions of kindness and good-will. On this occasion, he delivered a familiar address (afterwards printed,) in which he recapitulated the events of his ministry, and reciprocated with the utmost simplicity and fervor the greetings of his assembled congregation.

"To every human eye, this might have appeared the happiest period of Dr. Peabody's life. There was every thing in his domestic relations to make him happy; his admirable wife exerted a deep religious influence herself by the winning beauty of her own example, and thus powerfully aided that influence of his for good over the hearts of others which it was his great ambition to possess. They had been united for nearly twenty years by a deep sympathy and affection, which were becoming deeper and more tender as they went farther on in life. His children were affectionate, and full of that promise which is a priceless treasure to a parent's heart. He enjoyed the cordial respect and good-will of all his Christian brethren, of every name, and the devoted love of those to whom he had ministered so long. Even his spirit, not usually sanguine or very ardent in his hope, was lifted up by the conviction that his labors had not been in vain. There was a general and earnest interest in religious things, which gave the assurance of a richer harvest in the time to come."

But Providence saw fit that this *richer harvest* should not ripen in the sunshine. In the autumn of the same year, his wife, after a brief illness, endured in a spirit of cheerful sub-

mission and trust which made her chamber seem an ascension mount, was called to her reward. Early in the following year, his eldest child, an only daughter, who, with discretion far beyond her years, had entered on her mother's sphere, not only of domestic duty, but of extended beneficence and charity, became the victim of sudden disease. These events inflicted a shock upon his bodily health from which he never recovered. But they were sustained with a fortitude, cheerfulness, and religious trust, seldom equalled, never surpassed. We know not where, in the whole compass of religious literature, to look for so sublime expressions of the "faith that overcomes the world," and the "hope full of immortality," as in the addresses delivered to his congregation when he appeared before them for the first time after each of these bereavements. They indicate a spirit, to which the veil was almost visibly lifted from the unseen world. They breathe the sweetest confidence in a paternal Providence, and a grateful acquiescence in events, which had drawn him nearer the supreme Source of good, and made him more than ever before the citizen of heaven. And from this time onward, he seemed hardly of the earth. His attenuated frame and wasted countenance indicated that the hour of his own departure was not far distant, while there was a celestial glow in his whole mien and an unction in his tone of voice, which showed that his heart dwelt constantly where so much of his choicest earthly treasure was garnered for him. But, so far from remitting his energy in daily duty, he was, if possible, more earnestly and constantly occupied in his Master's work than before. From the rich depths that had been opened in his own spiritual experience, he spoke with an irresistible impressiveness and power, and seemed to linger on the confines of another world only that he might win souls to join him in the mansions above. On May 16, 1847, he preached for the last time; and, after a few days of extreme debility, but of entire serenity of soul, on the 28th of the same month, he joined the heavenly society.

Dr. Peabody's mind was intuitive rather than logical. He seemed to apprehend truth rather by spiritual analogies and sympathies, than by the labored process of investigation and analysis. He lived as in the direct perception of moral and religious verities. When he employed argument, it seemed

less for the purpose of establishing the truth for his own mind, than of helping others on to his point of view. His sermons manifest little of the methodical division and arrangement by many deemed essential; but they go right to the heart of his subject, and present in simple and natural, but vivid and highly-colored, sketches the ideas that filled his own soul and shaped his own experience. They always seemed the literal transcripts of his inward life, and in their beautiful transparency they brought his hearers into the closest communion with his own piety and love.

But constant as were his professional labors, he by no means confined himself to the department of theology. His poetical talents were of a high order, though less frequently exercised than his friends could have wished, from his own too humble appreciation of their fruits. Some of the most beautiful sacred lyrics in our collections of Christian psalmody are from his pen; and, what is eminently characteristic of his habitual modesty, the best of them appeared in the unostentatious form of a "Catechism in Verse," for the use of the children of his parish. We know of no compend of devotional poetry richer in proportion to its volume than this little manual. There is not a stanza of it that might not do honor to an established poetical reputation. Among the pieces that first appeared in this form is that well known hymn,

"Behold the Western evening light;"

as also that beautiful morning hymn,

"My God, by thy directing power"

Dr. Peabody was deeply interested in every department of natural science, and in that of ornithology acquired sufficient reputation to secure the unsolicited appointment of commissioner to prepare, for the State Survey, a report on the birds of this commonwealth. His report fully justified the selection, and in addition to its scientific accuracy, is intensely interesting for the lifelike description of the habits of the birds, and for the spirit of tender humanity in which they are commended to the protection and even gratitude of the agricultural community. He also prepared for the young people of his parish a series of lectures on birds and plants, illustrated by drawings made and colored by his own hand; for he had

from early boyhood an artist's eye for form and color, and a skill in delineation which might have ensured his success in a walk of life widely different from that of his choice.

Dr. Peabody's first article for the North American Review, on the Decline of Poetry, was written in 1826; and from that time he was a frequent, and, for many years, a constant contributor to these pages, his last literary labor having been the dictation of the closing paragraphs of an article on Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, but a few days before his death. These papers cover a wide range of subjects in natural history, biography, and general literature; nor is it in our power to say in what department he excelled. They all display the same ease and richness of style, fertility and aptness of illustration, elevation of sentiment, and depth of moral feeling. On subjects which did not preclude it there runs through his writings a vein of mirthfulness and humor, indicating a mind familiar with the gayer and more festive aspects of nature, life, and literature. At the same time, his periods have a melodious ring and a rhythmical cadence, together with an affluence of poetical imagery, which make us regret that he had not oftener felt the mission and claimed the right to clothe his thoughts in the measured garb of verse. His biographer tells us, that in the latter years of his life, his general reading was greatly restricted, and that for his allusions and quotations he relied principally on reminiscences, many of them bearing the remote date of his college course. We have been told that this was the case, even with regard to the article on Addison, which many of our readers must remember as peculiarly rich in references to the literary history of Addison's times, and which one would have thought must have been the result of the recent perusal and careful collation of a large mass of the literature of that day. In this view, we know not which most to admire, — the accurate reading and skilful research of the boy of eighteen, or the memory which, after the toils and vicissitudes of thirty years, could furnish such copious materials for a discussion so minute, thorough, and elaborate.

The memoir prefixed to the volume before us is just what it should have been for its subject, and what it must have been from its author. Written without art or effort, pervaded throughout by a spirit in unison with that of the departed

brother, in full sympathy with the truths he loved and the objects he pursued, and in diction warm from the heart-mint, it seems less a biography than a threnody. No portion of it can be read without deep emotion. The twin-brother who wrote it was measuring his own rapid path to the grave; — "Lovely were they in life, and in death they were not divided."

Oliver William Bourn Peabody, resembling his brother in person so closely that strangers and even friends found it difficult to distinguish them through life, resembled him no less in every rich trait of mind and every beautiful development of moral character. The two brothers pursued their education together to the end of their college course. On leaving college, Oliver chose the profession of the law, and was for eleven years a member of the New Hampshire bar, and for a portion of the time the representative of his native town in the State legislature. In 1830, he removed to Boston, and was for several years register of probate for the county of Suffolk. During a portion of this period, he assisted his brother-in-law, Alexander H. Everett, as editor of this Journal, and was the author of many of the leading articles which helped to sustain its reputation. In 1842, he accepted a professorship in Jefferson college, in Louisiana; but, unable to sustain the enfeebling influences of a southern climate, he resigned his office in the course of the following year. He had long gravitated towards the clerical profession, and having pursued the requisite course of study, and received his license as a preacher, in 1845 he was ordained pastor of a church in Burlington, Vermont. He entered on his duties at once, with the fervor of youth and with the mature wisdom befitting one who had grown old in the profession. He seemed to have won at once the same place in the hearts of his flock, of the poor and the desolate, and of the whole community, which his brother had already long held in a similar sphere of duty. For a while his health was firm, and his power of effort unimpaired. But from the time of his brother's death, it was evident that his days were numbered. The more than fraternal sympathy, that had made them one in life, would not suffer them to remain long apart. As his strength declined, he was earnestly solicited to exchange the arduous duties of the pulpit for those of an editor. But his devotion to the

people of his charge, and their deep affection for him, forbade the change. They were solicitous to render him every relief in their power; and, when there was prospect of his being in a great measure disabled from public speaking, their unanimous voice was, "Let him only live among us, and show us how a Christian can live; and his presence with us alone will be an unspeakable blessing to us and to our children." With frequent interruptions, he continued to officiate in public, and almost without interruption to pursue his daily walks of charity and Christian love, till ten days before his death, which took place on July 5th, 1848.

The memoir of Dr. Peabody was left unfinished by his brother. A friend of kindred spirit completed the record, and has appended to it a brief sketch of Oliver's life and character, from which we transcribe the narrative of his last days.

"During the last few weeks of his life, he was engaged in preparing a Memoir of his brother, which the friends of both were most anxious to have completed by him. But while it was in progress, he was arrested by the illness which so suddenly terminated his life. During the spring, although feeble, he had appeared in nearly his usual health, and in more than his usual spirits, and had repeatedly observed that he never enjoyed so much the beauty of the opening summer. In the latter part of June, he took a violent cold from exposure to the rain, but he still continued his daily visits among his people until Saturday, June 24th. On the next day, contrary to the advice of his friends, he attempted to preach; but, in consequence of complete exhaustion, he was obliged to omit the afternoon service. On Sunday evening he sent for a physician, and never again left the house. His disease, which assumed the form of dysentery, prostrated him immediately, although there appeared no symptoms which were particularly alarming. Throughout the week he was under the influence of opiates, and was disposed to converse but little. On Sunday morning, however, he requested a friend who was sitting by him to read aloud to him the fourteenth chapter of John; and after a little sleep, he roused himself to make some inquiries with regard to the service at church. On Tuesday, he dictated a telegraphic despatch to his sister in Boston, requesting her to come to him. He then again asked to have portions of St. John's Gospel read to him, after which he expressed a desire for quiet and for sleep. After waking, his mind appeared clear, and all his symptoms more favorable. He enjoyed the flowers

which were offered to him, and manifested pleasure in having his friends converse together in his room. Early in the morning of Wednesday, July 5, a great change was visible in his appearance, and a friend who was watching with him communicated to him his impression of his danger. He said that he had much to do which he had hoped to finish, and afterward expressed the conviction that his friends were unreasonably anxious about him; often repeating, that he felt perfectly comfortable and free from pain. Towards noon he evidently drew near the end; and his physician told him that he thought him dying. He said that he hoped it was an error; but added, 'Living or dying, I am in the hands of God.' After which his lips moved as if in prayer, and his whole soul seemed absorbed in communion with Heaven. He continued to breathe but a short time, and so he peacefully 'passed on.'"

The Sermons in the volume before us, though rich in beautiful thought, and adapted to impart the best impulses in the nurture of the religious life, hardly do full justice to Dr. Peabody's literary reputation. The style best fitted for the pulpit is more diffuse than the same writer will choose for communication with the public through the press. The gravity of the themes discussed in preaching, and the necessity of consulting the edification, not of the refined and educated few, but of the entire audience, restrict the range of illustration within much narrower limits than are open to a man of Dr. Peabody's almost universal culture and eminently catholic tastes and susceptibilities. Then, too, the best sermons are too closely adapted to the time, place, and occasion of their delivery, to be included in a posthumous collection. And above all, Dr. Peabody's personal friends, in reading these sermons, feel too sensibly the absence of that living countenance, and the eternal silence of those sealed lips; for, though, in the popular sense of the word, he was as far as possible from being an eloquent speaker, no man ever threw his whole soul more visibly and movingly into his delivery; and the solemnity, impressiveness, and earnestness of his utterance and manner rendered him second to none as an efficient pulpit orator. But with these necessary qualifications, few volumes of sermons can constitute a more valuable portion of our religious literature than this. They are sound in doctrine, forcible in appeal, full of fervor and of tenderness, of reverence for revealed truth, and of the incontestible

marks of its power over the preacher's own spirit. We have room but for a single extract, and that shall be from the closing part of the sermon entitled Religion and Philosophy.

"The question arises, What is the province of philosophical investigation in respect to Christianity? Certainly it is to look into the nature of the truths which it reveals, that we may learn their adaptation to our nature. As soon as they were first revealed, they were known; but the wonderful manner in which they were suited to our wants and feelings, — to every man's wants and feelings, — the manner in which they were suited to the benefit and improvement of the human race, — could not be at once understood. This was a thing to be studied. Experience threw light upon it; observation threw light upon it; philosophical investigation may throw yet more light upon it, because mankind are constantly passing into new circumstances and conditions, and the beauty and power of holiness are displayed with new glory. Many a direction there is which is constantly unfolding itself more and more to human eyes. 'Overcome evil with good,' for example, — who could have foreseen, even a century ago, what wonders it would work in prisons, — how it would reform the whole process of education, — how widely and successfully it would be applied? This is what is meant by the light which is continually breaking from the word of God. Its truths do not unfold themselves to unobservant eyes; the more they are studied and pondered, the more do they disclose for the improvement and blessing of man. Here is the province for philosophy, — not to sit in judgment on the doings of the Most High, but its field is the spiritual world; all its researches there will result in some new discoveries of Divine power and love. Exhausted it never can be. Science has not yet travelled over a thousandth part of the wonders of the visible world, and the moral and spiritual world — so much higher and more extended — cannot be entirely explored so long as eternity endures.

"Why is it, then, that philosophy has so often become vain and deceitful when applied to subjects like this? It is because a heathen philosophy is applied to Christian truth, which is like using a foot-rule to measure distances in the sky. It is because men undertake to investigate without Christ what they never could have known any thing of without him. Under these circumstances, it can go but little way; it stops at the outside. It can see nothing more than a personification of the laws of nature in Him who is above all, and through all, and in all. It can see nothing more than an ordinary man in Him who spake as never man spake, and who was what never man was. It can see nothing more than a continued mortal life in the existence be-

yond the grave. And how is it possible to understand, or hope to understand, the truths which our Saviour has revealed, if we try to search out, with our inch of candle, what it takes all the blaze of the Sun of righteousness to make clear to human eyes?

"The truth is, that Christ is the Master and the end of all true philosophy; the highest and happiest object it can propose to itself is to lead men to him for instruction, to confirm his authority, and to establish his empire in the hearts of men. If in the unhappy confusion of controversy he has lost any thing of our reverence, — if he whose right it is to reign, and whose kingdom is within, has been dethroned from his true place in our veneration and love, — we are not the persons by whom the light of God's word is to be drawn forth and set before the eyes of men. Whoever sincerely desires to know the truth will look for it as it is in Jesus Christ, will hang on his lips, will treasure his every word. His authority in the balance will weigh all other down. As for human authority, let it be regarded according to its claims to reverence; as for human claims, man may sift them as he will, for these are in his reach; among these he may hope to discern the false from the true. But if he treats Him whom God has sanctified and sent into the world merely as a human being, and deals with his disclosures as freely as if they were human things, he does not see things as they are, — he is not in the way to understand them; the very principle with which he begins, the first steps in his inquiry, show that they will be for ever hidden from his eyes.

"We often hear the present spoken of as the age of philosophy. It is an age of restlessness, an age of change, an age of action; but to call it an age of philosophy — that is, of calm, deliberate inquiry after truth — is doing it an honor which it does not yet deserve. An age when innovation is regarded as the same with reform, — an age when zeal often becomes mad passion, and indifference often passes for liberality, — an age when philanthropy is so apt to grow savage, and benevolence proves its love for some of the human race by the intenseness of its hatred to others, — an age in which the things of God are no more respected than the things of Cæsar, — is not an age of philosophy, of calm, sound, and healthy investigation, whatever else it may be. No doubt, its result will be good. The waters may give out their virtues when they are troubled, but it is not the time to analyze them to discover the sources of their healing virtue. It is an age which signifies "the removing of those things that are shaken;" the time is come for perishable things to perish, and the world must let them go. But "those things that cannot be shaken" will remain, and of all things the firmest and most unshaken is the Rock of Ages. The floods may come and the

storms beat against it, but the Rock and all that is built thereon shall endure."

We are earnestly desirous that a collection of Dr. Peabody's literary and miscellaneous writings should be sent through the press, and feel well convinced that such a publication will not only gratify his numerous personal friends, but will win for him the reputation of one of the first essayists and critics of his country and generation, perhaps without an equal in the versatility of his pen, and in his uniformly successful handling of the most widely diverse subjects.

We feel that our hasty tribute to these saintly brothers has been inadequate to make them known to those to whom their names are unfamiliar. But they may serve to suggest still richer remembrances of them to some of our readers, and at least will transmit with our pages some faint record of two of our most frequent and valued contributors, — men who consecrated the noblest endowments and ripest attainments of intellect to the cause of truth, progress, humanity, and religion.

Art. VIII. — 1. *The California and Oregon Trail; being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life.* By Francis Parkman, Jr. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 448.

2. *What I saw in California; being the Journal of a Tour, by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the Years* 1846 – 7. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of San Francisco. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 455.

3. *The Works of* Washington Irving; a New Edition, revised. Vol. VIII. *Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.* Vol. IX. *The Crayon Miscellany: a Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford, Newstead Abbey.* New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo.

The two volumes last enumerated on our list need no

introduction to readers on either side of the Atlantic. There are few places in the world, we hope, and certainly none in which the English tongue is spoken, where the works of the most delightful writer of English prose now living are not known and admired. The grotesque waggery, the constant straining after effect, and the exaggerated sentimentality which are now most in vogue, have not thrown entirely into the shade the ease, grace, and liveliness, the quiet humor and finished elegance of one who unites the finest qualities of Addison and Goldsmith, without the frequent languor of the one or the shallow judgment of the other. There is some comfort in the reflection, that the age which has more than tolerated the wild caprices and fantastic foolery of Carlyle, and almost worshipped the exaggerations of Dickens, has not lost its relish for the unostentatious and inimitable graces, the fine taste and warm imagination of Irving.

We notice "Astoria" and the "Tour on the Prairies" now, only on account of their connection with our subject, and to commend the taste and enterprise of the publisher, who has given to the reading world, what has long been wanted, a neat and uniform edition of all the writings of Mr. Irving, at a price which ought to obtain for them a wide circulation. These two works, which have all the pleasing characteristics of the author's style, appear very seasonably in a new edition just at a time when the tide of emigration over the prairies of the far West to the shores of the Pacific, after it had slackened for a year or two, because Oregon had at last been discovered to be not the most desirable region for a habitation on the face of the earth, has just set again with more force than ever, on account of the discovery of the California gold mines. To the same cause may be attributed in part the favorable reception of the volumes by Mr. Parkman and Mr. Bryant. Guide books are wanted over the barren steppes and lofty mountains which still separate us from the newly found and newly conquered El dorado of the West. Neither of these travellers, indeed, went out in search of gold. But they followed the *trail* which leads to the American Ophir; they describe the objects which are seen on the way, and give no faint picture of the difficulties and dangers which obstruct the overland route to the mines. And if all accounts may be trusted, those who have gone

"round the Horn," or across the isthmus, also find to their cost, that the way to the place where riches may be got is about as hard as the way to get rich at home.

Mr. Parkman, indeed, hardly went within a thousand miles of the inhabited part of California, and the addition of the name of that country to the title of his book was merely a publisher's trick, in which he had no share, to catch unwary purchasers. He went out upon the prairies, in the summer of 1846, only "with a view of studying the manners and character of the Indians;" and having returned with a budget of valuable observations and entertaining stories of his own adventures, he published them first in the Knickerbocker magazine, where they were received with so much favor as to justify a republication of them in a separate volume. And their popularity was well deserved, for since the publication of Mr. Irving's Tour, we have seen no more pleasing and truthful sketches than these of buffalo hunting, camping out, encounters with the Indians, and the other incidents which usually lend variety and interest to a journey to the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Parkman writes with much vivacity and good taste, and his story has all the air of truth with the attractiveness of fiction. It has a moral interest, also, from the fortitude and strength of mind shown by the author under very trying circumstances; for he was attacked by a tedious and wasting disease when far out in the wilderness, exposed to many privations and hardships, with only Indians and half-breeds around him, who, it seemed probable for several weeks, would soon be obliged to prepare his grave. His situation was one to tax all the energies of a man in the prime of life and the full enjoyment of his strength; and he was but a youth of gentle nurture and delicate habits, who had but recently left college, and was now completely prostrated by illness. Few would be able to bear up with a stout heart under such depressing circumstances, to choose with a clear judgment the best course to be adopted, and to act upon it with decision and energy; and in no position, we may add, are such high traits of character more likely to be developed than amid the various casualties of the traveller's progress over our great western desert.

Mr. Bryant's book is one of very inferior merit, and probably would never have seen the light — certainly it

would not have passed to the honors of a third edition — but for the sudden demand for information created by the California gold fever. It is a plain and jejune narrative, in the form of a journal, of what the writer saw and did, in little more than a year, while journeying across the continent, residing in California, and serving in the very motley array under Col. Fremont, which crushed the last effort of the Mexicans to regain possession of that country. What motive the writer had for undertaking this long excursion, as he returned to the banks of the Mississippi after an absence of about sixteen months, we are left to conjecture. He did not go to study the Indians, as Mr. Parkman did, nor for the pleasure of hunting buffaloes on the prairies and regaining his health, like Mr. Parkman's companion. It does not appear that he was in search of a new home, for he returned soon, and does not seem to have carried his household gods along with him. Probably he went with a vague notion of spying out the land, and seeking his fortune, intending to remain if he could find an eligible position there; but if not, to return after he had satisfied his curiosity. Like most of his fellow travellers, he might have found it difficult to explain even to himself the motives for his journey. A restless disposition, an incurable craving for a new home somewhere farther in the wilderness, though there be no imaginable reason for quitting the old one, is one of the most peculiar and striking traits in our national character. Washington Irving remarked, a quarter of a century ago, that a Yankee's wish "to establish himself in life" meant nothing more than "to begin his travels." He is never, as the phrase goes, "well to do in the world" till he is able to ramble about in it; till he can make a fresh *clearing* in the forest, and build himself a new log hut some five hundred or a thousand miles distant from his old one, at least as often as once in ten years.

The town of Independence, Missouri, is the usual point of departure for the numerous caravans which set off in quick succession every May and June for their long trip over the prairies. Immense wagons, drawn by oxen or mules, contain the stores and other property of the band, a portion of whom, armed with pistols and rifles, make the journey on horseback and keep on the watch for game and Indians. The latter are never formidable to a party of half a dozen whites,

except from their expertness as thieves; for they will sometimes continue to steal every quadruped belonging to the troop, by exciting an alarm among them as they are grazing at night, when the frightened horses, oxen, and mules, dash off in all directions over the wide waste, and the savages know much better than their owners how to overtake them. To avoid this danger, when there is reason to suspect that Indians are near, instead of simply "hobbling" the animals, or fettering their fore legs, and leaving them to graze in the neighborhood of the camp, a "corral" is formed, by stationing all the wagons so as to form a ring, and the brutes are kept within this enclosure. A journey performed with oxen is necessarily a slow one; and even those who go with horses alone, as they are obliged to carry heavy stores, and grass and water are not always easy to be found, cannot move very quickly. From three to six months pass before the weary travellers behold the shores of the Pacific. The first part of the trip is comparatively easy; by following the course of the Platte, the Arkansas, or some of their tributaries, there is not much danger of losing the way, and the party are sure of water and pasturage. If the animals are not tired out, or stolen by the Indians, and if the hunters can find deer and buffaloes enough for food, the emigrants may reach Fremont's pass over the Rocky Mountains without much difficulty. Heavy wagons cross at this point with ease, the ascent being so gradual that it can hardly be perceived.

But far the worst portion of the route still remains to the weary emigrant; with diminished stores and tired animals, he has yet a journey of more than a thousand miles to make to the inhabited part either of Oregon or California. The country to be traversed is either an arid and sterile plain, or a succession of rugged defiles and dangerous mountain passages, where hardly any game can be found, and along which even the mounted traveller can scarcely make his way, while for wagons they seem utterly impracticable. Weary and hungry, the emigrant yet stumbles on, for it is death to stop. One animal after another gives out, or is slaughtered for food; horse-flesh becomes a dainty, and is weighed out with a sparing hand. One wagon after another is abandoned, and laden with a worn rifle and a heavy pack, or leading a single exhausted horse or mule, the unfortunate wanderer still limps

forward. The last and severest trial which he has to encounter is the passage over the Blue Mountains and the Cascade range into the habitable part of Oregon, or over the Sierra Nevada into that of California. The frightful sufferings of Colonel Fremont's party in his last crossing of the Sierra are still fresh in the memory of his readers; a third part of their number perished, and the wretched survivors were driven to feed upon the bodies of their companions.

But the fate of a large portion of the emigrant band with which Mr. Bryant started in 1846 was quite as terrible. A small party, with whom was Mr. Bryant, pushed on in advance of the wagons, and arrived in safety, though they suffered great hardships by the way. Of those who remained with the teams, the company that turned off into Oregon missed their way among the mountains, lost all their cattle and baggage, and were on the point of perishing when they were rescued by an expedition sent out to meet them, with horses and provisions, by the inhabitants of the Willamette valley. The Californian emigrants were still more unfortunate. The hardships of the route delayed them so long, that they did not reach the Sierra Nevada till a month after the proper time for crossing. Six months had passed in their toilsome journey; yet they had only arrived at the eastern base of the mountains, the snow had begun to fall, and the hearts of the stoutest among them failed when they thought of the terrors of the passage. But advance they must; to remain on the eastern side was to starve. Unfortunately, all the women and children of the party as it was first constituted were with them, as these had naturally remained with the wagons, and only the men without families had gone in advance. We have no heart to give the particulars of what they endured on the mountains. Thirty-five persons perished of cold and starvation, and about an equal number, after they had suffered worse than death, and fed on human flesh, were rescued by a party sent out for them from Suter's fort. Let those who are meditating a removal across the continent to Oregon or California, instead of studying only the first half of their route, which is a mere holiday excursion, think of the western half of the journey. It is only when they have passed the Rocky Mountains that their serious difficulties begin.

The great number of emigrants who assembled at Independence in the spring of 1846, were drawn thither by the absurdly exaggerated stories respecting the beauty and fertility of the Oregon territory, which were circulated by braggadocio politicians and mendacious newspapers, for obvious purposes, while the Oregon question was still pending between us and England. That controversy was at last happily adjusted, and when the country became indisputably our own, we heard no more of its immense importance for purposes of commerce and agriculture; the emigration thither was immediately checked, and has now almost wholly stopped. Unluckily, gold has been discovered in the region lying south of it, gold in such abundance as the alchemist never dreamed of; and thousands are again congregated at Independence, or are slowly wending their way over the prairies, to face the terrors of that mountain passage in the hope of finding untold wealth beyond. In all probability, the next autumn will bring us another fearful story of suffering and death on the Sierra Nevada. The infatuation of these persons, it is true, affords no special cause for wonder; the *auri sacra fames*, in every age of the world, has driven men to acts of the greatest desperation and folly. The prospect of obtaining wealth without work, — though, by the by, it is work of the hardest kind to sift sand and mud for minute scales of gold, — will draw multitudes at any time to the Ural mountains, the deadly coast of Africa, or the snowy peaks of the Sierra, though hunger, cold, and pestilence obstruct the way.

But what Will-o'-the-wisp allured the emigrants over our great western desert before an ounce of gold was found on the banks of the Sacramento? Certainly, not the hope of finding abundance of fertile land, which could be had at a trifling price. This could be found much nearer home. No swaggering politician, drunk with desire of a war with England, ever pretended that Oregon equalled the Mississippi valley in attractiveness and fertility; and not a quarter part of this magnificent valley is yet peopled; it does not yet contain a tithe of the population that it is capable of supporting. In nearly every State that is watered by the tributary streams of the great Father of rivers, excellent land can still be had at the government price, which is but a dollar and a quarter an acre, and long credit is given for that. A hundred acres

could be obtained for less than the cost of one man's journey from Missouri to Oregon. If the settler be very poor, he can "squat" on the finest spot of government land that he can find, cut down the trees, build his log hut, raise wheat and pigs, and pay only two hundred dollars for one hundred and sixty acres of land, after he has realized ten times that sum from the land itself. In Iowa and Wisconsin, in the new territory of Minesota, he will find abundance of the best land for wheat in the world, which he can appropriate in this easy fashion. Nay, on the very road to Oregon and California, beyond the present limit of our settlements, beyond the western line of Missouri, but on this side of the proper desert prairie of the interior, there is a broad belt of undulating fertile country, not an acre of which is yet appropriated, though it is capable of yielding in profusion all the agricultural products of our Middle States. Mr. Bryant says of this tract, that it "appears to be the most desirable, in an agricultural point of view, of any which I have ever seen. It possesses such natural wealth and beauties, that at some future day it will be the Eden of America." Why, then, did Mr. Bryant go to California? We need not ask, why he came back again, before he had lived a year in the country, as the gold mines then had not been discovered.

Mr. Parkman, a far more trustworthy observer, thus speaks of this intervening tract between the frontier settlements and the arid waste beyond.

"Should any one of my readers ever be impelled to visit the prairies, and should he choose the route of the Platte, (the best, perhaps, that can be adopted,) I can assure him that he need not think to enter at once upon the paradise of his imagination. A dreary preliminary, protracted crossing of the threshold, awaits him before he finds himself fairly upon the verge of the 'great American desert,'—those barren wastes, the haunts of the buffalo and the Indian, where the very shadow of civilization lies a hundred leagues behind him. The intervening country, the wide and fertile belt that extends for several hundred miles beyond the extreme frontier, will probably answer tolerably well to his preconceived ideas of the prairie; for this it is from which picturesque tourists, painters, poets, and novelists, who have seldom penetrated farther, have derived their conceptions of the whole region. If he has a painter's eye, he may find his period of probation not wholly void of interest. The scenery, though tame, is

graceful and pleasing. Here are level plains, too wide for the eye to measure; green undulations, like motionless swells of the ocean; abundance of streams, followed through all their windings by lines of woods and scattered groves. But let him be as enthusiastic as he may, he will find enough to damp his ardor. His wagons will stick in the mud; his horses will break loose; harness will give way, and axle-trees prove unsound. His bed will be a soft one, consisting often of black mud, of the richest consistency. As for food, he must content himself with biscuit and salt provisions; for strange as it may seem, this tract of country produces very little game. As he advances, indeed, he will see, mouldering in the grass by his path, the vast antlers of the elk, and farther on, the whitened skulls of the buffalo, once swarming over this now deserted region."

The deer and the buffalo have indeed fled from this fair country, scared by the frequent visits of the hunter, and by the annual swarm of emigrants, who notice the fertility of the soil only because their wagon wheels often sink deep into the rich black earth. It is the true migrating spirit which urges them onward, the restless mind that loathes the unexciting routine of daily labor amid the familiar scenes of childhood, and measures the attractiveness of an untried country by the length and hardships of the journey to its borders. This want of local attachments, this insatiable thirst for wandering and adventure, is, we fear, the most striking trait in the character of the whole population of the Mississippi valley. Their homes even in that fair region are but homes of yesterday; they had only pitched their camps on the banks of the Ohio and the Wabash, while on their way to the Sacramento and the Columbia. The truant disposition which carried them over the Alleghanies, hurries them onward to the Rocky Mountains. We do not go so far as an eminent thinker of our own day, who has expressed in eloquent language his fears, lest these constant migrations should lead our countrymen back to barbarism; but it is certain that the "pioneers of civilization," as they have been fondly called, leave laws, education, and the arts, all the essential elements of civilization, behind them.

But our business as reviewers lies with Mr. Parkman and Mr. Bryant, whom we have not forgotten, whatever our readers may think, though the first chapters of their book, describing the annual congregation of emigrants at Independ-

ence, have led us into preaching this long sermon about the evils of wandering from home. The caravan with which Mr. Bryant set out, to which several other detachments afterwards united themselves, while others left it, comprised two hundred and eighty-eight persons, of whom fifty-nine were women, and one hundred and ten were children. They had sixty-three wagons, and about seven hundred horses, mules, oxen, and cows. So great an event as the departure of this large company from Missouri could not take place, of course, without what the newspapers call "appropriate ceremonies." These were performed with due solemnity and precision, after the established American custom, the affair being conducted by the freemasons, in order that the peculiar costume of that fraternity might heighten the effect. A procession was formed, an "eloquent address" was delivered, which was "responded to in suitable and eloquent terms," on behalf of the emigrants, by *Colonel* Waul and *Colonel* Russell, and a hymn, written for the occasion, "was sung with much feeling by the whole audience to the tune of *Old Rosin the Bow!*" The address was very good and appropriate, though Mr. Bryant seems to think that it was "rather overstrained in pathos;" which we can well believe, as we are told that the orator, in his very striking peroration, "consigned them all to the grave or to perpetual exile." The "lady-masons," as our author felicitously calls them, joined in the procession, and showed most feeling during the exercises; "some of them wept, and manifested strong emotion." Poor souls! The slightest foreboding of the terrible scenes which awaited them in the rugged gorges of the Sierra Nevada would have caused the stoutest heart in that assembly to thrill with horror. The farewell rites ended with an affecting prayer and benediction, and the doomed caravan was then ready to pass on.

The whole number of emigrants on the road that season, for Oregon or California, was estimated by Mr. Bryant at three thousand. In his own party were a man and wife, originally from Virginia, who were respectively seventy-five and seventy years of age; they were accompanied by their four sons and a son-in-law with his wife. The old folks, we are told, seemed as resolute as the youngest of their family, and were as confident of reaching the shores of the Pacific;

"the husband realized this expectation, the wife did not." A few days after they started, a pair of twins were born to one family in their number; and after only one day's delay, the mother rode on with the others. They had hardly begun their journey, before they received positive information that war had broken out between Mexico and the United States; and though they could not tell how this event would affect them on their arrival in California, we learn that "no one was in the least disposed to turn back in consequence of it." During the first few weeks of their journey, several deaths took place; the dead were buried with appropriate religious services, nearly all the members of the party being in attendance, and then the survivors "moved on." They met several small parties returning from the land of promise to which their own steps were directed, and uniformly received from them doleful intelligence of what they had to expect. One man, an American trader from New Mexico, informed Mr. Bryant, "that the journey to Santa Fé and Chihuahua was one of great fatigue and hardship, as he knew, but that the journey to California was infinitely more so; that our lives would be shortened ten years by the trip, and before we returned, if we experienced such good fortune, our heads would be white, not with the frosts of age, but from the effects of exposure and extreme hardships." This, as our traveller observes, "was not very cheering information;" but in the expressive phrase of Scripture, their faces were set to go, and not one turned back.

When they had gone a thousand miles farther on their dreary journey, and reached Fort Laramie, they were met by another band of emigrants returning from California, and received from them still more gloomy accounts. One man told them that "he had resided in that country four years, during which time not a drop of rain had fallen; that no crops had been raised; that vegetation had perished; and that the population there must necessarily perish for want of food." He stated, moreover, that the people were as bad as the soil and the climate, every man among them being "as thoroughly steeped in villany as the most hardened graduate of the penitentiary." This, certainly, was a highly colored report, and the author of it was suspected to be not much better than the people whom he described. He was observed to be making

himself very busy among the emigrants, and it was feared that some of them "were credulous enough to believe him." But as Mr. Bryant sagaciously observes, "it was easy to perceive that he had a motive for his conduct more powerful than his regard for truth." He does not seem, however, to have had any great success in accomplishing his wicked purposes; for not one of the party was frightened by him into a determination to relinquish the project and return to the settlements.

A large party could not perform a journey of so great length without witnessing many of the incidents and casualties which diversify also the more quiet experience of home, though they become much more formidable in the midst of a great desert, where rest and other means of relief cannot be had. Sickness and accidents were frequent even before they reached the more difficult portion of the route; and as there was no physician in the company, cases which seemed slight at first soon assumed a grave aspect. Mr. Bryant, who had some slight knowledge of anatomy and disease, was usually called in on these occasions, and seems really to have acted with great discretion, carefully informing his patients in all cases, that he was no doctor, but only a good Samaritan. He even apologizes for taking upon himself this modest character: — "by using this phrase, I would not be understood as assuming to myself the merits and virtues of the individual who, under that name, has been rendered forever memorable and illustrious for his humanity." The most distressing case that he witnessed was that of a poor boy, only eight or nine years of age, whose leg had been crushed by falling under the wheels of a wagon. When Mr. Bryant first saw him, nine days having elapsed since the accident, the limb had gangrened, and he saw that death must soon ensue. The agonized mother besought him to amputate the wounded leg; but as he had no implements and no knowledge of surgery, he very properly refused. A conceited Canadian, who was present, and had no foolish scruples, then volunteered to perform the operation with such rude tools as could be had; and as might have been expected, he very soon relieved the patient from all suffering. In the course of the same day, Mr. Bryant visited several other sufferers, to some of whom he could only say that their hours were numbered. In the

evening, he was invited to attend a wedding, which was to take place in one of the tents. The name of the bridegroom is not mentioned, but "the bride was a Miss Lard, who, I doubt not, will be the ancestress of future statesmen and heroes on the shores of the Pacific." The ceremony was duly performed by a clergyman, and cake was handed round; but "there was no music or dancing on the occasion."

"After we left the bridal tent, in looking across the plain, I could see from the light of the torches and lanterns the funeral procession that was conveying the corpse of the little boy whom I saw expire, to his last resting place in this desolate wilderness. The faint glimmer of these lights, with a knowledge of the melancholy duties which those carrying them were performing, produced sensations of sadness and depression. While surveying this mournful funeral scene, a man arrived from another encampment about a mile and a half distant, and informed me that the wife of one of the emigrants had just been safely delivered of a son, and that there was, in consequence of this event, great rejoicing. I could not but reflect upon the singular concurrence of the events of this day. A death and funeral, a wedding and a birth, had occurred in this wilderness, within a diameter of two miles, and within two hours' time; and to-morrow, the places where these events had taken place, would be deserted and unmarked, except by the grave of the unfortunate boy."

But we have gleaned enough from Mr. Bryant's book to give our readers some idea of the life that the emigrants lead on the prairie; and we turn to Mr. Parkman's more attractive volume to see how the same theatre of action appears under another aspect, when visited for no graver purpose than that of hunting buffaloes and studying the Indians. Our notice of the book must be brief, however, as its contents have previously appeared in a periodical publication. As Mr. Parkman and his friend, even after they had engaged a hunter to guide them, and a muleteer who was to act also as cook, formed too small a party to encounter the risks of an excursion on the prairies alone, and the idea of travelling with a great caravan of emigrants was not agreeable, they joined forces for a time with three Englishmen, whom they happened to meet at Independence, and who had nearly the same objects in view with themselves. A party about twelve in number was thus constituted, and two light carts drawn by mules contained their provisions and camp equipage. The

attendants were all of that class, mostly Frenchmen or half-breeds, who pass their lives upon the prairie, employed either as hunters, muleteers, or boatmen, by the fur and trading companies. The character of these men, and of the three principals, who had crossed the Atlantic for the sake of a hunting excursion on the prairies, is sketched by Mr. Parkman with much vivacity and humor. The trio consisted of a retired captain from the British army, his brother Jack, who was an Irishman and an amateur sailor, and who had about as much will of his own as younger brothers in England usually have, and a pragmatical and domineering Englishman, who had saddled himself upon them, like the old man of the sea upon Sinbad's shoulders, apparently for the mere pleasure of directing all their movements and riding them to death. The worthy Captain, good-natured and indolent, could not rouse himself enough to shake off this incubus, though he was perpetually leading them into scrapes and defeating all their projects; and brother Jack, of course, had nothing to say, so long as his patron was contented. But as the two Americans did not choose to be guided by such a dictatorial marplot, they concluded, after the trial of a week or two in travelling together, to part company.

Mr. Parkman's chief object, as we have said, was to study the character and manners of the Indians who had been least contaminated by intercourse with the whites. He says little, therefore, of the straggling savages whom he met while still near the settlements; for most of them were feeble and besotted wretches, who retained only the worst characteristics of their race. But near Fort Laramie he encountered several bands of the Dahcotahs, who still showed some of the nobler traits of the true children of the desert. With a quick perception of their peculiarities, and much tact in adapting himself to their humor, he seems to have gained their confidence and good will; and his sketches of them, being drawn from abundant opportunities for observation, appear as faithful as they are entertaining. He has resisted the common propensity to exaggeration in describing either the bright or the dark traits of the Indian character; and there is no reason to believe, that his picture of them is darkened either by alarm or prejudice. He was for weeks an inmate of one of their villages, with no other white com-

panions than two stupid Canadians. He studied their language, made himself at home in their lodges, accompanied them in their hunting excursions, and took an active share in their other labors and amusements. The most striking scenes of Indian life thus came under his observation, and he describes them with much graphic effect, and singular spirit and beauty of language.

We must be sparing of quotations for the reason already given; but to a portion of our readers the book may still be a novelty, and others may not be unwilling to read again some of its more striking passages. The following is the first glimpse that the travellers obtained of an Indian encampment: —

"At noon, we reached Horse Creek; and as we waded through the shallow water, we saw a wild and striking scene. The main body of the Indians had arrived before us. On the farther bank, stood a large and strong man, nearly naked, holding a white horse by a long cord, and eyeing us as we approached. This was the chief, whom Henry called 'Old Smoke.' Just behind him, his youngest and favorite squaw sat astride of a fine mule: it was covered with caparisons of whitened skins, garnished with blue and white beads, and fringed with little ornaments of metal that tinkled with every movement of the animal. The girl had a light clear complexion, enlivened by a spot of vermilion on each cheek; she smiled, not to say grinned, upon us, showing two gleaming rows of white teeth. In her hand, she carried the tall lance of her unchivalrous lord, fluttering with feathers; his round white shield hung at the side of her mule; and his pipe was slung at her back. Her dress was a tunic of deer-skin, made beautifully white by means of a species of clay found on the prairie, and ornamented with beads, arrayed in figures more gay than tasteful, and with long fringes at all the seams. Not far from the chief, stood a group of stately figures, their white buffalo robes thrown over their shoulders, gazing coldly upon us; and in the rear, for several acres, the ground was covered with a temporary encampment; men, women, and children swarmed like bees; hundreds of dogs, of all sizes and colors, ran restlessly about; and close at hand, the wide shallow stream was alive with boys, girls, and young squaws, splashing, screaming, and laughing in the water. At the same time a long train of emigrant wagons were crossing the creek, and dragging on in their slow, heavy procession, passed the encampment of the people whom they and their descendants, in the space of a century, are to sweep from the face of the earth.

"The encampment itself was a mere temporary one during the heat of the day. None of the lodges were erected; but their heavy leather coverings, and the long poles used to support them, were scattered everywhere around, among weapons, domestic utensils, and the rude harness of mules and horses. The squaws of each lazy warrior had made him a shelter from the sun, by stretching a few buffalo-robes, or the corner of a lodge-covering upon poles; and here he sat in the shade, with a favorite young squaw, perhaps, at his side, glittering with all imaginable trinkets. Before him stood the insignia of his rank, as a warrior, his white shield of bull-hide, his medicine bag, his bow and quiver, his lance and his pipe, raised aloft on a tripod of three poles. Except the dogs, the most active and noisy tenants of the camp were the old women, ugly as Macbeth's witches, with their hair streaming loose in the wind, and nothing but the tattered fragment of an old buffalo-robe to hide their shrivelled wiry limbs. The day of their favoritism passed two generations ago; now the heaviest labors of the camp devolved upon them; they were to harness the horses, pitch the lodges, dress the buffalo-robes, and bring in meat for the hunters. With the cracked voices of these hags, the clamor of dogs, the shouting and laughing of children and girls, and the listless tranquillity of the warriors, the whole scene had an effect too lively and picturesque ever to be forgotten.

"We stopped not far from the Indian camp, and having invited some of the chiefs and warriors to dinner, placed before them a sumptuous repast of biscuit and coffee. Squatted in a half circle on the ground, they soon disposed of it. As we rode forward on the afternoon journey, several of our late guests accompanied us. Among the rest was a huge bloated savage, of more than three hundred pounds weight, christened *Le Cochon*, in consideration of his preposterous dimensions, and certain corresponding traits of his character. 'The Hog' bestrode a little white pony, scarce able to bear up under the enormous burden, though, by way of keeping up the necessary stimulus, the rider kept both feet in constant motion, playing alternately against his ribs. The old man was not a chief; he never had ambition enough to become one; he was not a warrior nor a hunter, for he was too fat and lazy; but he was the richest man in the whole village. Riches among the Dahcotahs consist in horses, and of these 'The Hog' had accumulated more than thirty. He had already ten times as many as he wanted, yet still his appetite for horses was insatiable. Trotting up to me, he shook me by the hand, and gave me to understand that he was a very devoted friend; and then he began a series of most earnest signs and gesticula-

tions, his oily countenance radiant with smiles, and his little eyes peeping out with a cunning twinkle from between the masses of flesh that almost obscured them. Knowing nothing at that time of the sign-language of the Indians, I could only guess at his meaning. So I called on Henry to explain it.

"'The Hog,' it seems, was anxious to conclude a matrimonial bargain. He said he had a very pretty daughter in his lodge, whom he would give me, if I would give him my horse. These flattering overtures I chose to reject; at which 'The Hog,' still laughing with undiminished good humor, gathered his robe about his shoulders, and rode away."

We borrow next a picture of an Indian camp scene, drawn after the writer had been for some time domesticated among the savages: —

"All was quiet in the village. Though the hunters had not gone out that day, they lay sleeping in their lodges, and most of the women were silently engaged in their heavy tasks. A few young men were playing at a lazy game of ball in the centre of the village; and when they became tired, some girls supplied their place with a more boisterous sport. At a little distance, among the lodges, some children and half-grown squaws were playfully tossing up one of their number in a buffalo-robe, an exact counterpart of the ancient pastime from which Sancho Panza suffered so much. Farther out on the prairie, a host of little naked boys were roaming about, engaged in various rough games, or pursuing birds and ground-squirrels with their bows and arrows; and woe to the unhappy little animals that fell into their merciless, torture-loving hands! A squaw from the next lodge, a notable active housewife, named Weah Washtay, or the Good Woman, brought us a large bowl of *Wasna*, and went into an ecstacy of delight when I presented her with a green glass ring, such as I usually wore with a view to similar occasions.

"The sun went down, and half the sky was glowing fiery red, reflected on the little stream as it wound away among the sage-bushes. Some young men left the village, and soon returned, driving in before them all the horses, hundreds in number, and of every size, age, and color. The hunters came out, and each securing those that belonged to him, examined their condition, and tied them fast by long cords to stakes driven in front of his lodge. It was half an hour before the bustle subsided and tranquillity was restored again. By this time it was nearly dark. Kettles were hung over the blazing fires, around which the squaws were gathered with their children, laughing and talking merrily. A circle of a different kind was formed in the centre

of the village. This was composed of the old men and warriors of repute, who with their white buffalo-robes drawn close around their shoulders, sat together, and as the pipe passed from hand to hand, their conversation had not a particle of the gravity and reserve usually ascribed to Indians. I sat down with them as usual. I had in my hand half a dozen squibs and serpents, which I had made one day when encamped upon Laramie Creek, out of gunpowder and charcoal, and the leaves of 'Fremont's expedition,' rolled round a stout lead pencil. I waited till I contrived to get hold of the large piece of burning *bois-de-vache* which the Indians kept by them on the ground for lighting their pipes. With this I lighted all the fireworks at once, and tossed them whizzing and sputtering into the air, over the heads of the company. They all jumped up and ran off with yelps of astonishment and consternation. After a moment or two, they ventured to come back one by one, and some of the boldest, picking up the cases of burnt paper that were scattered about, examined them with eager curiosity to discover their mysterious secret. From that time forward I enjoyed great repute as a 'fire-medicine.'

"The camp was filled with the low hum of cheerful voices. There were other sounds, however, of a very different kind, for from a large lodge, lighted up like a gigantic lantern by the blazing fire within, came a chorus of dismal cries and wailings, long drawn out, like the howling of wolves, and a woman, almost naked, was crouching close outside, crying violently, and gashing her legs with a knife till they were covered with blood. Just a year before, a young man belonging to this family had gone out with a war-party and had been slain by the enemy, and his relatives were thus lamenting his loss. Still other sounds might be heard; loud earnest cries often repeated from amid the gloom, at a distance beyond the village. They proceeded from some young men who, being about to set out in a few days on a war-like expedition, were standing at the top of a hill, calling on the Great Spirit to aid them in their enterprise."

We have room but for one other extract relating to the Indians, and it shall be this amusing sketch of Dr. Shaw's medical practice among them: —

"But to glance at the interior of a lodge. Shaw and I used often to visit them. Indeed we spent most of our evenings in the Indian village; Shaw's assumption of the medical character giving us a fair pretext. As a sample of the rest I will describe one of these visits. The sun had just set, and the horses were driven into the *corral*. The Prairie Cock, a noted beau, came in at the gate with a bevy of young girls, with whom he began a

dance in the area, leading them round and round in a circle, while he jerked up from his chest a succession of monotonous sounds, to which they kept time in a rueful chant. Outside the gate, boys and young men were idly frolicking; and close by, looking grimly upon them, stood a warrior in his robe, with his face painted jet-black, in token that he had lately taken a Pawnee scalp. Passing these, the tall dark lodges rose between us and the red western sky. We repaired at once to the lodge of Old Smoke himself. It was by no means better than the others; indeed, it was rather shabby; for in this democratic community the chief never assumes superior state. Smoke sat cross-legged on a buffalo robe, and his grunt of salutation as we entered, was unusually cordial, out of respect no doubt to Shaw's medical character. Seated around the lodge were several squaws, and an abundance of children. The complaint of Shaw's patients was, for the most part, a severe inflammation of the eyes, occasioned by exposure to the sun, a species of disorder which he treated with some success. He had brought with him a homœopathic medicine-chest, and was, I presume, the first who introduced that harmless system of treatment among the Ogillallah. No sooner had a robe been spread at the head of the lodge for our accommodation, and we had seated ourselves upon it, than a patient made her appearance; the chief's daughter herself, who, to do her justice, was the best-looking girl in the village. Being on excellent terms with the physician, she placed herself readily under his hands, and submitted with a good grace to his applications, laughing in his face during the whole process, for a squaw hardly knows how to smile. This case dispatched, another of a different kind succeeded. A hideous, emaciated old woman sat in the darkest corner of the lodge rocking to and fro with pain, and hiding her eyes from the light by pressing the palms of both hands against her face. At Smoke's command, she came forward, very unwillingly, and exhibited a pair of eyes that had nearly disappeared from excess of inflammation. No sooner had the doctor fastened his gripe upon her, than she set up a dismal moaning, and writhed so in his grasp that he lost all patience, but being resolved to carry his point, he succeeded at last in applying his favorite remedies.

"'It is strange,' he said, when the operation was finished, 'that I forgot to bring any Spanish flies with me; we must have something here to answer for a counter-irritant!'

"So, in the absence of better, he seized upon a red-hot brand from the fire, and clapped it against the temple of the old squaw, who set up an unearthly howl, at which the rest of the family broke out into a laugh.

"During these medical operations, Smoke's eldest squaw entered the lodge, with a sort of stone mallet in her hand. I had observed some time before a litter of well-grown black puppies, comfortably nestled among some buffalo-robes at one side; but this new-comer speedily disturbed their enjoyment; for seizing one of them by the hind paw, she dragged him out, and carrying him to the entrance of the lodge, hammered him on the head till she killed him. Being quite conscious to what this preparation tended, I looked through a hole in the back of the lodge to see the next steps of the process. The squaw, holding the puppy by the legs, was swinging him to and fro through the blaze of a fire; until the hair was singed off. This done, she unsheathed her knife and cut him into small pieces, which she dropped into a kettle to boil. In a few moments a large wooden dish was set before us, filled with this delicate preparation. We felt conscious of the honor. A dog-feast is the greatest compliment a Dahcotah can offer to his guest; and knowing that to refuse eating would be an affront, we attacked the little dog, and devoured him before the eyes of his unconscious parent. Smoke in the meantime was preparing his great pipe. It was lighted when we had finished our repast, and we passed it from one to another till the bowl was empty. This done, we took our leave without farther ceremony."

While Mr. Parkman was at Fort Laramie, a party of the emigrants with whom Mr. Bryant had begun his journey arrived there; and those who have read only the latter's decorous and respectful account of them may be amused to see how they appeared to others, who were not interested in their undertaking. First, however, we catch a glimpse of the party when they were first overtaken by our young traveller.

"We were late in breaking up our camp on the following morning, and scarcely had we ridden a mile when we saw, far in advance of us, drawn against the horizon, a line of objects stretching at regular intervals along the level edge of the prairie. An intervening swell soon hid them from sight, until, ascending it a quarter of an hour after, we saw close before us the emigrant caravan, with its heavy white wagons creeping on in their slow procession, and a large drove of cattle following behind. Half a dozen yellow-visaged Missourians, mounted on horseback, were cursing and shouting among them; their lank angular proportions, enveloped in brown homespun, evidently cut and adjusted by the hands of a domestic female tailor. As we approached, they greeted us with the polished salutation: 'How are ye, boys? Are ye for Oregon or California?'

"As we pushed rapidly past the wagons, children's faces were thrust out from the white coverings to look at us; while the care-worn, thin-featured matron, or the buxom girl, seated in front, suspended the knitting on which most of them were engaged to stare at us with wondering curiosity. By the side of each wagon, stalked the proprietor, urging on his patient oxen, who shouldered heavily along, inch by inch, on their interminable journey. It was easy to see that fear and dissension prevailed among them; some of the men — but these, with one exception, were bachelors — looked wistfully upon us as we rode lightly and swiftly past, and then impatiently at their own lumbering wagons and heavy-gaited oxen. Others were unwilling to advance at all, until the party they had left behind should have rejoined them. Many were murmuring against the leader they had chosen, and wished to depose him; and this discontent was fomented by some ambitious spirits, who had hopes of succeeding in his place. The women were divided between regrets for the homes they had left and apprehension of the deserts and the savages before them.

"We soon left them far behind, and fondly hoped that we had taken a final leave; but unluckily our companions' wagon stuck so long in a deep muddy ditch, that before it was extricated the van of the emigrant caravan appeared again, descending a ridge close at hand. Wagon after wagon plunged through the mud; and as it was nearly noon, and the place promised shade and water, we saw with much gratification that they were resolved to encamp. Soon the wagons were wheeled into a circle; the cattle were grazing over the meadow, and the men, with sour, sullen faces, were looking about for wood and water. They seemed to meet with but indifferent success. As we left the ground, I saw a tall slouching fellow, with the nasal accent of 'down east,' contemplating the contents of his tin cup, which he had just filled with water.

"'Look here, you,' said he; 'it's chock full of animals!'

"The cup, as he held it out, exhibited in fact an extraordinary variety and profusion of animal and vegetable life."

And now comes the scene near Fort Laramie.

"Pushing through a noisy, drunken crowd, I entered an apartment of logs and mud, the largest in the fort: it was full of men of various races and complexions, all more or less drunk. A company of California emigrants, it seemed, had made the discovery at this late day that they had encumbered themselves with too many supplies for their journey. A part, therefore, they had thrown away or sold at great loss to the traders, but had determined to get rid of their very copious stock of Missouri whiskey,

by drinking it on the spot. Here were maudlin squaws stretched on piles of buffalo-robes; squalid Mexicans, armed with bows and arrows; Indians sedately drunk; long-haired Canadians and trappers, and American backwoodsmen in brown homespun; the well-beloved pistol and bowie-knife displayed openly at their sides. In the middle of the room a tall, lank man, with a dingy broadcloth coat, was haranguing the company in the style of the stump orator. With one hand he sawed the air, and with the other clutched firmly a brown jug of whiskey, which he applied every moment to his lips, forgetting that he had drained the contents long ago. Richard formally introduced me to this personage; who was no less a man than Colonel R——, once the leader of the party. Instantly the Colonel seizing me, in the absence of buttons, by the leather fringes of my frock, began to define his position. His men, he said, had mutinied and deposed him; but still he exercised over them the influence of a superior mind; in all but the name he was yet their chief. As the Colonel spoke, I looked round on the wild assemblage, and could not help thinking that he was but ill qualified to conduct such men across the deserts to California. Conspicuous among the rest stood three tall young men, grandsons of Daniel Boone. They had clearly inherited the adventurous character of that prince of pioneers; but I saw no signs of the quiet and tranquil spirit that so remarkably distinguished him.

"Fearful was the fate that months after overtook some of the members of that party. General Kearney, on his late return from California, brought in the account how they were interrupted by the deep snows among the mountains, and maddened by cold and hunger, fed upon each other's flesh!"

Art. IX. — *Kavanagh, a Tale.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1849. 12mo. pp. 188.

Time is figured with scythe, hour-glass, wallet, and slippery forelock. He is allegorized as the devourer of his own offspring. But there is yet one of his functions, and that not the least important, which wants its representative among his emblems. To complete his symbolical outfit, a sieve should be hung at his back. Busy as he must be at his mowing, he

has leisure on his hands, scents out the treacherous saltpetre in the columns of Thebes, and throws a handful of dust over Nineveh, that the mighty hunter Nimrod may not, wanting due rites of sepulture, wander, a terrible shadow, on this side the irrepassable river. A figurative personage, one would say, with quite enough to do already, without imposing any other duty upon him. Yet it is clear that he finds opportunity also thoroughly to sift men and their deeds, winnowing away with the untired motion of his wings, monuments, cities, empires, families, generations, races, as chaff.

We must go to the middle of a child's bunch of cherries to be sure of finding perfect fruit. The outer circles will show unripened halves, stabs of the robin's bill, and rain-cracks, so soon does the ambition of quantity deaden the nice conscience of quality. Indeed, with all of us, men as well as children, amount passes for something of intrinsic value. But Time is more choice, and makes his sieve only the coarser from age to age. One book, one man, one action, shall often be all of a generation busy with sword, pen, and trowel, that has not slipped irrevocably through the ever-widening meshes.

We are apt to forget this. In looking at the literature of a nation, we take note only of such names as Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, not remembering what new acres have been added to the wide chaff-desert of Oblivion, that we may have these great kernels free from hull and husk. We overlook the fact that contemporary literature has not yet been put into the sieve, and quite gratuitously blush for the literary shortcomings of a whole continent. For ourselves, we have long ago got rid of this national (we might call it hemispherical) sensitiveness, as if there were any thing in our western half-world which stimulated it to produce great rivers, lakes, and mountains, mammoth pumpkins, Kentucky giants, two-headed calves, and what not, yet at the same time rendered it irremediably barren of great poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and men generally. If there be any such system of natural compensations, whereby geological is balanced against human development, we may, at least, console ourselves with the anticipation, that America can never (from scientifically demonstrable inability) incur the odium of mothering the greatest fool.

There is, nevertheless, something agreeable in being able

to shift the responsibility from our own shoulders to the broader ones of a continent. When anxious European friends inquire after our Art and our Literature, we have nothing to do but to refer them to Mount Washington or Lake Superior. It is their concern, not ours. We yield them without scruple to the mercies of foreign reviewers. Let those generously solicitous persons lay on and spare not. There are no such traitors as the natural features of a country which betray their sacred trusts. They should be held strictly to their responsibilities, as, in truth, what spectacle more shameful than that of a huge, lubberly mountain, hiding its talent under a napkin, or a repudiating river? Our geographers should look to it, and instil proper notions on this head. In stating the heights of our mountains and the lengths of our rivers, they should take care to graduate the scale of reproach with a scrupulous regard to every additional foot and mile. They should say, for example, that such a peak is six thousand three hundred feet high, and has never yet produced a poet; that the river so-and-so is a thousand miles long, and has wasted its energies in the manufacture of alligators and flat-boatmen. On the other hand, they should remember to the credit of the Mississippi, that, being the longest river in the world, it has very properly produced the longest painter, whose single work would overlap by a mile or two the pictures of all the old masters stitched together. We can only hope that it will never give birth to a poet long in proportion.

Since it seems to be so generally conceded, that the form of an author's work is entirely determined by the shape of his skull, and that in turn by the peculiar configuration of his native territory, perhaps a new system of criticism should be framed in accordance with these new developments of science. Want of sublimity would be inexcusable in a native of the mountains, and sameness in one from a diversified region, while flatness could not fairly be objected to a dweller on the prairies, nor could eminent originality be demanded of a writer bred where the surface of the country was only hilly or moderately uneven. Authors, instead of putting upon their title-pages the names of previous works, or of learned societies to which they chance to belong, should supply us with an exact topographical survey of their native districts. The Himalaya mountains are, we believe, the highest yet discovered, and

possibly society would find its account in sending the greater part of our poets thither, as to a university, either by subscription or by a tax laid for the purpose. How our literature is likely to be affected by the acquisition of the mountain ranges of California, remains to be seen. Legislators should certainly take such matters into consideration in settling boundary lines, and the General Court of Massachusetts should weigh well the responsibility it may incur to posterity, before transferring to New York the lofty nook of Boston Corner with its potential Homers and Miltons.

But perhaps we have too hastily taken the delinquency of our physical developments for granted. Nothing has hitherto been demanded of rivers and lakes in other parts of the world, except fish and mill privileges, or, at most, a fine waterfall or a pretty island. The received treatises on mountainous obstetrics give no hint of any parturition to be expected, except of mice. So monstrous a conception as that of a poet is nowhere on record; and what chloroform can we suggest to the practitioner who should be taken unawares by such a phenomenon?

At least, before definitive sentence be passed against us, the period of gestation which a country must go through, ere it bring forth a great poet, should be ascertained with scientific exactness. Let us not be in any hurry to resort to a Cæsarian operation. Poets, however valuable in their own esteem, are not, after all, the most important productions of a nation. If we can frame a commonwealth in which it shall not be a misfortune to be born, in which there shall never be a pair of hands nor a mouth too much, we shall be as usefully employed as if we should flower with a Dante or so, and remain a bony stalk forever after. We can, in the meantime, borrow a great poet when we want one, unless the pleasure and profit which we derive from the works of a great master, depend upon the proprietary right in him secured to us by compatriotism. For ourselves, we should be strongly inclined to question any exclusive claim to Shakspeare on the part of our respected relative, John Bull, who could do nothing better than look foolish when the great dramatist was called *bizarre*, and who has never had either the taste or the courage to see a single one of his most characteristic plays acted as he wrote it.

The feeling that it was absolutely necessary to our respectability that we should have a literature, has been a material injury to such as we have had. Our criticism has oscillated between the two extremes of depreciation and overpraise. On the one hand, it has not allowed for the variations of the magnetic needle of taste, and on the other, it has estimated merit by the number of degrees west from Greenwich. It seems never to have occurred to either sect of critics, that there were such things as principles of judgment immutable as those of mathematics. One party has been afraid to commend lest an English Reviewer might afterward laugh; the other has eulogized because it considered so terrible a catastrophe probable. The Stamp Act and the Boston Port Bill scarcely produced a greater excitement in America than the appalling question, *Who reads an American book?* It is perfectly true, that the amount of enlightenment which a reader will receive from a book depends upon the breadth of surface which he brings within its influence, for we never get *something* for *nothing;* but we would deferentially suggest for the relief of many a still trembling soul, repeating to itself the *quid sum miser tunc dicturus* to that awful question from the Edinburgh judgment-seat, that it is barely possible that the *power* of a book resides in the book itself, and that real books somehow compel an audience without extraneous intervention. From the first, it was impossible that Art should show here the successive stages of growth which have characterized it in the Old World. It is only geographically that we can call ourselves a new nation. However else our literature may avoid the payment of its liabilities, it can surely never be by a plea of infancy. Intellectually, we were full-grown at the start. Shakspeare had been dead five years, and Milton was eleven years old, when Mary Chilton leaped ashore on Plymouth Rock.

In looking backward or forward mentally, we seem to be infected with a Chinese incapacity of perspective. We forget the natural foreshortening, taking objects as they are reflected upon our retina, and neglecting to supply the proper interstices of time. This is equally true whether we are haruspicating the growth of desired opinions and arts, or are contemplating those which are already historical. Thus, we know statistically the amount which any race or nation has

stored in its intellectual granaries, but make no account of the years of scarcity, of downright famine even, which have intervened between every full harvest. There is an analogy between the successive stages of a literature and those of a plant. There is, first of all, the seed, then the stalk, and then the seed again. What a length of stalk between Chaucer and Spenser, and again between Milton and Wordsworth! Except in India, perhaps, it would be impossible to affirm confidently an indigenous literature. The seed has been imported, accidentally or otherwise, as the white-weed and Hessian fly into America. Difference of soil, climate, and exposure will have their legitimate influence, but characteristics enough ordinarily remain for the tracing of the pedigree. The locality of its original production is as disputable as that of the garden of Eden. Only this is certain, that our search carries us farther and farther eastward.

No literature, of which we have authentic record or remains, can be called national in this limited and strict sense. Nor, if one could be found, would the calling it so be commendation. The best parts of the best authors in all languages can be translated; but, had they this element of exclusive nationality, the idea would demand a lexicon as well as the language which enveloped it. This shell within a shell would give more trouble in the cracking than any author can safely demand of his readers. Only a Dante can compel us to take an interest in the petty local politics of his day. No grubs were ever preserved in such amber. No Smiths and Browns were ever elevated upon so sublime and time-defying pinnacles of love, horror, and pity. The key by which we unlock the great galleries of Art is their common human interest. Nature supplies us with lexicon, commentary, and glossary to the great poems of all ages.

It would be hard to estimate the immediate indebtedness of Grecian literature; easier to reckon how much must have been due to the indirect influence of a religion and philosophy, whose esoteric ideas were of Egyptian derivation. Aristophanes is perhaps the only Grecian poet who is characterized by that quality of nationality of which we are speaking. Nay, it is something intenser than mere nationality in which his comedy is steeped. It is not the spirit of Greece, not even of Attica, but of Athens. It is cockneyism, not nation-

ality. But his humor is more than Athenian. Were it not so, it would be dreary work enough deciphering jokes, as it were, in a mummypit, by the dim light of the scholiast's taper, too choked with dust and smoke to do any thing but cough when we are solemnly assured that we have come to the point.

There is a confusion in men's minds upon this subject. Nationality and locality are not distinguished from one another; and, were this jumble fairly cleared up, it would appear that there was a still farther confounding of truth to nature with fidelity of local coloring. Mere nationality is no more nor less than so much provincialism, and will be found but a treacherous antiseptic for any poem. It is because they are men and women, that we are interested in the characters of Homer. The squabbles of a score of petty barbarian chiefs, and the siege of a city which never existed, would have been as barren and fruitless to us as a Welsh genealogy, had the foundations of the Iliad been laid no wider and deeper than the Troad. In truth, the only literature which can be called purely national is the Egyptian. What poetry, what philosophy, the torch of the Arab has fruitlessly lighted up for European eyes, we as yet know not; but that any ideas valuable to mankind are buried there, we do not believe. These are not at the mercy of sand, or earthquake, or overflow. No race perishes without intellectual heirs, but whatever was locally peculiar in their literature, their art, or their religious symbols, becomes in time hieroglyphical to the rest of the world, to be, perhaps, painfully deciphered for the verification of useless history, but incapable of giving an impulse to productive thought. Literature survives, not because of its nationality, but in spite of it.

After the United States had achieved their independence, it was forthwith decided that they could not properly be a nation without a literature of their own. As if we had been without one! As if Shakspeare, sprung from the race and the class which colonized New England, had not been also ours! As if we had no share in the puritan and republican Milton, we who had cherished in secret for more than a century the idea of the great puritan effort, and at last embodied it in a living commonwealth! But this ownership in common was not enough for us, and, as partition was out of the ques-

tion, we must have a drama and an epos of our own. It must be national, too; we must have it all to ourselves. Other nations kept their poets, and so must we. We were to set up a literature as people set up a carriage, in order to be as good as our neighbors. It was even seriously proposed to have a new language. Why not, since we could afford it? Beside, the existing ones were all too small to contain our literature whenever we should get it. One enthusiast suggested the ancient Hebrew, another a firenew tongue of his own invention. Meanwhile, we were busy growing a literature. We watered so freely, and sheltered so carefully, as to make a soil too damp and shaded for any thing but mushrooms; wondered a little why no oaks came up, and ended by voting the mushroom an oak, an American variety. Joel Barlow made the lowest bid for the construction of our epos, got the contract, and delivered in due season the Columbiad, concerning which we can only regret that it had not been entitled to a still higher praise of nationality by being written in one of the proposed new languages.

One would think that the Barlow experiment should have been enough. But we are still requested by critics, both native and foreign, to produce a national literature, as if it were some school exercise in composition to be handed in by a certain day. The sharp struggle of a day or a year may settle the question of a nation's political independence, but even for that, there must be a long moral preparation. The first furrow drawn by an English plough in the thin soil of Plymouth was truly the first line in our Declaration of Independence. Jefferson was not the prophet looking forth into the future, but the scribe sitting at the feet of the past. But nationality is not a thing to be won by the sword. We may safely trust to the influence of our institutions to produce all of it that is valuable. Let us be content that, if we have been to blame for a Columbiad, we have also given form, life, and the opportunity of entire development to social ideas ever reacting with more and more force upon the thought and the literature of the Old World.

The poetry and romance of other nations are assumed to be national, inasmuch as they occupy themselves about local traditions or objects. But we, who never had any proper youth as a nation, never had our mythic period either. We

had no cradle and no nursery to be haunted with such bugaboos. One great element of external and immediate influence is therefore wanting to our poets. They cannot, as did Goethe in his Faust, imbue an old legend, which already has a hold upon the fancy and early associations of their countrymen, with a modern and philosophical meaning which shall make it interesting to their mature understandings and cultivated imaginations. Whatever be the cause, no race into whose composition so large a Teutonic element has entered, is divided by such an impassable chasm of oblivion and unbelief from the ancestral mythology as the English. Their poets accordingly are not popular in any true sense of the word, and have influenced the thought and action of their countrymen less than those of any other nation except those of ancient Rome. Poets in other countries have mainly contributed to the creating and keeping alive of national sentiment; but the English owe theirs wholly to the sea which islands them. Chaucer and Spenser are Normans, and their minds open most fairly southward. Skelton, the Swift of his day, a purely English poet, is forgotten. Shakspeare, thoroughly English as he is, has chosen foreign subjects for the greatest of his dramas, as if to show that genius is cosmopolitan. The first thorough study, criticism, and consequent appreciation of him we owe to the Germans; and he can in no sense be called national except by accident of birth. Even if we grant that he drew his fairy mythology from any then living faith among his countrymen, this formed no bond of union between him and them, and was even regarded as an uncouthness and barbarism till long after every vestige of such faith was obliterated. If we concede any nationality to Milton's great poem, we must at the same time allow to the English an exclusive title to the localities where the scene is laid, a title which they would hardly be anxious to put forward in respect, at least, to one of them. When he was meditating a national poem, it was, he tells us, on the legend of Arthur, who, if he had ever existed at all, would have been English only in the same sense that Tecumseh is American. Coleridge, among his thousand reveries, hovered over the same theme, but settled at last upon the siege of Jerusalem by Titus as the best epical subject remaining. Byron, in his greatest poem, alludes only to England

in a rather contemptuous farewell. Those strains of Wordsworth, which have entitled his name to a place on the selecter list of English poets, are precisely the ones in which England has only a common property with the rest of mankind. He could never have swum over Lethe with the sonnets to the river Duddon in his pocket. Whether we look for the cause in the origin of the people, or in their insular position, the English mind has always been characterized by an emigrating tendency. Their most truly national epic was the colonizing of America.

If we admit that it is meritorious in an author to seek for a subject in the superstitions, legends, and historical events of his own peculiar country or district, yet these (unless delocalized by their own intrinsic meaning) are by nature ephemeral, and a wide tract of intervening years makes them as truly foreign as oceans, mountains, or deserts could. Distance of time passes its silent statute of outlawry and alienage against them, as effectually as distance of space. Indeed, in that strictness with which the martinets of nationality use the term, it would be a hard thing for any people to prove an exclusive title to its myths and legends. Take, for example, the story of Wayland the Smith, curious as furnishing the undoubted original of the incident of Tell and the apple, and for its analogies with the Grecian fable of Dædalus. This, after being tracked through the *folklore* of nearly all the nations of Northern Europe, was at last, to the great relief of the archæologic mind, supposed to be *treed* in Scandanavia, because the word *voelund* was found to mean smith among the Icelanders. Yet even here we cannot rest secure that this piece of mythical property has been restored to its rightful owners. As usual in such cases, investigation points Asia-ward, and the same word is found with the same signification in Ceylon. However unsatisfying in other respects, the search has at least turned up a euphonious synonym for the name Smith, which might be assumed by any member of that numerous patronymic guild desirous of attaining a nearer approach to individuality.

But even the most indisputable proof of original ownership is of no great account in these matters. These tools of fancy cannot be branded with the name of any exclusive proprietor. They are his who can use them. Poor Peter Claus cries out

in vain that he has been robbed of himself by the native of a country undiscovered when he took his half-century's nap on the Kypphauser mountains. *Caret vate sacro*, and nobody gives him the least heed. He has become the shadow, and Rip Van Winkle the substance. Perhaps he has made up his mind to it by this time, and contrives to turn an honest penny among the shades by exhibiting himself as the *Original* Rip Van Winkle. We trust, for the honor of our country, that Rip brazens it out there, and denounces the foreign impostor in the purest — American, we were going to say ; but here another nationality interposes its claim, and we must put up with Low Dutch.

The only element of permanence which belongs to myth, legend, or history, is exactly so much of each as refuses to be circumscribed by provincial boundaries. When once superstitions, customs, and historic personages are dead and buried in antiquarian treatises or county annals, there is no such thing as resurrection for them. The poet who encumbers himself with them takes just that amount of unnecessary burthen upon his shoulders. He is an antiquary, not a creator, and is writing what posterity will read as a catalogue rather than a poem. There is a homeliness about great genius which leads it to glorify the place of its "kindly engendure," (as Chaucer calls it,) either by a tender allusion, or by images and descriptions drawn from that fairest landscape in the gallery of memory. But it is a strange confusion of thought to attribute to a spot of earth the inspiration whose source is in a universal sentiment. It is the fine humanity, the muscular sense, and the generous humor of Burns which save him from being merely Scotch, like a score of rhymesters as national as he. The Homers of Little Pedlington die, as their works died before them, and are forgotten ; but let a genius get born there, and one touch of his nature shall establish even for Little Pedlington an immortal consanguinity which the whole world shall be eager to claim. The field-mouse and the mountain-daisy are not Scotch, and Tam O'Shanter died the other day within a mile of where we are writing. Measuring Burns by that which is best in him, and which ensures to him a length of life coincident with that of the human heart, he is as little national as Shakspeare, and no more an alien in Iowa than in Ayrshire.

There is a vast difference between truth to nature and truth to fact; an impassable gulf between genius, which deals only with the true, and that imitative faculty which patiently and exactly reproduces the actual. This makes the distinction between the works of Fielding, which delight and instruct forever, and those of Smollett, which are of value as affording a clear insight into contemporaneous modes of life, but neither warm the heart nor impregnate the imagination. It is this higher and nobler kind of truth which is said to characterize the portraits of Titian, which gives an indefinable attraction to those of Page, and which inspires the busts of Powers. This excuses meagreness of color and incorrectness of drawing in Hogarth, who was truly rather a great dramatist than a great painter, and gives them that something which even indifferent engraving cannot destroy, any more than bad printing can extinguish Shakspeare.

This demand for a nationality bounded historically and geographically by the independent existence and territory of a particular race or fraction of a race, would debar us of our rightful share in the past and the ideal. It was happily illustrated by that parochially national Gascon, who would have been edified by the sermon had it been his good fortune to belong to the parish. Let us be thankful that there is no court by which we can be excluded from our share in the inheritance of the great poets of all ages and countries, to which our simple humanity entitles us. No great poet has ever sung but the whole human race has been, sooner or later, the wiser and better for it. Above all, let us not tolerate in our criticism a principle which would operate as a prohibitory tariff of ideas. The intellect is a diœcious plant, and books are the bees which carry the quickening pollen from one to another mind. It detracts nothing from Chaucer that we can trace in him the influences of Dante and Boccaccio; nothing from Spenser that he calls Chaucer master; nothing from Shakspeare that he acknowledges how dear Spenser was to him; nothing from Milton that he brought fire from Hebrew and Greek altars. There is no degradation in such indebtedness. Venerable rather is this apostolic succession, and inspiring to see the *vitai lampada* passed thus from consecrated hand to hand.

Nationality, then, is only a less narrow form of provincial-

ism, a sublimer sort of clownishness and ill-manners. It deals in jokes, anecdotes, and allusions of such purely local character that a majority of the company are shut out from all approach to an understanding of them. Yet so universal a demand must have for its basis a more or less solid substratum of truth. There are undoubtedly national, as truly as family, idiosyncrasies, though we think that these will get displayed without any special schooling for that end. The substances with which a nation is compelled to work will modify its results, as well intellectual as material. The still renewing struggle with the unstable desert sands gave to the idea of durability in the Egyptian imagination a preponderance still further increased by the necessity of using granite, whose toughness of fibre and vagueness of coloring yielded unwillingly to fineness of outline, but seemed the natural helpmates of massiveness and repose. The out-of-door life of the Greeks, conducing at once to health and an unconscious education of the eye, and the perfection of physical development resulting from their palæstral exercises and constantly displayed in them, made the Greeks the first to perceive the noble symmetry of the human figure, for embodying the highest types of which Pentelicus supplied the fittest material. Corporeal beauty and strength, therefore, entered largely into their idea of the heroic, and perhaps it was rather policy than dandyism which hindered Alcibiades from learning to play the flute. With us, on the other hand, clothed to the chin in the least graceful costume ever invented by man, and baked half the year with stoves and furnaces, beauty of person has gradually receded from view, and wealth or brain is the essential of the modern novelist's hero. It may not be fanciful to seek in climate, and its resultant effects upon art, the remote cause of that fate-element which entered so largely into the Greek drama. In proportion as sculpture became more perfect, the images of the gods became less and less merely symbolical, and at last presented to the popular mind nothing more than actual representations of an idealized humanity. Before this degradation had taken place, and the divinities had been vulgarized in marble to the common eye, the ideas of the unseen and supernatural came to the assistance of the poet in giving interest to the struggles or connivances between heroes and

gods. But presently a new and deeper chord of the imagination must be touched, and the unembodiable shadow of Destiny was summoned up, to move awe and pity as long as the human mind is incapable of familiarizing by precise definition the fearful and the vague. In that more purely objective age, the conflict must be with something external, and the struggles of the mind with itself afforded no sufficient theme for the poet. With us introspection has become a disease, and a poem is a self-dissection.

That Art in America will be modified by circumstances, we have no doubt, though it is impossible to predict the precise form of the moulds into which it will run. New conditions of life will stimulate thought and give new forms to its expression. It may not be our destiny to produce a great literature, as, indeed, our genius seems to find its kindliest development in practicalizing simpler and more perfect forms of social organization. We have yet many problems of this kind to work out, and a continent to subdue with the plough and the railroad, before we are at leisure for æsthetics. Our spirit of adventure will take first a material and practical direction, but will gradually be forced to seek outlet and scope in unoccupied territories of the intellect. In the meantime we may fairly demand of our literature that it should be national to the extent of being as free from outworn conventionalities, and as thoroughly impregnated with humane and manly sentiment, as is the idea on which our political fabric rests. Let it give a true reflection of our social, political, and household life. The "Poems on Man in the Republic," by Cornelius Mathews, disfigured as they were by gross faults of dialect and metre, had the great merit of presenting the prominent features of our civilization in an American light. The story of "Margaret" is the most emphatically *American* book ever written. The want of plan and slovenliness of construction are characteristic of a new country. The scenery, character, dialect, and incidents mirror New England life as truly as Fresh Pond reflects the sky. The moral, also, pointing forward to a new social order, is the intellectual antitype of that restlessness of disposition, and facility of migration which are among our chief idiosyncrasies. The mistake of our imaginative writers generally is that, though they may take an American subject,

they *costume* it in a foreign or antique fashion. The consequence is a painful vagueness and unreality. It is like putting Roman drapery upon a statue of Washington, the absurdity of which does not strike us so forcibly because we are accustomed to it, but which we should recognize at once were the same treatment applied to Franklin. The old masters did exactly the reverse of this. They took ancient or foreign subjects, but selected their models from their own immediate neighborhood. When Shakspeare conceived his Athenian mechanics, he did not cram with Grecian antiquities in order to make them real in speech and manners. Their unconscious prototypes were doubtless walking Stratford streets, and demonstrating to any one who had clear enough eyes, that stupidity and conceit were precisely the same thing on the banks of the Avon and those of the Ilissus. Here we arrive at the truth which is wrapped up and concealed in the demand for nationality in literature. It is neither more nor less than this, that authors should use their own eyes and ears, and not those of other people. We ask of them human nature as it appears in man, not in books; and scenery not at second hand from the canvas of painter or poet, but from that unmatched landscape painted by the Great Master upon the retina of their own eyes. Though a poet should make the bobolink sing in Attica, the *anachorism* is nothing, provided he can only make it truly sing so that we can hear it. He will have no difficulty in making his peace with posterity. The error of our advocates of nationality lies in their assigning geographical limits to the poet's range of historical characters as well as to his natural scenery. There is no time or place in human nature, and Prometheus, Coriolanus, Tasso, and Tell are ours if we can use them, as truly as Washington or Daniel Boone. Let an American author make a living character, even if it be antediluvian, and nationality will take care of itself. The newspaper, the railroad, and the steamship are fast obliterating the externals of distinct and hostile nationality. The Turkish soldier has shrunk into coat and pantaloons, and reads Dickens. But human nature is everywhere the same, and everywhere inextinguishable. If we only insist that our authors shall be good, we may cease to feel nervous about their being national. Excellence is an alien nowhere. And

even if, as we hear it lamented, we have no literature, there are a thousand other ways of making ourselves useful. If the bobolink and mockingbird find no poet to sing them, they can afford, like Kepler, to wait; and in the meantime they themselves will sing as if nothing had happened. For ourselves, we confess, we have hopes. The breed of poets is not extinct, nor has Apollo shot away all the golden, singing arrows in his quiver. We have a very strong persuasion, amounting even to faith, that eyes and ears will yet open on this Western Continent, and find adequate utterance. If some of our birds have a right to feel neglected, yet other parts of our natural history have met with due civility; and if the pine tree complain of the tribute which Emerson has paid it, we surrender it to the lumberer and the saw-mill without remorse. It must be an unreasonable tree, wooden at head and heart.

Nay, how are we to know what is preparing for us at this very moment? What herald had Chaucer, singing the matins of that grand cathedral-service whose vespers we have not yet heard, in England? What external circumstance controlled the sweet influence of Spenser? Was Gorboduc a prologue that should have led us to expect Hamlet? Did the Restoration furnish the score for those organ-strains of Milton, breaking in with a somewhat unexpected voluntary to drown the thin song of pander and parasite with its sublime thunders of fervor and ascription? What collyrium of nationality was it that enabled those pleasant Irish eyes of Goldsmith to pierce through the artificial tinsel and frippery of his day to that little clump of primroses at Wakefield? England had long been little better than a province of France in song, when Wordsworth struck the note of independence, and led the people back to the old worship. While we are waiting for our literature, let us console ourselves with the following observation with which Dr. Newman commences his History of the Hebrew Monarchy. "Few nations," he says, "which have put forth a wide and enduring influence upon others, proclaim themselves to have been indigenous on the land of their celebrity." Or, if the worst come, we can steal a literature like the Romans, and thus acquire another point of similarity to that remarkable people, whom we resemble so much, according to the Quarterly Review, in our origin.

Mr. Longfellow has very good-naturedly and pointedly satirized the rigid sticklers for nationality in one of the chapters of his "Kavanagh," which we have taken for the text of some remarks we have long intended to make on this subject. It is time that we should say something about the book itself. But before doing this, we wish to clear a few misconceptions which seem to stand in the way of its fair appreciation.

It is quite too common a practice, both with readers and the more superficial class of critics, to judge a book by what it is *not*, a matter much easier to determine than what it *is*. Not only has the public taste lost its tone by constant and long-continued literary opium-eating, and indulgence in romances highly spiced with adventure, passion, and crime, but the faculty of judgment (the bile which secretes the nutritive portion of our intellectual food) has become weakened and indecisive under the everlasting flood of romantic slops with which we daily dilute it. People also very frequently take the last book they have read by an admired author as the standard by which to measure the next that comes in their way, no matter how dissimilar in artistic treatment and intention. Or they merely ask the question, does it interest *me?* and thus make their private taste (or want of it) a criterion of merit, when it should rightfully only decide the question whether they shall read it or let it alone. In such cases, the old English form of expression would be both safe and modest, and *it likes me* or it *likes me not* would perhaps express more precisely the true state of the affair.

The first question to be asked is, what was the author's intention? Then, how has he fulfilled it? "Kavanagh," one may say pretty confidently, is *not* a novel, nor a romance, nor a drama. It is neither exciting, nor thrilling, nor harrowing, nor tempestuously passionate, nor gloomily terrible, nor — in short it is not nonsense, it is "Kavanagh." We waive for the present the question whether it be a fault that it is not what the author especially meant that it should not be. That is a grave difficulty, and one well demanding the intervention of a Scriblerus. *Too nun-like for me*, says Public Taste, looking at the lily of the valley; *pity it is not a rose!* Then, turning to the rose, *an open-bosomed thing, the Nell Gwynne of flowers, — ah, if it were only a lily of the valley!*

For ourselves, we are willing to be thankful for both, as long as nature is bountiful enough to give them.

The word "Tale," upon the title-page, if it be not merely a formal suffix, like the "*Esq.*" in the address of all American letters, we consider a misnomer. We think a truer name for the book would be, a prose pastoral. It had been better to have called it "Kavanagh" simply, and left it to the reader to find out what it was. And it is not as reader, but as critic, that we make the complaint. For, if we look at it critically as assuming this specific character, we find it wanting in many particulars. Where the chief concern is completeness of narrative effect, there should be no loose ends. Every divergent thread and fibre must be taken up and twisted firmly into the compact strand of the leading design. If we hold "Kavanagh" strictly to its responsibilities as a "Tale," we shall be obliged to condemn in it a disproportion of parts to the whole, and an elaboration of particulars at the expense of unity. The truth is, that there are *two* distinct interests in "Kavanagh," one, that of the *story*, which centres in Alice, the other, that of the *moral*, which is illustrated wholly by Churchill. Now Churchill is made too prominent as respects any relation he has to the *tale*, while the *moral* is weakened by his knowing nothing of the breaking of Alice's heart, nor, indeed, of her love. As an instance of what we mean by the disproportion spoken of above, we should cite the whole scene between Churchill and Mr. Hathaway, which, though true to the life, is false to the interests of the story. So of some of the conversations between Churchill and his wife; they do not carry forward the plot, nor add to our insight into his character. Even if they did, they would be too large in proportion to the rest, though we should not willingly give up the Hindoo Mathematics. It seems to us, that if some chapters of the book had been given as leaves from Churchill's diary, and he made acquainted with the double passion for Kavanagh, the parts would have been in better keeping, and the force of the moral heightened.

We are glad to dissociate our twofold character of reader and critic, to which the fate of the Dioscuri sometimes may happen, the one being in life and light, while the other is in the shades. Let us see if we cannot find some condition on

which they may enjoy sunshine and happiness together. As readers, we, in common with the rest, have only thanks to offer. All who love purity of tone, tenderness, and picturesque simplicity, have incurred a new obligation to the author of "Kavanagh." We will now look at it in what we consider its truer character of pastoral. In this kind of composition, repose is the leading characteristic. A tender pensiveness of tone best fulfils here the requisites of art. It allows of humor and pathos, only both must be subdued, and neither grief nor merriment must be allowed so noisy a vent as would jar upon the ear soothed by a certain out-of-doors quiet and contentment. It is a story told to us, as it were, while we lie under a tree, and the ear is willing at the same time to take in other sounds. The gurgle of the brook, the rustle of the leaves, even noises of life and toil (if they be distant,) such as the rattle of the white-topped wagon and the regular pulse of the thresher's flail, reconcile themselves to the main theme, and reinforce it with a harmonious accompaniment. In "Kavanagh" as in "Evangeline," we conceive it to be a peculiar merit that the *story* is kept down with so rigid a self-denial. The brass of the orchestra is not allowed an undue prominence. This perfect keeping, this unanimity, so to speak, was more striking in "Evangeline" than in the present work. The author is here and there tempted out of his way, and allows his hobby-horse to leap the fences of proportion. For example, the division numbered thirteen has no manner of business in the book. We feel it as an unwarrantable intrusion, and do not at once recover our composure. It affects the interest and attention, as an ill-matching of the figure on two breadths of carpet affects the eye, which is conscious of it even when turned the other way. We were going to object to the episode of Sally Manchester, as having no necessary connection with the rest of the story, and as not tending in any way to advance the plot. But we remember that the design here does not make the several parts subservient to the main incident. This is not so much a narrative as a succession of scenes. We walk through the streets of the village with a friend who is giving, as we go along, a sketch of the touching drama which has passed under the unconscious eyes of Churchill in search of a plot. As we saunter on, we have glimpses of an interior, now and then, through open door

or window, and our friend interrupts himself to tell us who that was that passed, or to parenthesize a good story about the person on the other side of the street to whom he himself directs our attention. There is no want of harmony in this variety, and we retract our half-uttered criticism, the more readily as we consider the letter of Mr. Cherryfield (p. 42) as one of the best things in the book. It is absolutely perfect.

"Kavanagh" is, as far as it goes, an exact daguerreotype of New England life. We say *daguerreotype*, because we are conscious of a certain absence of motion and color, which detracts somewhat from the vivacity, though not from the truth, of the representation. From Mr. Pendexter with his horse and chaise, to Miss Manchester painting the front of her house, the figures are faithfully after nature. The story, too, is remarkably sweet and touching. The two friends, with their carrier-dove correspondence, give us a pretty glimpse into the trans-boarding-school disposition of the maiden mind, which will contrive to carry everyday life to romance, since romance will not come to it. The accident by which Alice discovers Kavanagh's love for Cecilia is a singularly beautiful invention; but we should wish to see with our own eyes before we believed that a king*fisher* ever pursued a dove, or, indeed, any thing but a fish. Even the king*bird*, which does carry on a guerilla warfare with crows and hawks (slow-flighted birds,) would hardly pursue a pigeon, the swiftest of all flyers.

It is not unusual to make a single work the opportunity for passing definitive judgment upon an author. This is not our view of the duty of a critic. He is limited to the book before him, and all departures from it are impertinences. We hope that Mr. Longfellow may live a great many years yet, and give us a great many more books. We shall not undertake to pass a sentence which he may compel us to revise. We shall only say that he is the most popular of American poets, and that this popularity may safely be assumed to contain in itself the elements of permanence, since it has been fairly earned, without any of that subservience to the baser tastes of the public which characterizes the quack of letters. His are laurels honorably gained and gently worn. Without comparing him with others, it is enough if we declare our conviction, that he has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written.

Art. X. — 1. *Reisebilder*, (*Pictures from Travel.*) Hamburg. 4 vols.
2. *De l'Allemagne*, (*of Germany.*) Paris. 2 vols.
3. *Buch der Lieder*, (*Book of Songs.*) Hamburg.
4. *Atta Troll.* Hamburg.
5. *Der Salon*, (*The Saloon.*) Hamburg. 3 vols.
6. *Neue Gedichte*, (*New Poems.*) Hamburg.

The excitement which has pervaded all Europe, since the events of 1830 gave the first rude shock to the political system of 1815, has been especially violent in Germany. The atmosphere of that land of thought began then to grow dark with a storm, which is only now beginning to break upon us in its full force. The great lights of philosophy and art were soon obscured, and the period of calm, bright serenity, of majestic repose, was followed by the period of furious, restless aspiration, of feverish, unequal development. The mighty genius, whose system was the sum and completion of the philosophical thought of his country, soon passed away; and his ardent, enthusiastic disciples, incapable of grasping his views as an orderly whole, seized each one the partial idea appropriate to his own nature, and broke away, some in one direction and some in another, in hot chase of the great regeneration of all things. Thus was it also in Art; the great man who represented the highest art and poetic wisdom of his age, departed, in that aristocratic year of death which swept away so many illustrious persons; and a younger generation, seduced by the attractions of political warfare from the sacred walks of true poetry, railed in the most irrational manner against the master himself, and against those noble artists, on whom, as on Uhland, and Rückert, and Kerner, and Chamisso, rested a mild after-glow of the declining orb.

Everywhere among the poets was confusion, excitement, discord. At Düsseldorf, Immermann, Uchtitz, Grabbe, and their coadjutors, labored earnestly and honorably to maintain and perfect the national drama. The good king Frederic William III., astonished that the ardent, young generation which had succeeded the patriots of the war of liberation should not be satisfied, as their fathers were, with his generous, royal promises, endeavored to promote the cultivation

of the arts, of mediæval studies, of old Teutonic romance, of earnest pietism, in the hope that thus his uneasy children might be educated into a peaceful, accomplished race. But it was all in vain. Young Germany refused to accept any thing but its "destiny." The really excellent king was regarded as a deceitful tyrant; and the efforts of Immermann and his friends were rendered futile by the terrible denunciations of Louis Börne, who never ceased to proclaim the folly of all attempts to regenerate the art of the nation, till the nation itself should be established as a perfect, living unity. In such tumultuous times, the literature of Young Germany had its rise. We cannot, of course, attempt to give in this place a history of a literature at once so disorderly and so luxuriant. But as we wish to present a sketch of one celebrated poet, who has sustained most important relations to the various schools of poetry which belong to this literature, we shall endeavor to draw as brief and clear an outline as possible of their rise and character.

The first of these schools was of a very disagreeable and unhealthy nature. It was the school of the Scoffers. The times were not ripe in Germany for such an outbreak of the popular will and the popular power, as those which in France and Belgium had overthrown the unnatural fabric built up by the arts and arms of the Holy Alliance. The German spirit still slept almost as soundly as famous old Barbarossa did, in his stony bed at Kyffhausen; and the preliminary work of disturbance was all that the agitators of 1830 could hope to accomplish. Antiquated ideas, venerable prejudices, sacred associations, hereditary loyalties, these must all disappear before the withering power of ridicule. To this task a set of young writers, among whom Gutzkow and Wienberg were prominent, addressed themselves with demoniacal energy. To them the name of Young Germany was first given. It was their special mission to quiz, scoff at, and in every way deride the venerable form of Old Germany. Brilliant, reckless, affectedly Byronic, these youths treated divine philosophy, stately romance, serene art, and holy faith with supreme contempt, and made mock alike of priest and king, of sage and poet. It is hardly necessary to say, therefore, that Young Germany was very silly, and its productions were mostly of an effervescent nature. The outrageous squibs, poetic, dra-

matic, critical, or journalistic, of Gutzkow, Wienberg, Prutz, Laube, Mosen, and a legion of inferior spirits, have had little effect beyond the relief which they afforded to their authors, and are of value only as indicating the general, prophetic dissatisfaction of the German mind.

As this dissatisfaction grew wider and deeper, it found other and more serious poetic expression. In 1840, appeared at Zurich "The Songs of a Living Man," by George Herwegh, a young student of Wirtemberg, who had fled to Switzerland from the odious military service of his native country. This book, full of fiery, republican zeal, at once awakened the greatest enthusiasm in Germany. The young poet, whose voice was still for war, denounced in unmeasured terms the indifference, the torpor, the frivolous trifling of his countrymen. He called the "dead gentlemen" of Germany, with Prince Puckler Muskau at their head, to stern judgment for their selfish, dilettanti vagaries. He assailed the "national" feeling, which the expulsion of the French had so deepened in the popular heart; and he indignantly trampled the pompous Rhine-song of Becker under foot. He eulogized Beranger in a song the spirit and fire of which would not be unworthy of the great French lyrist himself. And he proclaimed the new principle of popular action in a somewhat ferocious ballad, called "The Song of Hatred," the *refrain* of which "*Wir haben lang genug geliebt, Und wollen endlich hassen*," * has formidable capabilities for a mob-chorus. Soon after the publication of these poems, Herwegh went to Berlin, where he received the most intoxicating homage. He was feasted, addressed, and borne about in triumph, like a sovereign or an opera dancer. Nor was he regaled with the vain smoke of sacrifice alone. A young, rich, and handsome Berlinerinn fell desperately in love with the bard, and became his much-envied wife. When he left Berlin, it was as the leader of a new and enthusiastic band of poets.

The day of the scoffer was over; Voltaire had given place to Mirabeau, and the Germans began to rage in earnest. Political and patriotic verses flowed forth in profusion. "The very petitions presented to the king," says a brilliant

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* "We have been loving long enough,
And now we 'll take to hating!"

French writer, "were put into rhyme, and leading articles glowed with splendid metaphors and imposing personifications." The death of the old king and the accession of his son, from whom, educated and beloved, as he had been, by such men as Humboldt, Savigny, and Niebuhr, a large and generous sympathy with the wishes of his people was expected, gave a strong impulse to the exertions of these new writers. And when, as was soon the case, it became evident that Frederick William IV. was rather a romantic man of taste, than a great monarch qualified to lead his people into the enjoyment of constitutional freedom, these exertions were redoubled. Republicanism grew more republican and more intense. Not even the calm, earnest remonstrances of the noble Von Auersperg could persuade the German liberals to wait patiently for the rising of the "Star in the North." Agitation, excitement, inspiration, became the order of the day. Herwegh was hailed as the poet of the age, by a band of incessantly indignant tribunes, grouped around that sanguinary philosopher, M. Arnold Ruge,* who, through their great organ, "The Annals of Halle," thundered against the spiritualism of German philosophy and the pietism of the Prussian Prince. The adulation of this *Rehabilitationist* party confirmed the worst tendencies of Herwegh's mind; and this young man, richly endowed by nature and capable of great and good things, gave himself up to the advocacy of the wildest extravagancies.

The work of freedom, however, was not long left to such hands alone. Von Auersperg, Von Platen, Lenau, and others, without deserting the position of the artist, lent their energies to the sacred cause; and in 1844, a new champion appeared in the field, who may be justly considered as the head of the reasonable school of the poets of liberty. Ferdinand Freiligrath, in many respects the most admirable of the younger German poets, had published, six or seven years before this time, a collection of poems, in which all the won-

* In 1846 or '47, we do not remember which, M. Ruge shook off the dust of his shoes against Germany, and bidding his native land adieu in a most unfilial and abusive style, took up his abode in France, where he has announced the "sum of the whole matter" in this imposing formula, *Homo sibi Deus.* We are, nevertheless, very much indebted to M. Ruge, for a pleasant, and, so far as we can judge, candid account of Heine, in his useful little book, *Die Politischen Lyriker unserer Zeit.* Leipzig. 1847.

ders and all the beasts of the world figured to a strange extent. Giraffes, jackals, lions, mirages, hot springs of Iceland, serpents, palm trees, slave-ships, Moors, and Bedouins, move in stately procession before our astonished eyes in those panoramic pages. A gallery of pictures might be painted from his poems. His luxuriance of imagery, and his apparently exclusive delight in the beauty and richness of the material world, captivated the gentlemen of "the Mountain." They thought that they had discovered in the objective character of Freiligrath's poems, the secret tendency of his nature towards materialism. Accordingly, they hailed him as a noble spirit worthy to serve under the banner of Freedom. But the young poet paid little heed to their applause, and went on in his studious artist life, entering into politics only so far as to declare his wish to wait for the progress of events. This, of course, disgusted Ruge and his friends; and they acceded to the verdict which Herwegh, in his "Songs of a Living Man," passed on Freiligrath, that his poems were of no more importance to Germany than the thousand and one Arabian Stories.

Thus rejected by the democrats, Freiligrath was taken up by the conservatives, who rejoiced over him as the truest of young poets. In 1842, he received a pension from the king, and seemed to be the official representative of the royalist feeling. But there is no reason to suppose that he thus compromised his independence. He was steadily thinking out his views and purposes; and in 1844, seeing no further hope of constitutional help from the romantic king, he published his well known "Confession of Faith," and took his place as the highest and most serious spirit among the poets of Liberty. "Henceforth," he says in his preface, "my face is set towards the future." Freiligrath may be regarded therefore as the head of the third and worthiest school of German political poets. Young Germany with sarcasm and gay raillery, the Rehabilitationists with sound of drum and blowing of trumpets, and that nobler band who, neither trampling on the Past, nor scorning the Present, point to the Germany of the Future with genuine earnestness and hope, — these are the three great classes which have been most prominent in the poetical literature of Germany during the last twenty years. The genial wisdom and thoughtful beauty of

Uhland, the oriental magnificence of Rückert, the elegance and sincerity of Von Platen, the spiritualism and quaintness of Kerner, these belong more properly to the glory of the preceding generation. The manly sadness of the Bohemian Hartmann, whose chief misfortune is that he belongs to a fallen people, to the people which *once* produced a Ziska and a Huss, — the gay materialism of Geibel, sometimes light-hearted, but quite as often merely light-minded, — the religious aspiration and philosophic zeal of Leopold Schefer, whose barbarous style has caused him to be compared to the Byzantine painters of the Middle Ages, striving in their awkward way to express the sublimest feelings, — the audacious confidence of Carl Beck, who, with some genius and more rashness, undertakes to settle out of hand, all the questions of the day, rushing "without arms or armor" upon the mailed powers of prescription and prejudice — these distinguish the living *poetæ minores*, among whom a new movement is now going on.

But it is with the three schools, whose rise and progress from 1830 to 1845 we have sketched, that the name of Henry Heine is connected. Heine was the model, after whose perfection the *persifleurs* of young Germany toiled in vain. He was a chief support of the fierce satirists of Halle; and in his last collection of poems, published in the same year with Freiligrath's Confession of Faith, he came as near serious, patriotic enthusiasm as was possible to his character. We can therefore proceed at once to the examination of Heine's writings and position, first declaring, as in duty bound, what we know of his personal biography.

Henry Heine was born at Düsseldorf, in the year 1797. His father was a Jew, who occupied the peculiar theological position which Sheridan compared to that of the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments.* His mother was

* It would be very interesting to investigate the influence which the Jewish family character has had on the genius of distinguished men of that race, especially in Germany, where, from the days of Albert, who, according to the chronicle of Ottocar, demanded of Philip the Fair of France, "the kingdom of Arles, Christ's crown of thorns, and all the Jews of France," as belonging of right to him, the Roman Cæsar, the Jews have been driven entirely back on their own national sympathies by the insolence of State protectors and the hatred of a bigoted populace. The Pantheism of the "God-intoxicated" Spinoza — the retiring contemplative nature of Mendelssohn — the fierceness of Ludwig Börne, and the sensualism of Heine, seem to us so many different phases of the national character of this strong Oriental race.

a Prussian lady of a good Protestant family. The elder Heine, in renouncing his religion, did not give up his Jewish prerogative of worldly success. He was comparatively wealthy, and the future poet was educated in the best manner. After passing through the preparatory schools, he went to Bonn, from which university he was soon removed to Göttingen, and finally to Berlin. He was a diligent student; and though he entered heartily into all the gayeties and excesses of German student-life, he contrived to master a considerable amount of knowledge, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Berlin in due and honorable course.

Weary of books, Heine went from Berlin to Hamburg, where he entered the mercantile house of his relative, the celebrated banker. His pen, however, soon demanded a wider range than the pages of the ledger afforded, and he decided to enter life at once as a man of letters. This profession he thenceforward pursued with great success. He was for some time associated with Munhard,* as editor of the "Political Annals," and resided from time to time at Hamburg, Munich, and Berlin. During this period of his life, he travelled in England, Germany, and Northern Italy, and collected the materials for that work on which his fame must eventually rest. In 1830, he went to Paris, and finding in the extravagance, intellectual and social, of that fermenting city the atmosphere best suited to his restless nature, he fixed there his abode. There he continued to reside, occupying himself with his literary labors, poetical and political, and enjoying with full zest the brilliancy and reckless gayety of a circle in which he held a central place till his death in 1848.

The close of his life was darkened by great physical sufferings, and greater social and spiritual misery. He was struck at once with paralysis and with blindness. These deprivations, shutting him out from those material sources of delight at which he had nourished himself so long, imbittered his temper and led him to a neglect of the elegancies and amenities of life, which soon drove away many of his butterfly friends. And though his genius and his misfortunes still secured to him the admiration and the sympathy of a few supe-

* Thus Wolff, in the *Encyclopädie;* but Heine, in the "City of Lucca," affirms that he was thus associated with Limberg. Whether this was another person, or only a fictitious name, we are unable to say.

rior persons, he may be said to have been withdrawn from the cheerful light of human society, and to have died in a very desolate and mournful condition.

This brief account of a career, uneventful as are the lives of the majority of literary men, comprises all that we have learned with certainty of the outward biography of Heine. It comprises, too, we are inclined to think, all that we need know of that biography. His birth, his occupation, his place of residence, his death — these are all the important keys that his history can give us to the inward character of a man and of his works.

The most important of Heine's works, that on which, as we have said, his fame must eventually rest, was also the first work of any consequence that he published. The *Reisebilder* is a collection of pictures drawn from the experiences and observations of the poet during his travels. Few works of the kind have ever attained a success at once so immediate, so extensive, and so lasting as this charming book. To all readers of German in France, England, and America, its name at least is familiar; and it holds a high place among the literary favorites of all who are acquainted with it on more intimate terms. This place it fully deserves. We accompany the young student through beautiful or striking scenes and entertaining adventures, as we should travel with him, not expecting nor feeling ourselves called upon to agree with him in his opinions, but yielding ourselves freely to the pleasant society of a witty and agreeable man of genius. Entire independence and freshness of thought and feeling, and the true poetic power of description and representation, these two seals of genius, are stamped upon the greater part of this book. A certain careless audacity, which, in his later and more evil days, Heine affected to a painful extent, is the very spirit of his movements in these travels. We know few books of the kind so thoroughly "cleared of cant." In this respect, though in nothing else, it resembles Mr. Dickens's hurried but most spirited "Pictures from Italy," and Eöthen, that delightfully humorous narrative of a "Free Companion," riding with a firm seat, a gallant bearing, and an easy hand, over the roads most fatal to ordinary tourists. The only German book with which we are able to compare it is the "*Reiseschatten*" of Justinus Kerner; and though our sym-

pathy, and respect belong, of course, rather to the serious, mystical humorist of Weinsperg, than to the *persifleur* who so scrupulously follows his own advice, "My friend, beware of being emphatic!" yet we cannot fail to see that the difference between the artistic merit of the books is well pointed out in their different names. The sketches of Kerner have a depth of meaning, there is a spiritual beauty in their most grotesque, whimsical figures, which we shall look for in vain in the pictures of Heine. But the latter are truly *pictures;* they glow with rich, lifelike coloring; and while they awaken us to no special earnestness of interest, they satisfy our love of the picturesque, as only vivid pictures can. Nor are they destitute of passages which affect us by their genuine tenderness and feeling. For the *Reisebilder* is one of that class of books of travel which belongs exclusively to modern times. It is to a great extent a sentimental journey that the poet makes, and as he *is* a poet, his sentiments are sometimes really deep, simple, and fervent.

The first volume of the *Reisebilder* contains an account of a journey in the Hartz district. Faust has made us all familiar with this region, and has prepared us to be interested in its romantic mountain scenery. Tired of Göttingen, of its university, its churches, its observatory, its cold bathing and its beer, the young student leaves its Weender gate early on a fine summer morning, and takes the road towards the mountains, or rather the hills, as we should call them. As he passes through the gate, he meets two school boys, one of whom is saying to the other, "I won't go with Theodore any more; he is a perfect dunce. Yesterday he didn't know the genitive of *musa*." These words Heine wished to inscribe, as a town motto, on the wall of the learned and bigoted and gluttonous Georgia Augusta. Passing on with this amiable farewell to his Alma Mater, he comes at nightfall to Osterode, looking in the evening light like a moss rose, with its red roofs rising out of a green pine forest.

Thence we follow him to Clausthal, appearing suddenly among the hills in the broad blaze of noon, and detaining the traveller by the wonders of its quarries and the quaintness of its people; — to Goslar, gloriously renowned for its imperial associations, but turning out to be nothing better than a decayed musty nest of labyrinthine lanes, with pavements as

rugged as Berlin hexameters; — to the wild steeps of the Brocken, whose name recalls that infernal congress held "in the tract between Elend and Schirke" — to those steeps so wild, so mysterious, that even in the light of the nineteenth century, it is probable *Die Hexen zu dem Brocken ziehn;* — to the lovely vale of the Ilse, lying between the hills of the Unterhartz, hills not dark, like those of the Oberhartz, with pines and firs, but green with the rich foliage of oaks and beeches, below which runs the joyous stream of the Ilse, springing down the rocks and tripping through the fields in ever-varying measures, like a gay young girl; — and to the valleys of the Bode and the Selke, which dispute the palm of beauty with their fairy sister. All these scenes are portrayed with admirable skill and force.

Nor are the portraitures of persons less entertaining. The salad-eating countryman in green, with his open-mouthed ladies at the Nörten Wirthshaus; — the sentimental tailor, as thin as Ossian's ghost through whom the stars shone; — the queer old Batavian merchant at Goslar; — Dr. Ascher, with his abstract bones, his transcendental gray coat, and his chilly old face, that might have done duty as the index to a text-book of geometry; — the punch-drinking, roystering students at the Brocken, — all are sketched with a freedom and spirit worthy of Balzac.

We proceed to give some extracts, taken almost at random, which, we think, will justify our praise. In the woods near Osterode, Heine met a young boy gathering sticks for his sick uncle. This incident suggests the following simple and natural passage:

"The child was on the best terms with the trees. He greeted them as good friends, and their rustling seemed an answer to his joyous greeting. He whistled like a finch, and all around us the twittering and piping of birds of all kinds replied. Then suddenly, before I could divine his purpose, he sprang away with his bundle of brushwood into the thicket. Children, I thought, are younger than we are; and perhaps they still remember how they once were birds and trees, so that they have not yet lost their power of communication with them. But we miserable men are very old, and have our heads full of cares and jurisprudence and bad verses, and nature will have nothing to do with us."

At Clausthal, Heine visited the great mines, Dorothea and Carolina, which he thus describes:

"Half an hour's walk from the city brings you to two large, black looking edifices. Here you are taken in charge at once by the miners. These people wear dusty, common steel-blue jackets, made very wide and hanging very low, hose of the same color, an apron fastened behind, and a little green felt hat, without any brim, like a razeed ninepin. In the like costume, (the leathern apron excepted,) the inquisitive traveller must array himself. A miner, your guide, after lighting his mine lamp, leads you to a dark hole, which at once reminds you of chimney-sweepers, disappears therein up to his breast, charges you to keep fast hold of the ladder, and bids you follow him without fear. There is, in fact, very little danger; but it is hard to believe this at first, when one is not yet familiar with mining operations. How eager you were to doff your proper clothes, and don the dusky prison garb! And now, behold you must clamber down on all fours, and the dark hole is so very dark, and God knows how long the ladder may be! But soon you find that it is not a solitary ladder, dropping down into the black eternity, but that there are fifteen or twenty successive ladders, each one of which deposits you on a small board, on which you can stand, and in which there is a new hole, that introduces you to a new ladder.

"I was carried first into Carolina. It is the dirtiest and most disagreeable Carolina that I have ever been acquainted with. The ladders are moist and filthy; and from one ladder to another you go down, and the guide before you, and he keeps protesting 'there is no danger, only you must keep fast hold of the ladder with your hands, and not look at your feet, and not become giddy, and step only in the middle of the rungs, not on one side where the rattling tub-rope passes up; for only a fortnight ago, a careless man fell down there and unluckily broke his neck.' Down below is a confused roaring and whirring; you stumble perpetually over beams and ropes that are in motion to draw up ore or water from the mine. From time to time, you reach excavated passages, called *stulms*, where a lonely miner sits, the livelong day, and wearily with his hammer knocks the fragments of ore out of the wall. I did not go to the very deepest part of the mine, where it is said you can hear the people in America shouting 'Hurrah for Lafayette!' But between ourselves, it seemed to me quite deep enough where I did go,—with an everlasting whirring and whizzing, an uncomfortable clanging of machinery, a rushing of subterranean streams, water trickling down on every side, steaming exhalations from the earth, and the light of the mine-lamp growing ever paler and paler in the dismal night. Really, it was deafening; I began to breathe very hard, and I kept my hold on the slippery ladder with difficulty. . . . . My guide was a devoutly honest, very German fellow. With

inward rejoicing he showed me the *stulm* in which the Duke of Cambridge, with all his suite, had dined when he visited the mine, and where the long wooden table still stands, as well as the great stone stool on which the duke sat. 'This must stand for a perpetual memorial,' said the good miner; and then he related with enthusiasm what great solemnities had occurred there; how all the *stulms* were adorned with lights, flowers, and foliage, how a boy of the mines had played the guitar and sung; how the dear, gracious, fat duke had drunk a great many healths; and how many of the miners, and himself in particular, would gladly die for the dear fat duke and for the whole house of Hanover. It touched my heart to see how this feeling of loyalty spoke out in his simple natural tones. It is so beautiful a feeling! And it is so truly German a feeling. Other nations may be more active, and wittier, and more amusing; but none is so true as the true German people. If I did not know that truth is as old as the world, I should believe that some German heart discovered it. German Truth! it is no modern superscription flourish. In your courts, O German princes, you should sing again and again the song of the trusty Eckart and of the wicked Duke of Burgundy, who let Eckart's darling sons be slaughtered, and yet found him afterwards as true as ever. You have the truest people; and you err when you believe, that the old, intelligent, trusty hound will suddenly go mad, and snap at your consecrated legs."

After a description of the peaceful, mysterious life of this isolated mining people, we have this little picture.

"The old woman drew out from the great press behind the oven a flowered dress of ancient stuff, the bridal-dress of her blessed mother. Her great-grandson, a fair, bright-eyed boy, dressed like a miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on the dress, and she told him many fine stories of this old garment, many earnest, beautiful stories, which the boy will not soon forget, which will rise often to his mind when he, ere long, a full-grown man, works alone in the dusky passages of Carolina, — which he will tell over again many a time, when this dear grandmother has long been dead, and he himself, a silver-haired, decaying old man, sits in the circle of his grandchildren over against the great press behind the oven."

Of the Brocken, we have the following account.

"Soon I entered a wood of heaven-high fir trees, for which I entertain, on every account, a great respect. The mountain is here strown all over with great blocks of granite, and most of the trees must with their roots climb or spring over these stones, and

wearily seek for the soil from which they can draw their nourishment. Here and there the stones lie like a rising tower, one upon another, and on the topmost stands a tree, its bare roots scrambling down and entering every cranny in the stones, finding their soil first at the foot of the tower, so that the trees seem to be growing high in the air. And yet, they forced themselves up to that great height, and having grown up together as it were with the heaped-up stones, they stand more firmly than their indolent brethren in the cultivated forest-soil of the level land. Squirrels climb along the branches of the fir trees, and yellow deer walk beneath them. When I see such a lovely, noble creature, I cannot understand how accomplished gentlemen can find pleasure in chasing and slaying it. One of these beasts was more pitiful than men, and solaced the desolation of the unfortunate St. Genevieve.*

"The golden sunbeams shoot down lovingly through the thick green of the firs. The roots of the trees form a natural stairway. Everywhere are swelling banks of moss; the stones are overgrown, foot-deep, with the most beautiful mosses, as with bright green, velvet cushions. Delicious coolness and the dreamy murmur of brooks! Here and there you see the water running silver-clear among the stones, and bathing the naked roots and filaments of the trees. In some places, it bursts more impetuously forth from the rocks and roots, and makes little cascades. There is such a mysterious murmuring and rustling, the birds pour out such broken, longing songs, the trees whisper like the tongues of a thousand maidens, like the eyes of a thousand maidens the strange mountain-flowers look up at us, the wondrously broad, queerly-pointed leaves stretch themselves toward us, the gay sunbeams flicker here and there in their play, the thoughtful little herbs tell their green tales; every thing seems enchanted; it becomes more and more familiar — an ancient dream rises to life again — the beloved one appears — alas! that she so soon disappears again!

"The higher you go up the mountain, the shorter and more dwarfish the fir trees become; they seem to shrink together more and more, till only bilberry bushes and cranberry bushes and mountain herbs remain. The air also grows sensibly colder. The wonderful groups of granite blocks here first became truly conspicuous; they are often of astounding size."

After toiling over this rough mountain till he was thoroughly weary, Heine reached the Blocksberg House, built on the very summit, in 1800, by Count Stolberg-Weingerode. Here he

*See Tieck's fine drama, *Die Heilige Genoveva.*

finds much curious company, all of whom we should like to introduce to our readers. Especially remarkable was an old lady, who is thus described.

"Her eyes expressed a morbid religious melancholy; her mouth was compressed with a devotional austerity, yet it seemed to me that she had laughed not a little in her day, had once been beautiful, and had occasionally given and taken a kiss. Her face, indeed, was like a palimpsest manuscript, from which, through the modern black, monkish copy of some Christian Father's homily, the half-effaced verses of an old Greek love-poet still peep out."

This old lady was accompanied by a beautiful daughter, and by a little wizened old gentleman, who spoke very little, but laughed whenever the matron addressed him, like a pug-dog who had taken snuff. Heine talked with the mother about Raphael, Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, — for she had just come from Italy. The daughter was more interested in the opera, and in the translations which Heine gave her of Byron's songs, while her mother recited a stanza from Childe Harold with wondrous lisping and sighing. In this style of gay or pleasant narrative the book is carried on to its end. The last place which we visit is Ilsethal.

The second volume, containing the "North Sea," and the "Book Le Grand," is of quite a different character from the first. We have more reflections, more literary disquisitions. Of the strange medley which the poet gives us we can convey no adequate idea by a mere description of his subjects. We shall therefore present a few extracts from various parts of the volume, and leave our readers to judge of the whole pastry from our specimens of its ingredients. In the book called the "North Sea," immediately after a very sensible and excellent dissertation on Goethe and the critics, comes this passage.

"There is a strong north wind blowing up, and the witches are brewing some mischief. In this place they believe many wonderful stories of the witches, who are thought to possess the power of raising storms in these northern seas. The sailors believe that many islands are wholly under the power of the aforesaid witches, and they ascribe to their evil influence any delay or trouble which the passing ships encounter. During my

voyage last year, the steersman told me that the witches have especial power in the Isle of Wight, and try to detain till nightfall every ship which attempts to pass there in the day, that they may drive it on the breakers or on the cliffs of the island. At such times, the witches are heard rushing with a great noise through the air, and howling around the ship so fiercely that the Klaboterman himself can with difficulty restrain them. When I asked, 'Who is the Klaboterman?' my informant answered very seriously, 'He is the good invisible guardian-spirit of the ship, who protects all true orderly sailors from misfortune, who oversees every thing on board, and cares as well for the freight as for her successful voyage.' The sturdy pilot assured me, in a more suppressed, confidential voice, that I might hear him myself, sometimes in the hold, where he often made improvements in the stowage; then again he was to be heard in the creaking of the chests and barrels, when the sea ran high, and sometimes in the groaning and straining of the beams and timbers. Sometimes the Klaboterman hammered on the outside of the ship, and that was to warn the carpenter to mend at once some dangerous hole or crack. His greatest pleasure, however, was to sit on the topsail for a sign that they should have good winds. I asked if any one had ever seen him. He answered, 'No! and no one wished to see him, for he only showed himself when he could no longer be of use.' The good steersman had never witnessed such a scene himself; but he had heard from others, that at such times, the Klaboterman is heard talking from the topsail with the spirits who are under his orders; and when the storm grows too strong, and a shipwreck is inevitable, he sits on the rudder, shows himself for the first time, and disappears, breaking the rudder as he goes. But those who see him at this fearful moment find an instantaneous death in the waves."

A more safely guarded theory than this can hardly be found. Heine goes on to relate various superstitious traditions of the northern coast, such as the well known tale of the flying Dutchman; the beautiful story of the boy, who, having once seen the sea-maidens dancing on the beach at midnight, wandered through the world, charming all men with the music of that wondrous pixen-waltz; and the legend of the sunken city. With the latter most readers of German are familiar, as it is so exquisitely told by Müller in his ballad of 'Vineta.' Lofty meditations by the sea, youthful recollections, sometimes of a sufficiently questionable character, remarks on the Hanoverian nobility, accounts of sea battles, criticisms, and reflections on Maitland's Napoleon, on

the British and French nations, on the Emperor himself and Walter Scott, on Segur's Narrative and the Epic in general, occupy the rest of the book. It closes with various *Xenien*, some of them very pointed and witty, which Heine affirms to have been written by Immermann, — with what truth the reader may easily decide.

The book Le Grand is addressed to a lady, and is a sort of romantic autobiography of the childhood and youth of the poet. Monsieur Le Grand was a little French drummer, who was stationed with his regiment in Düsseldorf. To him the young school-boy became very much attached, and though the worthy Abbé d'Aulnoi found Heine a bad pupil in French, and the drummer Le Grand knew very little German, they contrived to get along together very well.

"'When I could not understand the meaning of the word *Liberté*,' says Heine, 'Le Grand would beat the Marseillaise, and I understood it. If I did not know the meaning of *Egalité*, he beat the march, *Ca ira ça ira, les aristocrates à la lanterne!*' and I understood him. If I knew not what *bêtise* meant, he would beat the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also relates, played in Champagne, and I understood him. He once wished to explain to me the word *L'Allemagne*, and he drummed that very simple, original melody, which is often heard on market-days with dancing dogs, to wit, Dum-Dum-Dum. I was vexed, but I understood him nevertheless.'"

This extract will show the spirit of Gallomania in which the book is written. Admiration of France and satirical allusions to German loyalty, indeed, give their poignancy to the most effective passages. Such is the case, for example, with the picture of Napoleon.

"How then did I feel when I saw, with my own highly favored eyes, the very emperor himself! It was in the alley of the public garden at Düsseldorf. As I pushed through the gaping, staring crowd, I thought of the deeds and fights which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed over to me. My heart beat the grand march; and then, at the same instant, I thought of the order of police, that no one should ride down the alley on pain of a fine of five dollars. And the emperor with his staff rode down the middle of the alley; the trembling trees bowed themselves forwards as he came on; the sunbeams quivered with a fearful curiosity through the green leaves, and in the blue sky above us swam conspicuous one golden star. The emperor wore his plain green uniform

and the little world-famous hat. He rode a small white horse, and the horse moved on with such calm pride, such confidence of distinction — had I then and there been Crown Prince of Prussia, I should have envied that horse! Negligently, but firmly, sat the emperor, one hand holding the bridle high, the other patting gently the neck of his steed. It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand, one of the two hands that had bound the many-headed monster of anarchy, and controlled the duels of the nations; yet it patted gently the neck of his steed. The face, too, had that color which we see in the Grecian and Roman marble heads; the features were chiselled as nobly as those of the antiques, and on that face was written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.' A smile which warmed and set at rest every heart played over the lips; and yet every one knew that those lips needed only to pipe, and *La Prusse n'existait plus;* those lips needed only to pipe, and the whole holy Roman empire danced. And those lips smiled, and the eyes smiled too. He had an eye clear as the heavens, that could read the heart of man, that saw at one swift glance all things in this world, while we other mortals see only each other, and the variegated shadows of things. The emperor rode quietly down the alley; no police officer opposed him; behind him, haughtily mounted on snorting horses, and loaded with gold and embroidery, rode his staff. The drums rolled, the trumpets clanged; near me, the nonsensical Alouisins turned himself about, and snarled out the names of the generals; not far off, bellowed the besotted Gumpertz, and the people shouted, thousand-voiced, 'Long live the Emperor!'"

The succeeding chapter is a cry of vengeance against *perfide Albion;* but subsiding from his unwonted fury, the indignant poet closes his wrathful outburst with this satirical reflection: — "Strange! that the three greatest enemies of the emperor have so soon met a dreadful fate. Londonderry has cut his own throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted upon his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still professor at Göttingen."

The third and fourth volumes of the *Reisebilder* contain Heine's account of his journey from Munich to Genoa, the baths of Lucca, the city of Lucca, and the English Fragments. These very brilliant pages are to be praised very cautiously, and to be read, we think, by as few persons as possible. They belong very decidedly to that class of works of genius which the majority of men should study by proxy. For while they afford a rich display of Heine's genius, wit, learn-

ing, and taste, they are also pervaded by his worst characteristics. The levity, which in the *Harzreise* is so entertaining and almost picturesque, here approaches the dangerous verge of profligate recklessness. Especially is this the case in the "Baths of Lucca," of which it may perhaps be enough to say, that it is peculiarly admired in France. The literary criticisms scattered, in the form of conversations or disquisitions, through these volumes are all of them agreeable, and some of them really valuable; and the same power of description, the same strong management and display of characters, which distinguish the first volumes, are conspicuous in these. One exception, however, to this remark, forces itself to our recollection in the scene which represents the conduct of an English lady at the Baths of Lucca. The stony Sir Ralph, in "Indiana," is fairly matched by this very original representation.

Absurdities of this kind, however, are common to almost all Continental writers, and Heine's misfortune only proves what we all know very well, that he was not a Goethe. But this apart, there are many characters and still more observations in these "Travels," that are striking and original. Heine himself treats his reflections and disquisitions in a very depreciating manner, and compels us to pass them over in silence by such remarks as the following: —

"When Candide came to El dorado, he saw many children in the street, who played with great lumps of gold instead of stones. This luxury made him believe that they were the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he learned, that in El dorado lumps of gold are as worthless as pebble-stones with us, and that the school-boys play with them. Something similar befell a friend of mine, a foreigner, who, when he first came to Germany and read German books, was astonished at the wealth of thought he found therein; but he soon discovered that thoughts are as common in Germany as lumps of gold in El dorado, and that those writers whom he had at first supposed to be intellectual princes were in reality only common school-boys."

This is very true, and we therefore refrain from expressing any particular admiration of the many fine thoughts which we find scattered through the pages of these books. We must, however, allude to the very keen and pointed observations on the Romish Church and on Latin authors, which we

find in the "Travels from Munich to Genoa." The general observations, too, which are given in all of the "Italian" books, on the desolate condition and helpless, degraded character of the Italian states at that time (1828,) are very striking, and, so far as we can judge, very just.

From the English tour, we make the following extracts. In passing up the Thames, Heine bursts out into an apostrophe to the land of freedom which he is approaching, and to freedom itself, "the religion of these modern times." But an old tawny man by his side interrupts his eloquence, and delivers to him some sage remarks on freedom in England, France, and Germany.

"'Young enthusiast,' he said, 'you will not find what you seek. Be assured that every nation will take of this Religion of Freedom what suits its own local needs and national character. The English are a home-loving folk; they live a limited, peaceful, family life, and seek in the circle of their domestic relations the satisfaction of their spiritual wants and affections. The Englishman, therefore, is satisfied with that freedom which secures his personal rights, his person, his property, his household, and his faith, and leaves him so far unrestricted in his whims. In his own house, no man is freer than the Englishman; to use a familiar expression, he is king and bishop within his four walls. Now, while the Englishman chiefly insists on personal freedom, the Frenchman may be to some extent deprived of this, if he be only allowed the full enjoyment of that public freedom which we call equality. The French are not a home-loving, but a gregarious people; they have no taste for quiet *tête-à-têtes*, which they call *une conversation Anglaise;* they run chattering from the coffee-house to the casino, from the casino to the saloon; their volatile champagne blood and innate colloquial talent drive them to a life of society, and the first and last conditions, yea the very soul, of this life is — equality. . . . . That this strife for equality was a main principle of the revolution, we can believe the more easily, because the Parisians so soon felt themselves at ease and contented under the rule of the Emperor Napoleon, who, as the guardian of their minority, took all their freedom into his own strong hands, and left them only the joy of a full, glorious equality. The Englishman, therefore, bears far more patiently than the Frenchman the sight of a privileged aristocracy; he solaces himself with the thought, that he too has rights which make it impossible for any man to disturb his domestic comforts and his private possessions. Moreover, the aristocracy there makes no such display of its privileges as the Continental nobility

does. In the streets and public saloons of London, you see gay ribbons only on the bonnets of the women, and gold and silver ornaments only on the coats of lackeys. As an actor after the play washes off his paint, so also the English officer hastens to disrobe himself of his red coat as soon as the hour of service is over, and in the simple dress of a gentleman becomes a gentleman again. . . . . .

"As to the Germans, they need neither personal freedom nor equality. They are a speculative race, idealists, thinkers on the past and the future, dreamers who live only in the ancient and the possible, and who have no present. The English and French have a present; for them every day has its strife, counterstrife, and history. Yet we must not deny that the Germans also love freedom, but with a difference. The Englishman loves freedom as his legitimate wife; he possesses her, and even if he does not treat her with special tenderness, he knows how to defend her like a man, and woe to whatsoever intruder offers her insult or injury! The Frenchman loves freedom as his chosen bride. He glows for her, he flames, he throws himself at her feet with extravagant endearments, he fights for her through life and death, he commits a thousand fooleries for her. The German loves freedom as his old grandmother."

With the view of English liberty thus displayed to him the young German is at first indignant, but soon becomes satisfied of its truth, and gives us many entertaining accounts of his feelings and opinions with respect to the haughty islanders. He once met an Englishman who seemed more demonstrative than his countrymen generally are, who even addressed him in French, and entered into a very earnest conversation. After a time, Heine expressed his pleasure and astonishment at this unwonted sociability; — "Oh!" said the Englishman with great frankness, "I only wished to improve my knowledge of French!"

Heine gives us a fine chapter on London, in which he compares the great city to the battle of the Beresina, where the stern riders in their fear trample down the infantry, where whoso falls to the ground is lost forever, where bosom friends tread fiercely over one another's prostrate forms, and thousands who, wounded and bleeding, cling for safety to the planks of the bridge, are shaken off by the rushing throng into the icy death below. We have also two chapters devoted, the one to the demolition of Walter Scott's Napoleon, and the other to stripping "the little Wellington" of his

"historical uniform," his circumstantial, adventitious glory. These, with a curious and pathetic chapter on the Old Bailey, two or three political essays on the Opposition, the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the National Debt, the "illustrious, truly great Canning," and Cobbett, the "bandog of England," make up the substance of the "English Fragments." Then comes a paper called *Die Befreyung*, "The Deliverance," which is a zealous annunciation of the Gospel of Liberty, proclaimed first by Luther, and secondly by the French revolutionists. A "closing word" of earnest appeal to the Germans ends this volume and the *Reisebilder*.

Next in celebrity to the *Reisebilder* is a work which appeared first in German as the *Beiträge zur Deutschen Literatur-Geschichte*, and afterwards rewritten and enlarged in French, as *De l'Allemagne*. A translation of the *Beiträge* into English appeared in this country in 1836, from the pen of Mr. G. W. Haven. *De l'Allemagne* was published after Heine had transplanted himself to Paris, and is imbued with the spirit of the party to which he there allied himself. It is a systematic attempt to write down those authors and those opinions which he regarded as obstacles in the way of the great terrestrial kingdom that the propagandists wished to establish. Old German feeling, Romanticism, Anglicism, pietism, are riddled by his piercing arrows. To call the book a literary history is absurd. The respectability of Gervinus and the religious enthusiasm of Horn refuse to occupy the same shelf with the *diablérie*, the raillery, the invective of this Parthian critic. But we have rarely met a more brilliant specimen of the "Free Companion" in literature, than Heine as he appears in this case, sweeping remorselessly down upon Tieck, Schlegel, and their brethren, dealing fatal side thrusts at the solemn philosophers, riding full tilt against even the divine Goethe himself, and barely dropping his lance in time to avoid the crime of sacrilege. The preface of the book will convey a good idea of its general character and objects.

"When, after the lapse of many years, the Kaiser Otho III. resolved to behold the mortal remains of Charlemagne, he entered the tomb with two bishops and the Count Laumel, to whom we owe the following account. The body was not found recumbent, as is usual, but in a sitting posture on a chair, like a living man.

The crown was on its head and the sceptre in its gloved hands; but the nails had grown and pierced the leather of the gloves. The vault had been walled up strongly with marble, and we had to force an opening. All bent the knee in reverence for Charlemagne. Otho arrayed him in a new white robe, pared his nails, and commanded that whatever had given way about him should be repaired. Nothing had disappeared but the point of his nose, for which Otho substituted a new point of gold. He then took a tooth from the mouth of the mighty dead, ordered the vault to be closed as before, and departed. But the next night Charlemagne appeared to Otho in a dream, and warned him that his end drew near, and that he should fail of heirs. Such are the German traditions about the tomb of Charlemagne; but this is by no means a solitary instance. Francis I. of France, for example, caused the tomb of Roland to be opened, that he might ascertain whether the old hero was of the gigantic stature ascribed to him by the poets. This occurred just before the battle of Pavia. Strange, horrible curiosity, which leads men to explore the tombs of the past! This always happens at extraordinary periods, when a great epoch is accomplished, when a catastrophe is at hand. We have witnessed such an event in our own days, — indeed, but yesterday."

Here Heine alludes to the Romantic enthusiasm in France, which he describes as a fashion rather than a feeling, and goes on to speak of German Romanticism.

"The eighteenth century crushed Catholicism in France so thoroughly, that it retains hardly any life there. By France I mean Paris; for what the provinces may think is of no more consequence than the opinions of a man's legs. The head is the seat of thought. I understand the provincial French are good Catholics. This I neither affirm nor deny. The persons I have met in the provinces always seemed to me like mile-stones, bearing legibly on their foreheads their greater or less distance from the capital. At Paris, assuredly, Catholicism has been quite dead ever since the revolution; and indeed, it had lost its health and strength long before. In Germany, alas! it is very different. In Germany, the Middle Age was not, is not, so entirely dead and decayed as in France. The Middle Age of Germany does not moulder quietly in its tomb; it is often inspired, animated, by an evil demon; it appears among us in the clear daylight, and sucks our reddest veins."

Commencing in this spirit, Heine carries on his attack upon the conservatives of Germany in the same fearless, contemptuous style. His sarcasms are made more poignant by

the resentment which he felt against Dr. Hoffman, the Censor at Hamburg, who suppressed some pages of the German edition of his book. Taken as a whole, *De l'Allemagne* may be fairly said to be the finest exhibition we have of Heine's satirical powers. To those who would enjoy something of its wit and elegance, we can recommend Mr. Haven's condensed translation of the *Beiträge*. Let the general reader, however, beware of them! He reads for information, for light; and as he values his mental integrity, and would keep his mind free from prejudice and injustice, let him shun this dangerous brilliancy, which is any thing but light from heaven.

What Heine says of A. W. Von Schlegel is true of himself, or rather of this particular work; "Its fame is the daughter of scandal." It was liked in France amazingly, for it gratified the vanity of French wits at the expense of the "Dumm Dumm" Germans. It was greatly rejoiced over, as we have said, by the scoffers of Germany. But to all serious persons, of whatever nation, it must remain only an entertaining abomination. We dismiss it with alacrity to its proper circle in the Inferno of literature, into which it will assuredly sink. There is no cruelty in this sentence, for it is but an affirmation of a law of nature, and the condemned book will have a goodly company of associates.

Satire, even in its highest form, as we find it among the Romans, belongs rather to homiletic than to poetic literature. It is the utterance of the subjective dissatisfaction of the individual with the actual about him. It is therefore didactic, judicial, practical, not poetical. The satirist does not create, but he reproves men for what they are doing, and commands them to do differently. Quintilian, speaking of Lucilius, says, "the satire is wholly ours;" but Rome produced no great and glorious works of art. Her sculpture, her painting, her poetry, epic, lyric, and dramatic, came from Greece. Her satire is her own, and it is the highest form of satire. Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, stand alone. But the gayety of Horace, which delights itself with making evil men and evil things ridiculous, is not the joy of the poet. Far less is the earnest, noble indignation of Juvenal and Persius poetic. That sublime line of the Antigone, "*Οὗτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν*," is the motto of the true poet; but

the satirist shares and expresses the indignation of the moral, the pure, the high-minded men of his time against the base and the vile. This indignation leads him to attack them with energy and high scorn. But the poet, with the calmness of nature, wastes no strength on evil, for evil is not of God, and must perish in its own impotence. Satire then belongs to Rome, but it has no place in Christian art. Most true is the declaration of a great thinker, "in our days the satire can never thrive more." Our own English satires, — what soul of man is refreshed, ennobled, or strengthened by them? Setting aside the fact, that so many of them express not the high Roman wrath of a Juvenal or a Persius, but the disappointment, the spleen, or the spite of an irritated and self-seeking man, and that some of them only display the energy of a starving author fighting for his life against a greedy publisher or a niggardly party, as, for example, in those famous lines of Dryden on bandy-legged Jacob Tonson, which always interest us, much as the triumph of an Eton fag over his tyrant might, — setting these facts aside, what have we to gain from the best of our satires now? The keen archery of Pope, the vigorous scourging of Swift, the strong sword-play of Churchill, the laborious pommelling of Gifford, — these are all very fine, doubtless; but are they exhibitions of the poetic power? * No more so, we think, than the sermons of Latimer or South. Let them have all praise, and sojourn undisturbed in their proper limbo; but into the paradise of poetry the unbaptized may not enter.

After this expression of our views on the subject of satire generally, we cannot be considered unmerciful in consigning Atta Troll, Deutschland, and many other merely political squibs, to the more ignoble quarter of that Elysium in which so many mighty shades of Rome, France, and England dwell. We may inform our readers, that Atta Troll, the most remarkable of these lesser poems, is a representation of Germany under the form of a dancing bear, who escapes from his keeper into the Pyrenees, where he is hunted down by a most extraordinary company. It is written with much

* It will be understood, that we speak here of the *substance* and not of the *form* of these satires, the form being of course poetic. It is noteworthy in this connection, that Dryden's, Johnson's, and Gifford's translations are the best satires we possess. In the work of translation, these writers were occupied solely as poets.

humor and spirit, and has comparatively little invective. It was composed in 1841, when the "intense" party had expended their first wrath upon Heine in a manner that was truly formidable. "I could not have believed," he says, "that Germany contained so many rotten apples as were thrown at my head." It was published as a fragment in the "Elegant World," at that time under the charge of Heine's eminent friend, Heinrich Laube. As a fragment it was abused, and for sometime it remained a fragment; — in this, says Heine, sharing the fate of all the great German works, "such as the Cologne Cathedral, the God of Schelling, the Prussian Constitution, &c." In 1846, it was completed, and it appeared the next year in a small volume. A French translation of the piece, executed by Heine himself, may be found in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Besides the works of which we have thus far spoken, Heine has written Letters on the Nobility, treatises on the Romantic School, on France, on Ludwig Börne, on the Denunciants, and two volumes of poetry, — "The Book of Songs," and the "New Poems." Of these last two only have we a right to speak; and with an account of their character, and some translations from them, we shall close our examination of Heine's writings.

"The Book of Songs," is a collection of various poems, first published in part in the *Reisebilder*, and in part in different German journals. As the *Reisebilder* gives us the fairest and fullest exhibition of the true nature of the man, so these poems afford us the best criterion of the genius of the poet. In this beautiful collection we enjoy the fragrance of a gifted nature, the peaceful working of a naturally clear and noble heart. This enjoyment is not, however, unalloyed; throughout the volume we see plainly enough the traces of that spirit of skepticism which was the bane of Heine's whole inward being. But we do not see that spirit in so full activity as elsewhere in his works. For the time, the poet asserts himself in these masterly compositions; the tenderness, the glow, the hope, and trust of his genius find expression here in the most exquisite forms. Whether for the dreamy and impassioned aspirations of love, or for the longing and aspiring thoughts which the sight and sound of the eternal sea suggest, Heine finds the most expressive and

natural utterance. His plastic power is remarkable; some critics have gone so far as to compare him, in this respect, with Goethe. This, we think, is exaggerated praise; but he is unquestionably the greatest artist among the younger German poets. Even in the most painful of his ballads, when he revels in the description of all fair and treacherous creatures, undines, elfs, pixies, wilis, creatures of fatal smiles and poisonous though balmy breath; even in these traces of the curse that an ill-governed life had laid upon his genius, we are charmed by the seductive beauty and melody of his verse. And when, as in some parts of that extraordinary poem, the North Sea, Heine really rises to pure and lofty feelings, to grand and simple thoughts, the solemnity and power of his measures, sometimes rolling out with the rhythm of the waves, reveal the intrinsic greatness of the poetic nature which was lost to art and to its own true happiness in the turmoil of our times. This singular artistic excellence makes the task of translation from Heine a peculiarly difficult one. Nothing but long and careful study of these poems, so marvellously well-constructed, can give the translator a proper command over them. It is with some diffidence, therefore, that we give a few translations of our own, which may serve to illustrate the most agreeable style of Heine's poetry.

THE EVENING TALK.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
We gazed out on the sea,
And saw the mists of evening
Climb upwards solemnly.

The lamps in the lighthouse window
Were kindled light by light,
And on the far horizon
One ship was still in sight.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of the seaman and his life,
How he floats 'twixt the sky and the water,
'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife.

We spoke of coasts far distant
To south and north that lie,

Of the strange men and manners
That meet the wanderer's eye.

Through the giant trees of Ganges
The fragrant breezes steal;
And fair and silent creatures
By the lotus flowers kneel.

The dirty Lapland people,
Flat-skulled, wide-mouthed, and small,
Round their fish in the embers baking,
Sit huddled, and croak, and brawl.

The maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The distant ship was lost to sight,
By the darkness covered o'er.

THE PRINCESS ILSE.

"I am the princess Ilse,
And I dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come thou, and be happy with me,
Within that hold of mine.

"I will bathe thy weary forehead
There in my waves so clear;
And thou thy sorrows shalt all forget,
Thou care-tormented fere!

"Thou, my white arms clasped round thee,
Shalt lie on my white breast,
And legends of love and pleasure
Shall fill with dreams thy rest.

"I will clasp thee close and kiss thee,
As I clasped in the olden day
And kissed dear Kaiser Henry,
Who long since passed away.

"The dead they are dead forever,
And only the living lives;
And I am still young and blooming,
Glad throbs my heart still gives.

"Then come to my sunken castle,
To my hidden crystal keep,
Where the knights and the dames dance gaily,
And the pages shout and leap.

"There the silken robes are rustling,
And clashing the spurs of steel,
And the dwarfs they sound the cymbals loud,
And the horn with its mellow peal.

"There shall mine arms fold round thee,
As they folded the Kaiser round;
I pressed my hands close on his ears,
When rose the trumpet's sound."

THE VIRGIN OF KEVLAAR.

I.

At the window stood the mother,
On the bed lay the son;
"Wilt thou not rise up, William,
To see the procession?"

"I am so weak, my mother,
I scarce can hear or see;
I think upon dead Margaret,
And my heart fails in me."

"Rise up, we'll forth to Kevlaar
With book and rosary;
The Holy Mother, she will heal
Thy wounded heart for thee."

The holy banners flutter,
The holy hymn sounds on;
And through the streets of old Cologne
Passes the procession.

The mother joins the people,
Her son too leadeth she,
They raise the holy hymn and sing,
"All praise to thee, Mary!"

II.

The Holy Mother wears to-day
Her best and bravest cloak;
For crowds are gathering at her shrine
Of sick and suffering folk.

The sick and suffering folk they bring
To her, as offerings meet,
Great store of waxen members,
Of waxen hands and feet.

Who brings a waxen hand to her,
His hand is healed of wound;
Who brings a waxen foot to her,
His foot grows quickly sound.

A waxlight took the mother,
And wrought therefrom a heart;
"To the Holy Mother this gift we'll bring,
And she will heal thy smart."

The sick son, sighing, takes it,
With sighs to the image goes;
Forth flows from his eye the tear-drop,
From his heart the word too flows.

"O, thou, most highly blessed,
Thou Maid divinely pure,
Thou queen of Heaven! I pray thee
My grievous wound to cure.

"Once, near us dwelt my Margaret,
But she has left us now;
O Mary! I bring a heart to thee,
My wounded heart heal thou!

"O Mother! heal my wounded heart,
So, morn and eve will I,
In hymns and prayers of praise to thee,
Thrice blest, devoutly cry!"

III.

The sick son near his mother
On his bed lay sleeping fast;
Right gently the Holy Virgin
Into the chamber passed.

She bowed her o'er the sick one,
Her gentle hand to lay
Upon his heart — once — softly —
Then smiled and passed away.

All this the dreaming mother saw,
And more she seemed to see;
But she wakened from her slumber,
For the hounds bayed dolefully.

Outstretched on the bed there lay
Her son — and he was dead ;
And on his pale cheeks lightly played
The early morning-red.

Her hands the mother folded,
Her thoughts then knew not she ;
She only sang, devoutly low,
" All praise to thee, Mary ! "

SONG.

" Thou charming fisher-maiden,
Come push thy boat to land,
And sitting here, beside me,
Talk with me, hand in hand.

" On my heart thy young head lay,
Oh ! trust thyself to me ;
Thou day by day confidest
Thyself to the raging sea.

" And like that sea my heart is,
With storms and ebb and flow,
And richest pearls too, sleeping
In silent depths below."

SONG.

A lonely fir tree standeth*
On a chilly Northern height ;
The snow and the ice, while it sleepeth,
Weave round it a garment white.

It dreameth of a palm tree,
That far in the Eastern land,
Alone and silent mourneth
On its plain of burning sand.

The last two poems are taken from a collection called, curiously enough, a Lyrical Intermezzo. This seems to contain the history of a year's life of love and despair. The poet loves a young girl, who deserts him after a time for a richer lover. This simple story is told with great power and beauty of feeling, in a succession of small poems. Thoughts

* This poem has been paraphrased by Mr. Milnes, in his " Book of Love."

of great depth and truth, bursts of passion, sighs of grief, and quaint apostrophes succeed each other, and twine together in an inextricable confusion of pathos and humor. To the future student of our time, this revelation of the heart's life of one of its most conspicuous writers will not be without a painful interest.

The "New Poems," *Neue Gedichte,* were the last productions claiming the rank of poetry which Heine published. They were the last, and they are the saddest, the most lamentable, perhaps, that ever proceeded from a man so capable of greatness. The raillery which played lightly over the surface of the Book of Songs, here flashes out with a determined, continuous glare. The evil spirit whose traces were visible only in the moral defects of the Intermezzo, the Heimkehr, and the North Sea, here stalks boldly in sight, trampling down the holiest feelings, and scoffing at the most beautiful and touching thoughts. The volume commences with a series of pieces full of delicate sentiment, and of much elegance and simplicity. We pass with the poet through the fields and forests of Germany, in the flush of spring, conscious of a May in our hearts more fresh, more beautiful with youth and promise, than the joyous season without. The birds sing in the forest trees. "Who is the leader of these musicians, in the green orchestra of the woods? Is it the gray lapwing, who ceaselessly winks his eyes with so important an air? Is it yonder pedant, who ejaculates his cuckoo note at such regular intervals? Is it the stork, who, so gravely, like a leader, raises her long leg, while the birds sing all around? Ah no! he dwells within my heart, the forest chorister! I feel the measures that he beats, I think his name is — Love!" Led by this chorister, a band of noble thoughts and gentle affections sing us the sweetest and purest songs. From the pleasure of their music we are soon roused, however, by an irruption of the most revolting creatures. The worst forms of Parisian folly take the place of the beauteous visions of the German May-time, and we close the volume with unspeakable disgust. If we have the courage to return to it, we find that it represents, beside the Suabian wanderer and the Parisian *roué,* the excited and satirical journalist; and we can entertain ourselves with a series of "Poems of the Time," in which the same brilliancy, the same sarcastic spirit, the same

recklessness are shown that distinguish all Heine's political writings. But we lay the book down the second time, feeling that all the brilliancy, all the sarcasm, all the *espiéglerie* in the world are the very feeblest element in the world's motive power. Heine, we understand from Taillandier, hoped in his comic pieces to imitate the work of Aristophanes; but with Taillandier we must proclaim, for the benefit of all who mistake levity for power, and contempt of the present for confidence in the future, and blind wilful scorn of all things established for insight into all things possible, that "Aristophanes had not only the quickest and gayest wit, the most graceful and humorous imagination of antiquity, but the high spirit of a true citizen, *the resolute heart of a man who knew what he would have.*"

The want of this, the want of any resolute, determined adherence to a great and noble purpose, this was the fatal element in Heine's character. On this fact, and on the solemn lesson which the life of this gifted but truly unfortunate man so impressively teaches, we need scarcely dwell. He was, perhaps, the best type of that disordered character which prevailed so extensively among the young men of Continental Europe, during the feverish period between the fall of Napoleon and the flight of Louis Philippe. In the great crises of history, when an important movement is really to be made and a new epoch begins in earnest, mighty spirits are aroused, and the revolutionary tempest is wielded by Titan hands. But that chafing discontent, which is forced to vent itself through the ordinary channels of society, calls forth no heroes. Then it is that such men as Heine, men who express the frivolity, the vanity, the impatience of the multitude, in forms which they invest with the beauty of their own peculiar genius, take the rank of popular leaders, and utter the oracles of destiny to the disaffected youth. And in taking this position, they sacrifice forever their own peace and power and renown. They choose the perishable notoriety of the politician, rather than the eternal glory of the artist; and the shame and sorrow of those who waste a goodly heritage must be inevitably theirs. That Heine was truly born into the inheritance of poetry cannot be doubted. Wilfully as he turned away his time and his thoughts from his proper poetic duty, he has yet accomplished some things that will live. His

exact position among the poets of Germany it may not be easy, and it is quite unimportant, to fix. Some of those worthy critics who adopt, in literary matters, the expedient so agreeably employed in social life by a large class of ladies and gentlemen, of discovering in every new "subject" a remarkable likeness to some one of his predecessors, have called Heine the German Byron. Never were these worthy critics more unfortunate. The only points of resemblance on which their view can be founded must be the artistic power, the sensualism, and the love of the sea which seem to have been common to the German and the Englishman. But these particulars aside, the essential natures of the two poets were as diverse as the circumstances of their lives. The gay, reckless, witty politician is a wholly different being from the magnificent English Lucifer. The one was a scoffer among scoffers, the other a terrible scorner in a day of fearful convulsions and wrathful conflicts. Their very sensualism bore not the same stamp; with Heine it was sentimental — with Byron, passionate. Heine had the least possible intensity, and doubtless would have found Byron a bore. Southey was right when he said that his epithet of the Satanic school would "stick." Byron was indeed an archangel ruined, a master spirit, and he lived with an "emphasis" at which Heine would have shuddered. Practical philhellenism would have seemed to Heine the very flower of insane enthusiasm. Indeed, notwithstanding the chanticleer excitement with which Heine proclaims his desire to stand "on the top of Cologne cathedral, and wave the black, red, and gold flag to Frankfort," it may be doubted whether he would have enjoyed any thing less than a summons to buckle on his harness in a war of liberty. A true expression of his time, he revelled in the most exalted theories, which he delighted to concoct amidst the pleasures of Parisian life, but would, on no account, have taken the trouble to realize.

If we must find a prototype for Heine, then, we shall be obliged to look for one in a very different region from that which the lordly, morbid, passionate Byron inhabits. Perhaps he may be called a nineteenth-century Wieland. The plastic power, the clear, sunny genius, the Gallo-Grecian spirit of the author of Oberon belong also to Heine. One of his favorite theories, most fully developed in his work on Louis

Börne, is that men may be divided into two classes, the stout and the meagre. The "meagre" men are the Nazarenes, the Christians, who frown on the sensuous beauty of things, and deny themselves all material pleasure; the "stout" men are the Greeks, who live in the full, wholesome joy of nature. Unfortunately for Heine, the joy of nature in Paris was hardly the same with the joy of nature in Greece, or even in Germany; and the frivolous politics of the nineteenth century were as a blighting east wind to the genial power of the poet. Had Heine conceived as clearly and clung as faithfully to a great purpose in literature as Wieland, he would unquestionably have performed as noble a work in Germany. For, as it was, he exerted a strong and valuable influence, by the grace and freshness of his earlier poetic works, against the sickly-romantic and unnatural taste into which the imitators of the Suabians had fallen. This must be his claim to the regard of posterity. For the work to which the strength and fulness of his years was given, we can only ask that it may be forgotten. It can be remembered only to connect with the name of Heine the disgrace which belongs to those who belie the greatness of their natures by the littleness of their achievements, who labor not to further the triumph of the truth, nor to bless the world with creations of abiding beauty, but to express their own feverish dissatisfaction and unreasonable desires, or to gratify a vain thirst for immediate applause.

A portrait of Heine, now lying before us, confirms the view we have given of his character. The face is a beautiful one, full, finely formed, expressive; the sensitive mouth, the large, tender, thoughtful eyes, betray a highly strung, susceptible nature, — a nature which needed only the controlling power of a pure and manly faith, to accomplish very noble results. But to this controlling power Heine was not subjected. "The reason firm, the temperate will," are visible neither in his face nor in his works. Guided in his life, not by eternal principles, but by short-sighted wilfulness, he flung himself out of that great movement of righteousness, truth, and beauty by which, and not by the violent, extravagant impulses of multitudes or of individuals, the providence of God leads on the progress of mankind.

ART. XI. — *The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its Relation to the History of Mankind.* By ARNOLD GUYOT, Professor of Physical Geography and History, at Neuchatel, Switzerland. Translated from the French, by C. C. FELTON, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 310.

THE progress and true utility of human knowledge are not probably more assisted by brilliant discoveries, such as elicit the admiration and gratitude of mankind, than by those labors less distinguished, and less liberally acknowledged, which are directed to its diffusion; especially when these are performed by minds disciplined in the art of teaching, imbued with a full appreciation of the beauty and value of truth, and having the power of original thought and investigation. The former may dazzle as well as attract; if they sometimes rouse a spirit of emulation, they may also check its ardor by the very grandeur of the achievement. But since it is granted to only a few (and those not necessarily a *happy* few,) to make great discoveries, whilst most men who choose to cultivate and exercise their faculties may be vigorous and independent thinkers, we must be grateful to those who collect together the speculations and suggestions upon any single topic, which, distributed through detached memoirs or proceedings, are but little known even to the learned, and combining them into a harmonious and consistent scheme, enlarged and improved by their own mature reflections, present to general readers a novel and valuable compend, like that which we have now to notice.

In this way, many new branches have been added to the tree of knowledge. A few scattered facts are first observed and recorded, on account of their bearing upon some question of standard science. A new direction is thus given to inquiry. The facts and observations multiply in importance and variety, and are connected by discovery, or by the theories of an acute and ingenious reasoner, until they form a comprehensive and useful system, valuable in itself, and indispensable to the progress of the parent science from which they originated. Thus gradually formed, a new science, like

Ethnology, or *Physical Geography*, is at last announced to the world.

To this last department of modern learning belongs the work of Professor Guyot. It is, however, a work of a different kind and having a very different object from the learned and elaborate compilation of Mrs. Somerville. The Physical Geography of this distinguished lady is designed to embody the most striking facts and conclusions of modern science concerning the geological structure of our globe, the convulsions which have led to its present geographical arrangement and to the actual distribution of land and water, and the peculiar physical features of the continents — their mountains, table-lands, plains, and deserts, their lakes and rivers. The theory of the ocean and its movements, of the atmosphere and its vicissitudes, and finally a descriptive enumeration of the peculiar plants and animals of every part of the world, furnish the other topics of a work which has for its principal object the study of the earth. One chapter only, the concluding one, is devoted to the human race, its distribution, condition, and prospects; and the few remarks upon the nature and progress of civilization and the physical circumstances by which they are controlled, that are dispersed through the body of the work, are made without any apparent design to trace between these causes and the historical condition of the nations a fundamental and permanent connection.

The *Comparative* Physical Geography of Professor Guyot is devoted to the contemplation of Earth and Man in their relations to each other; its aim is to explain and illustrate the intimate and unceasing dependence of the life of man upon the physical features of the region in which that life originates and is developed. This point, however, which is the consummation of the inquiry, is only arrived at after a careful discussion of the means by which its value and truth are to be appreciated. Those who have been accustomed to regard geography as a merely descriptive branch of learning, drier than the remainder biscuit after a voyage, or than the *hortus siccus* of the botanist, an ephemeral knowledge of which is the pride of the sophomore, as ignorance of it (almost inevitable) brings shame to the riper scholar, will be delighted to find this hitherto unattractive pursuit converted

into a science, the principles of which are definite and the results conclusive; a science that embraces the investigation of natural laws and interprets their mode of operation; which professes to discover in the rudest forms, and apparently confused arrangement, of the materials composing the planets' crust a new manifestation of the wisdom which has filled the earth with its riches.

Geography, as it is presented to us by Professor Guyot, is the "physical science of the globe, or the science of the general phenomena of the present life of the globe in reference to their connection and their mutual dependence. This is the geography of Humboldt and of Ritter." To them and to Steffens the author assigns the principal credit as the founders of this new science. The fundamental idea upon which the novel and interesting speculations of these philosophers is based is, that the form, arrangement, and distribution of the terrestrial masses on the earth's surface are not, as they appear upon a superficial examination, accidental; but that they are made upon a plan, and with a design, having strict reference to the character of life, both vegetable and animal, that is found on them, and also to the states of society and the progress of civilization, as they have been successively displayed in the course of history. Man being the great end of creation, the continents bear the same relation to him in his collective condition that the body does to the soul; and thus "nature and history, the earth and man, stand in the closest relations to each other, and form only one grand harmony."

The way in which the southern extremities of the two worlds terminate in a point, while they go on widening towards the north, was first noticed, as Professor Guyot tells us, by Lord Bacon. After him, Forster, the companion of Cook, pointed out three analogies or coincidences of structure of all the continents. First, their southern extremities end abruptly in mountainous regions, extending on the other side far into the interior. Secondly, the continents have, east of their southern points, a large island, or a group of islands, more or less considerable. Thirdly, each of the continents has on the western side a deep bend towards the interior. Steffens pursued the study of these analogies of structure still farther, and opened several new views of the subject. The

most striking is the classification of the great terrestrial masses into double worlds, united to each other by an isthmus, or chain of islands, and having on one side of the isthmus an archipelago, and on the opposite side a peninsula.

"But none of the authors who occupied themselves with these questions of configuration, and of grouping of the terrestrial spaces, has done so in a manner more happy and more fruitful in important results than Carl Ritter," to whom Professor Guyot gives the title of "founder of historical geography, in the high sense that should be attached to the word." By a great circle of the earth, passing through Peru and the south of Asia, Ritter divided the globe into two new hemispheres, one the continental or land hemisphere, the other the oceanic or water hemisphere. He pointed out the remarkable contrast that exists between the old and new worlds in their extension and direction. Asia-Europe stretches from east to west over one half the circumference of the globe, occupying chiefly the temperate zone; while America has its greatest length from north to south, in which direction it covers "two-thirds of the [semi-] circumference of the earth." The consequence of this disposition of the continents is, that throughout the vast extent of Asia-Europe, the changes of latitude being limited, the varieties of climate depend principally upon terrestrial elevations. But "America traverses nearly all the climatic zones of the earth, and presents in this relation a much greater variety of phenomena."

The difference between the continents which is the most fruitful in results, and the most influential in its effect upon the progress of civilization, is that which exists in their contours or outlines, or extent of coast. The number of square miles of surface for one mile of coast is, in Europe, 156, and in North America, 228; while in Asia it is 459, and in Africa, 623.* When we consider that, after association into distinct communities, no cause has exerted an influence so powerful and beneficial upon the destinies of our race as the traffic of the seas, we shall be prepared to appreciate the importance of these distinctions. And here we are led to remark, that as the full development of the powers and faculties of man has been fostered in an eminent degree by commerce and the

* These numbers differ a little from those given by Mrs. Somerville.

facilities of intercommunication among the families of the earth, we cannot but regard the present time, which witnesses such astonishing improvements in the means of navigation and intercourse between remote nations and distant people of the same nation, as the beginning of a new era in the progress of civilization.

From the consideration of the continents in their relations of contrast and similarity with each other, Professor Guyot passes to an explanation of their individual peculiarities, a knowledge of which is essential to an estimate of the form and character which this new civilization is to take. The internal subdivisions of the terrestrial masses, created by varieties of surface, by mountain ridges, table lands and plains, by inland seas, lakes, and rivers, by deserts and impenetrable woods, are more intelligible, and more immediate in their effects, than the configurations of these masses, their astronomical positions and their indentations. Buffon was the first to make "the important remark, that the principal mountain chains of the Old World follow the direction of the parallels, and those of the New World the direction of the meridians; and that the secondary chains follow the inverse in both." The same may be said of the rivers. In all the continents, the situation of the great mountain chains is out of the centre, which gives rise to two slopes unequal in length and inclination; the inclination of the slopes being proportionate to the absolute elevation of the mountains. In the Old World, the longest of these slopes is turned towards the north, and the shortest to the south; in the New World, the longest slope descends towards the east, and the shortest to the west. Again, the Old World is a world of table-lands and mountains; the New, a world of plains.

Relations and distinctions like these lie at the foundation of our author's views. They are to be found also in the Physical Geography of Mrs. Somerville, and the Cosmos of Baron Von Humboldt, accompanied in the latter by those lessons of wisdom which flow easily from the venerable lips of this good and great man. Professor Guyot, however, it is just to say, has not copied the style of either of these writers. He has produced these relations and contrasts not only in greater number, but with greater particularity, and has attached to them an important and definite meaning.

It is, however, beyond this portion of the book, which may be considered as only introductory, that the author approaches the real object of his undertaking, which is to show how "these oppositions resolve themselves into a grand harmony, in which each continent has its part to perform, while all live at the same time a common life."

"To arrive at this final result, nature alone is not sufficient; there is needed something more than a physical tie between all these parts of the world; there is needed a moral bond; a soul is wanting to this body, to set its organs in action. Now, it is man, it is human societies, which alone can animate the great frame, bind together all the parts, and render perfect that organism which is the end and aim of the long procession of existence upon this earth."

Although our author speaks of the general life of the globe, of the physiology of the great terrestrial forms, of that principle of a mutual exchange of relations which lies at the foundation of all organic and inorganic life, and of these assemblages and combinations of material elements as of "organic harps diversely framed," which become harmonious under the plastic influence of human societies, his researches are conducted in the humble and inquiring spirit of a wise and modest philosophy. Guided and governed by a firm and enlightened religious faith, he is wholly exempt from those

> "Shapings of the unregenerate mind;
> Bubbles that flitter as they rise and break
> On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring,"

which we have often been called upon to condemn. Assured that in all things there is to be discovered a divine idea and purpose, a knowledge of which will reward the patience of the investigator, he addresses himself to the task of tracing out the hidden causes and means of human development and progress in the various forms in which they appear in history. The early spiritual culture of the Hindoos, and the complete and elaborate domestic economy of the Chinese, are contrasted with the nomadic existence of the fierce nations of the north, who left their hive, at first to overwhelm, and afterwards to profit by, the civilization of southern Europe. The connection of the stationary condition of the East, and the restless and progressive improvement of the West, with the peculiar physical features of these regions, is minutely and accurately displayed.

We regret that the work of Professor Guyot was placed in our hands at too late a period to do justice to the subject or the author. The want of time and space is one of the reviewer's common phrases, which, as Dr. Johnson says of the ordinary forms of courtesy, though they want the allurement of novelty, enjoy the security of prescription. But on this occasion, we employ it in the way of apology to Mr. Guyot, to whose book we have failed to do justice. To the reader we shall owe no apology, if we have said enough to excite his curiosity, and to persuade him to look to the book itself for further instruction. We will only add, that to an American, above all others, the study of these relations must prove agreeable and profitable; it will give him a new idea of the prospects and destiny of the nation to which he belongs, and it will impress him with a new sense of the deep responsibility that attaches to a people, to whose care is chiefly assigned the great cause of human liberty and progress.

Art. XII. — 1. *Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land.* By Robert Chambers, Esq., F. R. S. E. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1848. 8vo. pp. 321.

2. *A Memoir upon the Geological Action of the Tidal and Other Currents of the Ocean.* By Charles Henry Davis, A. M., A. A. S., etc., Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. From the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. New Series. Vol. IV. Cambridge. 1849.

Who wrote the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation? The question has excited a good deal of curiosity, and has not yet received any answer except from vague and uncertain rumor. The author certainly intended to remain *incognito*, and seems even to have taken considerable precaution that he might not be unmasked. In his "note conclusory," he says that his book was "composed in solitude, and almost without the cognizance of a single human being;" and that "for reasons which need not be specified, the author's name is retained in its original obscurity, and, in all

probability, will never be generally known." In his subsequent work, also, Explanations of the Vestiges, published a year afterwards, he speaks of himself as "likely to remain for ever unknown." He ought not, then, to have written another book, putting his name upon its title-page, and discussing one of the subjects introduced into his anonymous treatise. His style both of language and argument, his mode of treating a scientific subject, the ingenuity and skill with which his materials are grouped together, and brought to bear for the illustration and proof of his theory, are so original and peculiar, — so "kenspeckle," as the Scotch say, — that one who is at all accustomed to attend to such particulars cannot fail to recognize them. We had read only the first two sentences of the work on Ancient Sea-Margins, when it seemed to us morally certain that the same hand wrote them which wrote the first two sentences of the Vestiges. We will place the two passages side by side, that our readers may judge for themselves, only asking them to observe the manner in which the writer strikes off at once, like a bold swimmer, into the heart of his subject, without a prefatory remark or word of notice.

"It is a familiar knowledge that the earth which we inhabit is a globe of somewhat less than 8000 miles in diameter, being one of a series of eleven which revolve at different distances around the sun, and some of which have satellites in like manner revolving around them. The sun, planets, and satellites, with the less intelligible orbs termed comets, are comprehensively called the solar system; and if we take as the uttermost bounds of this system the orbit of Uranus (though the comets actually have a wider range,) we shall find that it occupies a portion of space not less than three thousand six hundred millions of miles in extent."

Vestiges, p. 1.

"Taking observed facts for our data, we know that there was a time subsequent to the completion of the rock formations, when this island (not to speak of other parts of the earth,) was submerged to the height of at least 1700 feet. The proofs lie plain and palpable before our eyes, in the soft detrital masses, mixed in many places with marine shells, which overlie the hardened formations, reaching in some places to that height above the present sea level."

Ancient Sea-Margins, p. 1.

The great popularity of the Vestiges must be attributed almost exclusively to the merits of its style. The theories propounded in it have been rejected almost with one voice by all the eminent men of science in Europe. But to the multitude it was an intelligible and fascinating book, setting forth a deceitful show of scientific knowledge with great elegance and clearness, and frequent felicity of expression and illustration, so that the uninformed were deluded into a belief that they perfectly understood the subject, and were able to judge of the validity of the theory and of the arguments by which it was supported. The author had evidently been well trained in the profession of adapting science to the comprehension of the people, and with this view had studied all departments of it without making himself a thorough master of any. Not one of his scientific opponents had these popular gifts of style, and their refutations were consequently appreciated only by the few; for the many they might as well never have been written. The editor of Chambers' Journal, who has distanced all competitors in the conduct of a periodical designed to diffuse taste and information among the lower classes in Great Britain, was better qualified than any person in Europe to write such a work as the Vestiges. He has now taken up a distinct subject of original investigation in geology; and though he writes upon it only for the scientific few, and not, as in the former case, for the multitude, the peculiarities of his manner, and even of some of his opinions, are manifest enough. The few following sentences, for instance, are strikingly like some of the more highly finished passages in the Vestiges.

"The result of the whole is, I could almost say, majestically simple. It merely unwinds and retraces into the bosom of the past a history such as we could suppose recommencing to-morrow. The superordinary and the vain imaginations of the ignorant mind expelled, there sits the solid frame of at least one considerable portion of the earth, serene and moveless, as if fastened in eternity, with only the traces on its surface of waters which chafed on it for a while, and then, obeying the resistless commission, quietly withdrew." *Ancient Sea-Margins*, p. 281.

For a passage marvellously similar to this both in style and doctrine, we turn to the Explanations of the Vestiges.

"The seas obeyed the impulse of gentle breezes, and rippled their sandy bottoms, as seas of the present day are doing; the trees grew as now by favor of sun and wind, thriving in good seasons and pining in bad; this, while the animals above fishes were yet to be created. The movements of the sea, the meteorological agencies, the disposition which we see in the generality of plants to thrive when heat and moisture were most abundant, were kept up in silent serenity, as matters of simply natural order, throughout the whole of the ages which saw reptiles enter in their various forms upon the sea and land. . . . In short, all the common operations of the physical world were going on in their usual simplicity, obeying that order which we still see governing them, while the supposed extraordinary causes were in requisition for the development of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There surely hence arises a strong presumption against any such causes."

Explanations of the Vestiges, pp. 132, 133.

If any doubt remained as to identity of authorship, it would be removed on finding in the Vestiges, within the compass of a page and a half, a clear and succinct account of those appearances on the face of the earth, and the geological inferences from them, which Mr. Chambers claims to have first brought to the notice of the scientific world in this work on Ancient Sea-Margins. We borrow the passage, because it is a better abstract than we could make of the contents of the later work, in which the theory is given, of course, with a great collection of observed facts to support it, the supposed sea-beaches being minutely described, and their respective altitudes above the present level of high water being accurately determined.

"As the diluvium and erratic blocks clearly suppose one last long submersion of the surface (*last*, geologically speaking,) there is another set of appearances which as manifestly show the steps by which the land was made afterwards to reappear. These consist of *terraces*, which have been detected near, and at some distance inland from the coast of Scandinavia, Britain, America, and other regions; being evidently ancient beaches, or platforms, on which the margin of the sea at one time rested. They have been observed at different heights above the present sea-level, *from twenty to above twelve hundred feet;* and in many places they are seen rising above each other in succession, to the number of three, four, and even more. The smooth flatness of these terraces, with generally a slight inclination towards the sea,

the sandy composition of many of them, and, in some instances, the preservation of marine shells in the ground, identify them perfectly with existing sea-beaches, notwithstanding the cuts and scoopings which have every here and there been effected in them by water-courses. The irresistible inference from the phenomena is, that the highest was first the coast line; then an elevation took place, and the second highest became so, the first being now raised into the air and thrown inland. Then, upon another elevation, the sea began to form, at its new point of contact with the land, the third highest beach, and so on down to the platform nearest to the present sea-beach. Phenomena of this kind become comparatively familiar to us, when we hear of evidence that the last sixty feet of the elevation of Sweden, and the last eighty-five of that of Chili, have taken place since man first dwelt in those countries; nay, that the elevation of the former country goes on at this time at the rate of about forty-five inches in a century, and that a thousand miles of the Chilian coast rose four feet in one night, under the influence of a powerful earthquake, so lately as 1822. Subterranean forces, of the kind then exemplified in Chili, supply a ready explanation of the whole phenomena, though some other operating causes have been suggested. In an inquiry on this point, it becomes of consequence to learn some particulars respecting the levels. Taking a particular beach, it is generally observed that the level continues the same along a considerable number of miles, and nothing like breaks or hitches has as yet been detected in any case. A second and a third beach are also observed to be exactly parallel to the first. *These facts would seem to indicate quiet elevating movements, uniform over a large tract.*"

Before Mr. Chambers called attention to these terraces of great elevation, and to the former high level of the sea or depression of the land, which they indicate, — the terraces having been formed, be it remembered, within the tertiary epoch, or posterior to the formation of all the sedimentary strata, — he affirms that they had remained unnoticed. Geologists had recognized *ancient beaches*, it is true, but "seldom at elevations over 43 feet above the present sea;" while Mr. Chambers traces them up to an altitude of over 1300 feet. He affirms, also, that "scarcely any exact measurements of their elevations had been made, and hardly a suspicion had been anywhere intimated of their bearing relations to each other." These neglected phenomena he has carefully measured, compared with each other, and described, having extended his per-

sonal observations for this end over all Scotland, a large portion of England and Ireland, and part of France, and drawing from other observers numerous incidental notices of conspicuous terraces in other parts of the world. He claims complete originality, then, in these researches and speculations; and some question having been raised on this point, he appends in a note a list of the various notices of ancient sea-margins in Scotland above 40 feet, which have been published up to the present time. The first of these is a paper that he inserted under his own signature in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal in April, 1843. It is somewhat remarkable, then, that he does not include in this list the clear and satisfactory, though brief, statement which we have just borrowed from the Vestiges, first published in 1844, and which, were it written by another hand, would effectually deprive him of all claim to priority of discovery. We feel quite safe, then, relying wholly upon internal evidence, for we have no external testimony whatever that bears upon the case, in pronouncing Mr. Robert Chambers to be the author of the Vestiges of Creation.

The most remarkable features of these ancient terraces are their parallelism, their horizontality, and, in one sense of the word, their continuity over vast districts of country, if not over the whole globe. We do not, indeed, find one terrace continued without break, and at the same elevation, round all the lofty shores and mountains of Scotland. The traces of it are often indistinct, and many hill-sides are not marked at all at the given height. But the elevation of one bench of land above the present level of high water being accurately determined, the observer is often surprised to find at a different location, perhaps at a great distance, another natural ridge, a plateau, or the side of a hill scored by a horizontal line, at precisely the same number of feet above high water. Several hundred of these phenomena, distributed all over the British isles, and portions of France, being carefully measured, Mr. Chambers finds that they may all be arranged into a few classes, distinguished by their differences of elevation. Many terraces, for instance, are found at the height of about 170 feet in various parts of Scotland, England, and Ireland; many others at about 190 feet; but none at an intermediate elevation.

Mr. Chambers appends to his memoir, as a convenient

summary of the information thus far obtained, a series of tables on a vertical scale, that show the "relations between the leading and more distinct terraces of America, Britain, France, and Norway, which have as yet been observed, and the elevations of which are given with any degree of care." The highest yet observed has an elevation of about 1340 feet, while the lowest is about 11 feet. All can be brought within the limits of 57 classes, 27 of which do not exceed 545 feet. In order to distribute them into so small a number of classes, however, it is necessary to give a range of a few feet — usually not more than 10 — to each class. Thus, the limits of one class are 217 to 223 feet, and of another, 937 to 948. The general appearance of uniformity in at least the first of these tables, including the terraces at or under 545 feet, is, as Mr. Chambers remarks, sufficiently obvious. The following is his answer to the chief objection which may be made to the alleged facts and the conclusions that are founded on them.

"The terraces are so close to each other in some, if not all parts of the vertical space, that it might be thought almost impossible to distinguish them from one another. How easy, for instance, to confound a terrace at 497 feet with one at 513 or 14! How shall we be sure that the 514 feet instance is not the 497 feet terrace raised 17 feet above its original level? This is a challenge very natural for a person newly introduced to the subject, but which would in every case be withdrawn on a better acquaintance with it. Admitting that the levels were all of them describable as close to each other, they are nevertheless sufficiently definite and precise to identify themselves in practical observation. Any one who, in investigating for himself, found terraces repeatedly at 123–8, 141–6, 165–74, 186–95, *but never at any interspace amongst these numbers*, would soon come to acknowledge that the term closeness is of no force in the case. But the fact is, that there are portions of the vertical space to which this term is not applicable, — for instance, between 223 and 280. Another point of importance is the character of superiority or leadership which belongs to some of the markings, as those at about 108, 165, 280, 392, and 545 feet. These are usually on such a scale of breadth and massiveness of material, that the few intermediate ones become comparatively insignificant, and might almost be said to cease to have any place in the problem. There is, even in some of the lower beaches, as those at 43 and 64–70, such a distinctness of character, that, associated though they be, more or less closely, with markings of in-

ferior note and less frequent occurrence, there could be no mistaking them, — I could almost say without the ceremony of measurement."

The tables appear to have been first arranged with reference to the benches of land and other horizontal markings in Scotland, in which country, as was natural, Mr. Chambers' observations were most minute and extensive. It was therefore a striking confirmation of his theory to learn that the northern shore of Lake Ontario, as it slopes up from the water-level to the interior of the country, had been found to be traversed by nine successive horizontal ridges, the several heights of which, varying from 342 to 996 feet, as accurately determined by a civil engineer employed for a distinct purpose, all fell within the limits of as many classes which our author had previously marked out. The river courses in this country, also, are often marked by two or three successive terraces at elevations corresponding to numbers given in these tables.

The most conspicuous and remarkable of these phenomena in Scotland are what have been called "the parallel roads of Lochaber," which have long excited the curiosity of travellers and the speculations of men of science. Along one of the winding vallies in the neighborhood of Ben Nevis and Loch Lochy, the hills on both sides are seen very distinctly marked with three horizontal lines, one above the other, which the common people in the neighborhood believe to be roads which were made for the convenience of Fion and his companions in the chase. On looking at them, "one is reminded of Jupiter's belts, or of copy-lines ruled for text and half-text, so whimsical are the images which may rush through the mind on such an occasion." The hills in this neighborhood are covered with an alluvial deposit, in which these parallel lines are indented, forming natural level pathways, varying in breadth from two or three up to thirty feet, and extending almost without break for five or six miles up the glen. The lowest shelf is 847 feet above the level of the sea; the next is 212 feet higher up, and the third is elevated 80 feet above the second. The lowest road is continued into another valley, called Glen Spean; and in a third glen, near at hand, is another terrace 30 feet higher than the loftiest one in Glen Roy.

Phenomena so remarkable had the effect, of course, to set the imagination of the geologists a working; and there is hardly any end to the theories which have been framed to account for them. Dr. Maculloch thought that lakes were originally dammed up in these glens, which burst their barriers at different periods, sinking each time to a lower level, and leaving at each pause a terrace to mark the former elevation of the waters. Playfair maintained that they were artificial, having been formed by the ancient inhabitants as aqueducts for irrigation; as if artificial irrigation were needed in a country where it rains for six days in the week, while a Scotch mist blinds the landscape on the seventh! Mr. Agassiz made a tour in Scotland in 1840, to see if any traces of ancient glaciers existed there; and he published his opinion that glaciers were the cause of the parallel roads of Lochaber, these masses of ice having dammed up the openings of the glens, and formed lakes which, at different periods, stood at different levels. Sir George Mackenzie suggested that they were formed during the subsidence of a great and transient flood, the traces of which were confined to those places where the water was comparatively free from agitation. Our author finds in them a proof that the sea all over the globe anciently stood at a much higher level than at present, and has receded at long intervals, probably in consequence of the sinking of Mr. Darwin's South Pacific continent. It was this view of the subject, probably, which tempted him to search elsewhere for indications of ancient sea-margins, and to compare them with each other, so as to open another page in the past history of the planet which we inhabit.

We shall not venture to give any opinion as to the value of these observations by Mr. Chambers, or of the doctrine which he founds upon them. Now that he has turned the attention of geologists to the subject, a sufficient number of these terrace-like formations will soon be observed and measured both in Europe and America, either to confirm or refute his theory that they may be classified in such a manner as to indicate the successive stages at which the waters paused as they were receding for the last time, and leaving this earth fit for the habitation of man. We need not argue about an hypothesis which must soon be tried by the testimony of facts. Instead of speculating further about the action of the

ocean upon the land in former ages, and under very different circumstances, let us see what the ocean is now doing, what operations are going on in its vast laboratory at present, the accumulated results of which will leave to remote futurity little trace of the configuration of land and water as it now exists. In the action of the tidal currents Lieutenant Davis has detected a powerful agent, not hitherto observed, for producing those remarkable changes in the earth's crust, the history of which is the great problem of geology.

The observations upon which his memoir is based were made while the writer, in his official connection with the Coast Survey of the United States, was employed a part of the time in observing the tides at Sandy Hook, and afterwards in making an accurate survey of the Nantucket shoals. He noticed that these shoals were nearly concentric with the shores of the island near which they lie; and the sounding lead showed that they were made up almost entirely of fine white sand, while the hollows of the sea between and around them were strewed with coarse pebbles and shells. The comparison of surveys, executed at long intervals of years, both of Sandy Hook and Cape Cod, proves that these tongues of land are extending, pushing farther seaward, and slowly altering their shape. Most of the low sandy capes which jut out along our coast are bent at their extremities, like an arm flexed at the elbow, so that the name of *Hook*, which is commonly applied to them, seems strikingly appropriate. Both the shoals and the capes, then, are recent formations, and are gradually increasing in magnitude, from the operation of some regular cause, which tends to give them similarity of outline. This cause must be the action of the tidal and other currents, which under certain circumstances wear away the coast and bear off the detrital matter, and under others allow the earthy particles to subside to the bottom, and after a sufficient time to form large deposits there. To ascertain how the tides produce these effects, or to determine the laws of tidal formations, and to trace back to their agency in past ages many of the phenomena now visible on the coasts of Europe and America, and even in the interior of the country, is the task which Lieutenant Davis proposes to himself in this memoir.

In the little space that remains to us, of course, we cannot follow out all the developments and applications of the sin-

gularly fertile principle by the aid of which our author accounts for the peculiar forms that these ocean deposits assume, and the localities which they prefer. We can only call the attention of our scientific readers to the subject, and refer them to the memoir for further information. The matter is one of great interest and importance, both in a practical point of view, to the navigator and to all who are interested in the preservation of harbors, and in the question of their comparative security and permanence; and in its scientific aspect, to the geologist and the student of the theory of tides and currents. Before Lieutenant Davis commenced his researches, but little was known respecting the mode in which bars were formed at the opening of rivers into the sea, and across the entrance of harbors, or by what laws the shoals which are so perilous to seamen are distributed along the coast. He had rare qualifications for investigating the subject with success, on account of his long experience in navigation and hydrographical surveys, and the thorough study which he had made of the ocean streams that are produced by the tides and other causes. One who was merely a geologist could have made but little progress in such a work. The empirical knowledge of an able navigator can seldom be generalized and rendered available for purposes of science. A naval officer, thoroughly trained in all the branches of his profession, well informed on scientific subjects, and having acquired, from his connection with the Coast Survey, the necessary local knowledge, Lieutenant Davis was admirably fitted to study the laws of ocean deposits and the action of the tides. The discoveries that he has made are of great value and fruitfulness, as they explain many phenomena, which had never before been referred to the operation of established laws, and have brought to light many facts which will influence the speculations of geologists. He has shown much sagacity in striking out a path of original investigation, great industry in collecting facts, and great skill and judgment in weaving them into a connected theory, to the farther development of which we look for very important results.

Where the tides rise to a considerable height, and by impinging against the shores form swift currents, the detrital matter which they bear away with them has no opportunity to subside. No deposits are formed in such cases; there are

none, for instance, in the Bay of Fundy, or on the coast of Maine. But when the force of the stream is somewhat spent by expansion, or where an eddy is created round an island or a bold point projecting from the shore, or comparative quiet is produced at some spot by the meeting of two tides coming in opposite directions, the still waters drop the matter with which they are freighted, and a shoal is formed, which, if the force of the waves be not too violent, rises after a sufficient lapse of time to the surface. The Nantucket shoals consist of fine quartzose sand, the character of which shows that it has been swept away from the neighboring shores. The shoals are firm and compact in structure, because they are a homogeneous mass, and rising near to the surface are hardened by the incessant hammering of the waves. As the tidal current sweeps along the coast, and parallel to it, a projecting point of land deflects it and turns it seaward ; a cross current is thus formed for a little space at an angle with the normal direction of the tidal stream, and the waters, being checked for a moment, drop a portion of their freight. A spit shoal is thus gradually formed projecting seaward. When this rises to the surface, it becomes a sandy cape, and the water, eddying round its extreme point, falls in behind it, where it is wholly shielded from the current, and in part from the waves ; thus reduced to quiet, the whole of its burden has time to subside, another spit is formed nearly at a right angle with the former one, and the peculiar *hook* formation is the result. Within the bay thus formed, the water deposit is spread out equably, and extensive flats are created, which Lieutenant Davis calls the *Bay Deposit*. If the tidal current be quite strong, the water may eddy round the point of the second spit with so much force, that a third shoal and subsequent tongue of land may be formed, curving still farther inland, until it even reaches the first cape, and a portion of the sea is thus enclosed as a lagoon, which the sea will breach only occasionally, in a storm or at a very high tide. But the sand being gradually heaped up around it, and fresh water constantly supplied from the rains and springs situated inland, its contents become first brackish, and then entirely fresh. Several instances of a sheet of water thus enclosed and cut off from the sea may be found along the shores of Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard. "By these successive changes, a

home is created for animals of salt, brackish, and fresh water in the same spot, where their remains may be found buried together, as they are now in the tertiary basins of Paris and London."

River waters, that come down charged with sedimental matter, if they enter a sea that is tideless or nearly so, deposit their burden near their outlet, and thus form extensive deltas; this is the case with the Nile, the Po, the Rhone, and the Mississippi. If, on the other hand, high tides sweep along their mouths, as at the opening of the Amazon, the Paraguay, and along our own eastern coast, not only no deltas are formed, but the rivers expand into wide estuaries, that often abound with shoals, formed not of the matter brought down the river, but of that introduced from the ocean. The river matter, because it is lighter, escapes in the rapid current created by the reflux of the tide, while the ocean deposit is formed during the flood.

Passing to the shores of Europe, Lieutenant Davis explains the tidal formations there with great clearness. The whole of Holland he considers as raised from the bed of the ocean in this manner. It is situated at that corner of the German Ocean, where the tide wave coming through the Straits of Dover is met and repelled by that which has made the circuit of the British isles, and returns to this point from the north. In the Channel, the tides rise from sixteen to thirty feet; but where the waters escape from this narrow gorge, and expand into the North Sea, they rapidly decline to nine, six, and three feet, and on the coast of Jutland reach a vanishing point. Consequently, there are no ocean deposits in the Channel, except in small bights and bays, where eddies are created; but the waters drop the chief part of their burden in the quiet region of the sea, along the coasts of the Netherlands and Jutland. All the land here is what our author calls a bay deposit.

We cannot pursue any farther the task of abridging this valuable memoir, which in itself is drawn up with great succinctness. Enough has been gleaned from it to give some idea of the writer's theory, and of the important applications of which it is susceptible, should his views be sustained and enlarged. The whole is an honorable contribution to science to be made by one who is constantly engaged in a sphere of

important professional duties, and who has therefore but little time to spare for theoretical speculations and researches. We have followed the development of the theory with the more interest, because it brings clearly into view the present and incessant operation, on a great scale, of at least one of those great causes, which, as geologists tell us, have in the lapse of many ages produced such astonishing modifications of the face of our planet. In a subsequent publication, we hope that the author may be able to unfold his doctrine more fully, to enrich it with additional illustrations and proofs, and apply it as a key to some of the vexed problems of geological science.

Art. XIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris.* By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

Lord Mahon is not a brilliant or captivating historian; but he is something better. He is honest, candid, and trustworthy; he writes like a plain and sensible man, who has diligently studied the subject, and is ambitious only to give a strictly faithful representation of characters and events, without regard to the consequences which it may have either on his party or himself. A moderate Tory in politics, he frankly avows his opinions, but uses no artifice or unfair means to sustain and defend them. The reader soon perceives, that he is aware of the natural bias thus operating on his mind, and is so fearful of yielding to it, that he rather leans the other way, and strives to find merit in the Whigs, though he may think it is only giving the Devil his due. His advocacy of party principles is, therefore, more formidable to his opponents than if he strove to wrest facts to their disadvantage. Though he is the present representative of one branch of the noble house of Stanhope, and speaks with honest pride of the good qualities and meritorious conduct of some of the former members of his distinguished family, he is not blind to their faults, but tells the whole story concerning them with as much frankness as if he were a stranger to their blood. Perfect sin-

cerity and good faith are qualities so rare among recent historians, that it is right to give them the first place among Lord Mahon's claims to notice and respect. But he has other and high merits as a historian.

Mr. Macaulay, a rival historian and an ultra Whig, praises his diligence in examining authorities, and his great judgment in weighing testimony. The Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and the English Reviews commend his style, and say that his narrative, though minute, is picturesque and entertaining. Sismondi and Professor Smyth speak of him with high praise, as a truthful and diligent historian and a pleasing writer. Perhaps this eulogy is a little exaggerated in consideration of Lord Mahon's amiable and upright character, which is unconsciously portrayed in his work; but in the main, it is well deserved. His narrative is rather too circumstantial, and is therefore occasionally languid; he does not strive after ornament, and as his feelings are not impetuous, his style is often tame. But it is marked by great simplicity and purity, and is never verbose, awkward, or pedantic. His sympathies are always on the right side, and are sometimes warmly expressed, so that the reader goes along with him heartily, and never suspects him of artifice or exaggeration. He would have made a more attractive book if he had chosen a different subject; for the reigns of the first and second George form a singularly dull period in English annals, being little diversified by striking incidents, and not graced by the appearance on the scene of more than one shining character, the elder Pitt. Whatever good qualities Sir Robert Walpole may have had, he was certainly no hero; and the two Pelhams belong to the lower class of selfish and intriguing politicians. The two Stuart rebellions, of 1715 and 1745, form the only romantic portion of the story, and Lord Mahon's account of them is full, spirited, and effective. As a whole, his work has excellent qualities, which place it far above any other history of the same period that has yet appeared; and this preëminence it will probably retain till Mr. Macaulay's work advances so far as to dispute the ground. The American publishers have shown good judgment in selecting the book for republication, and great liberality in its mechanical execution.

2. *Poems*, by James T. Fields. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 18mo. pp. 99.

The poems in this elegant little volume have been very favorably received, and justly so. They are the writings of one actively engaged in business, who has the good taste and the wisdom to connect the pursuits of literature with the invigorating occupations of practical life. To the publishing house of which Mr. Fields is a member we are indebted for many of the best and handsomest editions of both American and foreign authors. By his own contributions to the occasional literature of the times, Mr Fields is connecting his name honorably with the good literature of the country, and is setting a high example to young men of talent, who, in our busy community, though haunted by the visions of literary fame, the most seducing and perhaps the most delusive idolatry of early enthusiasm, yet have the wisdom to secure the respectability of their position by taking their part in the work of life, while they make letters and poetry and art the light and joy of their hours of leisure; — enjoyed by them with the more zest from their contrast with the thronged mart, and the competitions of the Exchange, and from the bracing reaction of positive and present interests upon the phantom-peopled world of the imagination.

The largest poem in this volume is entitled the Post of Honor. It was prepared for an anniversary celebration of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and partakes of the general character of occasional pieces. Many of its topics are local, and the light satirical touches, though relished in the place for which it was prepared, would scarcely be interesting elsewhere. Humorous poetry for the most part, with the immortal exceptions of Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakspeare, and Moliere, is so deeply stamped with the imprint of time and place, that it loses its attraction beyond the limits of either. Butler's Hudibras is hardly read, except by laborious students who go to its pages to study the motley pictures of the age which produced it. For the same, and other deeper reasons of a moral nature, few persons, even at this early day, think of wasting their hours over the once witty and fascinating cantos of Byron's Don Juan, or the thousand bad imitations of that capricious model.

The Post of Honor has passages of terse and pointed writing, in which the elder didactic couplet, which has lost favor to some extent among the exotic literary fashions of the day, is used with fine effect. The versification generally is pleasing and harmonious, and there are many touches of poetical feeling deeper than

is usually found in anniversary compositions. But the poetical sense and the mastery of musical rhythm are, to our mind, much more favorably exhibited in the shorter pieces, written not under the guidance of a society's vote, but by the inspiration of "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers." Mr. Fields here shows a delicate appreciation of what is fair and lovely in nature, and a fine discriminating sensibility to the poetical aspect of common scenes and the incidents of daily life. A vein of pensive, but not melancholy, thought runs through most of these graceful compositions, which attracts the reader again and again to their pleasing music. We quote a single specimen, which we take almost at random, and partly on account of its brevity.

EVENTIDE.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod
Invite the thankful heart to God.

But Lord, the violet, bending low,
Seems better moved to praise;
From us, what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days: —
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition, Revised. Vol. VII. Tales of a Traveller; Vol. VIII. Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains; Vol. IX. The Crayon Miscellany; Vol. X. The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo.

Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 244.

A History of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Africa, Europe, and North America. By William Gammell, A. M., Professor in Brown University; With Maps and an Appendix. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 359.

Memoirs of Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D., and of his son, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 486.

Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri; an Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam, 1849. 12mo. pp. 514.

Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard. 1849. 8vo. pp. 508.

State Trials of the United States during the Administrations of Washington and Adams; with References, Historical and Professional, and Preliminary Notes on the Politics of the Times. By Francis Wharton, Author of a Treatise on American Criminal Law. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1849. 8vo. pp. 728.

Friends in Council: a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. 18mo. pp. 236.

Consolatio: or Comfort for the Afflicted; with a Preface and Notes, by the Rev. P. H. Greenleaf, M. A. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. 18mo. pp. 246.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 413.

A Trap to catch a Sunbeam. By the Author of Old Jolliffe. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. 18mo. pp. 60.

Republican Christianity; or True Liberty as exhibited in the Life, Precepts, and Early Disciples of the Great Redeemer. By E. L.

Magoon, Author of Proverbs for the People, &c. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 422.

Pictures and Painters. Essays upon Art, the Old Masters and Modern Artists. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 49.

Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective; their Forms, Meaning, and Quantity; embracing all the Tenses used by the Greek Writers, with References to the Passages in which they are found. By the Rev. William Veitch. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1848. 12mo. pp. 316.

Man Primeval: or the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being; a Contribution to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 480.

The Philosophy of Religion. By J. D. Morell, A. M., Author of the History of Modern Philosophy, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 359.

Revolutionary Incidents of Suffolk and King's Counties, with an Account of the Battle of Long Island and the British Prisons and Prison Ships at New York. By Henry Onderdonk, Jr. New York: Leavitt & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 268.

Sacred Rhetoric; or Composition and Delivery of Sermons. By Henry J. Ripley, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Newton Theological Institution. To which are added Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, by Henry Ware, Jr. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 259.

The Shakspearian Reader: a Collection of the most approved Plays of Shakspeare, carefully revised, with Introductory and Explanatory Notes, and a Memoir of the Author. Prepared expressly for the use of Classes and the Family Reading Circle. By John W. S. Hows, Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 447.

The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich, a Long Vacation Pastoral. By Arthur Hugh Clough. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1849. 18mo. pp. 205.

Last Leaves of American History, comprising Histories of the Mexican War and California. By Emma Willard. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 230.

Remains of William S. Graham, with a Memoir. Edited by George Allen, Professor of Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore. 1849. 12mo. pp. 278.

Treatise upon the Nature and Treatment of Morbid Sensibility of the Retina, or Weakness of Sight; a Boylston Medical Prize Essay. By John H. Dix, M. D. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 146.

An Elementary Practical Book for Learning to Speak and Write the Spanish Language. From the Method of Dr. J. H. P. Seidenstuecker. By J. Girard, P. L. New York: Collins & Brother. 1848. 12mo. pp. 128.

Select Comedies, translated from the Italian of Goldoni, Giraud, and Nota. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 306.

Manual of Ancient Geography and History. By Wilhelm Putz, Principal Tutor at the Gymnasium of Düren. Translated from the German. Edited by the Rev. Thomas K. Arnold, M. A. Revised

and Corrected from the London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 396.

The Elements of Reading and Oratory. By Henry Mandeville, D. D., Professor of Moral Science and Belles-Lettres in Hamilton College. A new revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 352.

Echoes of Infant Voices. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 144.

Classical Series, edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. Grammar of the Latin Language. By Leouhard Schmitz, Ph. D., Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 18mo. pp. 318.

The Cholera: its Cause, Prevention, and Cure. By Charles Richardson, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 32.

An Address to the Suffolk North Association of Congregational Ministers. By J. P. Lesley, Minister of the First Evangelical Church, Milton, Mass. With Sermons on the Rule of Faith, the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and the Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 130.

Epitaphs from the Cemetery on Worcester Common, with occasional Notes, References, and an Index. By W. S. Barton. Worcester. 1849. 8vo. pp. 36.

Twelve Lectures on Comparative Physiology, delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, January and February, 1849. By Jeffries Wyman, M. D. Phonographic Report by James W. Stone, M. D. Boston: H. Flanders & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 72.

Twelve Lectures on Comparative Embryology, delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, December and January, 1848–49. By Louis Agassiz. Phonographic Report by James W. Stone, M. D. Boston: H. Flanders & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 104.

The Good and the Bad in the Roman Catholic Church: is that Church to be destroyed or reformed? a Letter from Rome. By Rev. Henry M. Field. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 34.

A Plea for Harvard: showing that "The University at Cambridge" was not the Name established for this Seminary by the Constitution of Massachusetts, but that the Name authorized by that Instrument was "Harvard University." By an Alumnus. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 8vo. pp. 29.

An Inquiry into the Alleged Tendency of the Separation of Convicts one from another to produce Disease and Derangement. By a Citizen of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. 1849. 8vo. pp. 160.

The Duties and Responsibilities of the Rising Generation; an Address delivered at Columbia College, July 24, 1848. By William A. Duer, LL. D. New York: A. J. Townsend. 1848. 8vo., pp. 28.

A Letter of the Celebrated John Foster to a Young Minister on the Duration of Future Punishment; with an Introduction and Notes, consisting chiefly of Extracts from Orthodox Writers, and an Earnest Appeal to the American Tract Society, in regard to the Character of its Publications. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 119.

Rural Sports, a Tale in Four Parts. By J. B. Jones. Philadelphia: Charles Marshall. 1849. 12mo. pp. 43.

New York as it was during the Latter Part of the Last Century. By William A. Duer, LL. D. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1849. 8vo. pp. 48.

Researches Critical and Experimental on the Capillary Circulation. And Researches upon the Vital Dynamics of Civil Government. By Bennet Dowler, M. D. New Orleans: Weld & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 63.

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OCTOBER, 1849.

ART. I.—1. *Petits Traités publiés par l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.* — 1. *De la Propriété d'après le Code Civil.* Par M. TROPLONG. — 2. *Du Droit de Propriété.* Par M. THIERS. — 3. *Des Associations Ouvrières.* Par M. VILLERMÉ. — 4. *De la Providence.* Par M. DAMIRON. — 5. *Philosophie Populaire.* Par VICTOR COUSIN. *Suivie de la Première Partie de la Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard, sur la Morale et la Religion Naturelle.* — 6. *Enseignement et Sort des Ouvriers et de l'Industrie, avant, pendant, et après* 1848. Par M. CHARLES DUPIN. Paris. 1848–9.

2. *History of the Constituent Assembly of France, from May,* 1848. By J. F. CORKRAN, Esq. New York. Harpers. 12mo. pp. 377.

THESE little treatises are very curious and important, not so much from their intrinsic merits, though some of them are written with great ability, as from the occasion that called them forth, and the character and standing of the persons by whom they are prepared. Shortly after the terrible Paris insurrection of June, 1848,* that branch of the French Insti-

* We must be particular in dates, for Paris insurrections and revolutions recur so frequently nowadays that, without careful specification, one cannot be distinguished from another. They happen about as often as thunder storms in the tropics, the atmosphere being constantly charged with the electricity that produces them. Already we need a compendious history of France, and indeed of all Continental Europe, during the last twenty months, to answer merely as a dictionary of names and dates; for no memory is retentive enough to preserve such a crowd of important events, and a file of newspapers is an awkward and tedious resource.

tute which is called the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences undertook, at the request of the Cavaignac government, to prepare a series of tracts, which should be published in great numbers and sold at a very low price, in order to enlighten the common people upon the fundamental principles of politics, political economy, morals, and religion, and thereby, if possible, to prevent them from continuing a mad and destructive crusade against all the institutions of modern civilization. The pen was invoked in aid of the sword; the hundred thousand armed men then encamped in and near Paris were not considered sufficient to secure the peace of the capital, if an attempt was not made to convince the understanding also, and to refute the false and pernicious theories which had betrayed the populace into those fearful excesses that have left an ineffaceable stain upon their own character, and made shipwreck of the cause of republicanism in Europe for a century to come. The Institute, the most illustrious body of literary and scientific men in Europe, answered the earnest appeal which was made to it with great alacrity; its most distinguished members, historians, philosophers, economists, and jurisprudents, intermitting their accustomed labors, undertook to teach the first elements of their respective sciences to the distracted citizens.

It is surely a strange thing, that a city which claims to be at the head of European civilization, which has at this moment more refinement, more art, more science, more literature than any other city either of ancient or modern times, which is the capital of the fairest, nearly the most populous, and certainly the most enlightened country of Continental Europe, a country that has just thrown off the last remnant of kingly sway, and is now governed solely by the principle of universal suffrage, the will of the people acknowledging no limit or restraint whatever, — that this city, we say, should exhibit the most frightful scenes of anarchy and civil war, the arms of its inhabitants being madly turned against each other, that it should be in a state of siege for months, though no foreign enemy is within a thousand miles of its gates, martial law being proclaimed, the liberty of the press suspended, and its prisons crowded with those who, a few weeks before, were raised to the head of affairs, and conducted the government, as it seemed, with universal acclamation. Here in America,

certainly, we cannot believe that republican institutions are to blame for this lamentable state of things. We do not adopt the theory of Hobbes, that man is the natural enemy of man, and war his natural state, unless his evil propensities are checked and subdued by the iron yoke of absolute despotism. Yet all history affords nothing which seems to confirm this theory more strongly than the record of events in Paris during the last twenty months. We are bound to find some solution of the problem, or to acknowledge that society, even in its most enlightened state, is incapable of governing itself, and that universal suffrage is the most unsound and dangerous basis upon which it can be established. The streets of Paris and Lyons repeatedly crimsoned with blood, their houses torn with cannon shot and grape, their trade and industry at one time nearly annihilated, and their best citizens submitting to voluntary exile, are among the immediate consequences of that Revolution of February, which to many too sanguine persons appeared to augur the political and social regeneration of Europe.

It seems to be trifling with so grave a subject to affirm that the sole cause of the present deplorable condition of things in France is the prevalence of false systems and mistaken views on all the great subjects of religion, government, political economy, and civil liberty. But it is so; the fatal disease under which the people of France, especially the inhabitants of Paris, have long been laboring, is speculative fanaticism. The quality in which the French mind is most deficient is that large, vigorous, roundabout common sense, which is the most characteristic trait of an Englishman, and which we share by virtue of our English descent. A Frenchman may have taste, imagination, genius, and enthusiasm in any particular pursuit; but he usually lacks the sober practical judgment, the reliance on the wisdom accumulated from long experience, the cautious distrust of novel theories and shining speculations, and the patient, unremitting industry, which are the conservative elements of every social organization. He speculates upon all subjects, and generalizes without end. He despises the old fashioned prejudices of the narrow minded islander, as he calls his neighbor across the Channel. Striving to get rid of all his own prejudices, his religious belief was unfortunately the first thing to be sacrificed. We risk nothing in calling

Paris the most irreligious capital in Europe. It is not the most immoral. Vienna is more licentious; St. Petersburg is more given to drunkenness; the Italian cities are more corrupt and debased. But nowhere is the portentous spectacle of great intellectual power and activity, untrammelled by belief in any thing, more frequent than in the splendid capital of France. Superstition has not even a foothold there; it is a common saying among the Parisians, that none but old women go to mass. Their popular literature of the present day is steeped in the very dregs of infidelity; it has almost preternatural power and brilliancy, but it is as soulless as the monster in Frankenstein. Witness the novels of George Sand, Balzac, and Eugène Sue, which seem to have come from the lowest depths of Acheron; they reek with the fumes of Styx and Cocytus. Even the lighter productions of such humorists as Paul de Kock, Beranger, and Scribe, are deeply infected with this pestilential vapor; only the devil in their pages is a smooth-faced gentleman, that grimaces and mocks, instead of appearing in his native ugliness and terrors, with horns and tail.

More than six years ago, in an article on the novels of Paul de Kock, we apologized for making any mention of such productions; and our readers must excuse us for repeating a brief portion of the remarks then made.

"We have had some scruples about laying before our readers such an account of the light literature of France at the present day as is given above, and in former articles upon the writings of George Sand and Alexandre Dumas. The question may be asked, Why take any notice of books, which, however indicative of a certain kind of talent, are not suited to the English or American taste, and contain much objectionable and offensive matter. Our answer is, that these publications, with all their faults, are curious, both as a warning and a study; they tell us something respecting the workings of a depraved taste and imagination, and they throw much light on the character, situation, and opinions of a large portion of the reading population of France, where they enjoy a great and rapidly increasing popularity. They are as significant in their way, as were the writings of reflecting and speculative men among the French just before the revolution of 1789. They show what ideas are simmering in the great caldron of Paris, and what must be expected when the fire shall burn more fiercely, and the contents of the vessel shall rise to the

surface and overflow. . . . The character of these publications is at once an index and a cause of the state of opinion and sentiment among the people to whom they are addressed. Whatever grossness and immorality, whatever licentious speculations upon society, politics, and religion they may contain, they reflect but too faithfully the moral and intellectual condition of those who read them; and in proportion to the energy and ability with which they are written, they heighten the very evils which they reveal." *

The graver literature of the day, in spirit and doctrine, corresponds entirely with these works of the imagination. Voltaire, D'Holbach, Diderot, and the other encyclopedists, it must be confessed, did their work very thoroughly; they gave the tone to the course of speculation and doctrine in France, which has been preserved with little alteration to the present day, except perhaps that it has become more audacious and has a larger infusion of sentimentality. Mathematicians like Laplace, naturalists like St. Hilaire, physiologists like Cabanis and Broussais, historians and critics like Michelet and Quinet, economists like St. Simon, Fourier, and Proudhon, philosophers like Cousin, have but one point in common; all of them are skeptics, many of them are scoffers. And the influence of their writings is immense. The French philosophers of the eighteenth century did not, indeed, produce the revolution of 1789, though they gave to it much of its form and coloring; the worship of reason, the abolition of the Sabbath, and the massacre of the priests may be called their works. But the men of whom we are now speaking, with their followers and proselytes, are the proper authors of the revolution of February; they both set the ball in motion, and determined the direction in which it should go. Their field of effort, indeed, was somewhat narrowed; there were fewer opportunities to exercise their destructive talent. The Jacobins of the last century had a Church and a Nobility, two giant institutions covered with abuses, to pull down; the Red Republicans of our own day, because religion and a peerage had no longer any thing but a nominal existence at Paris, were obliged to direct their crusade against property.

We speak of religion here only as one great restraint of

* *N. A. Review* for April, 1843, pp. 299, 300.

licentious and extravagant speculation, which, when released from this check, finds no further obstacle that is able to stay its career of exaggeration and folly. The national character of the French inclines very far to ultraism; they exaggerate whatever they undertake; they caricature their own principles. The maxim that extremes meet is perpetually exemplified in their character and conduct; they cannot distinguish the line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. They will have no checks or balances in their system of government, no limitations to their principles, no bounds to their professions, no barriers to the progress of their arms. Their generalizations never stop short of the infinite. The constitutions, which they create and abolish with such ludicrous facility, are like machines which have abundance of motive power, but no check upon its consumption; the watch has no balance-wheel, and is therefore very irregular in its motions, and very quickly runs down. Thus, in the constitution which they have just established, they refused to divide the legislative power into two chambers; this would have been to injure the simplicity of the fabric, and to impose a check upon hasty legislation. Accordingly, the power of making laws, and, in fact, the whole government of the state, is exercised by one overgrown assembly, consisting of seven hundred members, collected from all parts of France, upon the principle of universal suffrage. As might have been expected, this legislative assembly has become a noisy and tumultuous debating club, wholly incapable of transacting business with efficiency and despatch. It is merely a mouthpiece of the factions of the metropolis; it follows the lead of the newspapers and the clubs in dwelling upon the exciting topics of the moment, to the almost total neglect of its proper task of organizing the state, and watching over the permanent interests of the country.

The passion for extreme generalizations, the constant tendency to excess, which is the great vice of the national character, appears nowhere more prominently than in the speculations of the leading demagogues of the hour, whose writings have thrown all France into convulsions. Nowhere but in Paris could crackbrained theorists like Cabet, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon, have obtained even a hearing. In France alone could a fantastic rhetorician, wholly devoid of

practical talent, like Lamartine, have established himself at the head of affairs by virtue of a theatrical manner and a few high-sounding speeches. But these men knew how to minister to the vanity of their countrymen, and to beguile them with promises of sweeping reforms to be effected in the state, and of the establishment of the French ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity over the whole earth. Such gasconading professions would have ruined the cause of a political party in England or the United States; but they suited the tastes of the populace of Paris. False and pernicious as the doctrines of these men were, they pleased the multitude because they went all lengths, and were stated without exception or limit; sweeping theories, that promise the regeneration of the world, are very captivating to the imaginations of the vulgar. Their very universality renders them simple and easy of comprehension; a cautious judgment makes the statement of a principle complex, and burdens it with exceptions that violate its unity and destroy its attractiveness.

The party which made the revolution of February soon lost power and consideration, because they had promised too much. They were reckless in their engagements, and reckless in the choice of means to gain their ends. They succeeded in overthrowing the royal government, and establishing themselves in power; but their success proved their ruin. The fulfilment of their magnificent promises was then demanded of them, and as there were no longer any obstacles in the way, they were obliged to attempt the reduction of their theories to practice, and the lamentable issue of their experiments covered them with shame, and hurled them from their posts in disgrace. Instead of renovating the body politic, their nostrums aggravated its diseases till they became intolerable. Louis Blanc established himself in state at the Luxembourg, to begin his grand experiment of the reorganization of labor; the *soi-disant ouvrier* Albert brought up his ragged army of desperadoes to be fed, clothed, and lodged at the expense of the state. But the dictates of common sense and the laws of political economy were not to be violated with impunity. A general bankruptcy ensued; private manufacturing establishments were closed; the rich fled the country, or secreted their wealth; the laboring population were thrown out of employ, and the evils of their lot were aggra-

vated in a tenfold degree. In less than a year, Louis Blanc was a proscribed fugitive from justice, and Albert was sentenced to transportation for life. More recently, Ledru Rollin also has been obliged to seek safety in exile, and our poor phrase-making, gasconading friend, Lamartine, could not find a district in all France which was willing to return him as its delegate to the Legislative Assembly. He is thus cruelly obliged to keep silence, and has turned with characteristic ardor to writing memoirs of himself.

The cause, then, of the lamentable failure of republican institutions in France, is the extravagance of the doctrines which political sectaries and scheming fanatics have been allowed to propound, unnoticed and unrefuted by those who were capable of exposing their falsity, because it was wrongly supposed that their absurdity was so glaring that no one could be deceived by them but their authors. The lesson taught by this failure is, that in a country where the whole political power is lodged in the hands of the people, universal suffrage directing the entire course both of foreign policy and the internal administration, it is unsafe to allow corrupt and sophistical doctrines to be constantly preached to the multitude by those who are eager to make dupes of them, or who are themselves the dupes of their own devices, without an effort on the part of the intelligent portion of the community to expose their absurdity, and to substitute sound doctrines for them. The importance of this lesson is so impressively set forth by M. Thiers, in the preface to his little tract on the right of property, that we borrow his language.

"Since society in France has been thrown into such a state of moral perturbation that the most natural, the most evident, and hitherto the most universally acknowledged truths are either doubted or audaciously denied, we must be permitted to prove them just as if they stood in need of proof. It is an irksome and difficult task, for there is nothing more irksome, nothing more difficult, than the attempt to demonstrate what is self-evident. Intuitive truths do not admit of demonstration. In geometry, for instance, there are what we call *axioms*, which form the limits of inquiry and demonstration; we stop when we have come to them, allowing them to rest upon their own evidence. Thus we say, that 'two parallel lines, however far extended, can never meet;' and 'a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another.' Having come to these truths, we no longer reason,

we no longer argue, but allow the self-evident fact to have its effect upon the understanding, and spare ourselves the trouble of adding, that if the two lines were to meet, they would not be always at an equal distance from each other, and so would not be parallel. We also spare ourselves the trouble of adding, that if the line traced from one point to another were not the shortest way between them, it would not be perfectly straight. In a word, we stop short at what is self-evident, and do not pretend to go beyond it.

"It is just so, moreover, with regard to certain moral truths, which we are accustomed to regard as axioms not demonstrable on account of their very obviousness. A man labors and receives the reward of his labor; this reward is money; this money he converts into bread, clothing, or in some way consumes it; or if he has too much, he lends it, and receives interest for it, upon which interest he supports himself; or he gives it away to whomever he pleases, to his wife, his children, or his friends. We had regarded these facts as the simplest of all, as the most legitimate, the most inevitable, the least susceptible of dispute or demonstration. But it was not so. These things, we are now told, were acts of usurpation and tyranny. There are those who attempt to teach this doctrine to the agitated, astonished, and suffering multitude; and whilst we, reposing upon the self-evident character of certain propositions, were allowing the world to go on of itself, as it did in the days when a great politician said, '*il mondo va da se*,' we suddenly find it undermined by false doctrine; and if we do not wish society to perish, we must prove that which formerly, out of respect for the human intellect, we should never have undertaken to demonstrate. Well, be it so; we must defend society against dangerous sectaries, and for that purpose must condemn our understanding, and that of our contemporaries, to a dull and methodical demonstration of truths that have hitherto been universally admitted. Yes, let us establish again the wavering convictions of the multitude by attempting to render an account to ourselves of the most elementary truths. Let us imitate the Dutch, who, on learning that a little gnawing insect had attacked their dikes, hastened to those dikes to destroy the insect which was eating them away. Yes, let us hasten to the dikes! Our present concern is not to embellish the dwellings where our families live; we must prevent the dwellings themselves from crumbling into the abyss, and therefore must labor upon the very foundations by which they are supported.

"I am about, then, to labor upon the foundations on which society rests. I pray my contemporaries to aid me with their patience, to help me by their attention, in the painful argument

which I am to make; since it is for their sake much more than for my own. For having already passed from youth to maturity, and from maturity to that point which in a few years will be old age, having witnessed many revolutions, and no longer expecting any thing or desiring any thing from any power on earth, and asking of Providence only to die with honor if I am to die, or to live surrounded by some esteem if I am to live, I do not labor for myself, but for society which is in peril; and if, in all that I do, say, and write, I yield to any personal feeling, it is, I confess, to the profound indignation with which these doctrines inspire me that are begotten of ignorance, pride, and bad ambition, — that ambition which seeks to rise by destroying instead of building up. I appeal, then, to the patience of my contemporaries. I will endeavor to be clear, brief, peremptory in proving to them what they would never have supposed to be in need of proof; — that is, that what they earned yesterday is their own, fairly their own, and that with it they may support themselves and their children. This is what we have come to, the point to which we have been led by false teachers acting in concert with a deluded multitude."

The earnestness of these words shows the conviction of the writer that the peril is great and imminent. But he does not expose the whole extent of the danger. Limited by his subject to a defence of the right of property, he leaves the reader to infer, that it is at this point only that the very foundations of society are undermined, so that the whole structure is nodding to its fall. But the attack is far more general and dangerous; so that, to adopt M. Thiers's illustration, the dikes need to be manned along their whole line, if the country is not to be inundated. The Institute itself, in allotting their various portions of the task to its several members, shows that it regards not only the right of property, but the cause of morals and religion, the ties which bind man to his fellow, the fundamental principles of society, the rights and duties of the laboring population, and the limits of civil and personal liberty, as all imperilled in this Saturnalia of opinion, this upheaval of the foundations of belief. The same recklessness, the same pernicious ultraism, of the speculatist and the demagogue, which have urged the populace of Paris and Lyons into a mad attack upon the institution on which every one of them depends for his daily bread, have induced them also to question, or audaciously to deny, nearly all the great truths on which the highest interests of humanity depend.

Some of these Doctors of the Academy, indeed, have been obliged to unlearn their own theories, or painfully to revise, extenuate, and limit them, so as to repudiate the frightful inferences which the mob were very willing to draw from such tempting premises. Cousin, for instance, who long ago attained that proud elevation in philosophy, those serene heights, whence he could look down upon religion, and kindly patronize "Christianity as the philosophy of the common people," has at last discovered that this religion, this "popular philosophy," is at any rate a very useful thing to society, so that it ought to be defended in times of trouble. Perhaps he begins to doubt whether it is worth while, on the whole, ever to go beyond it. He has certainly taken up his testimony in its favor; — or rather, fearful of the old taunt, *non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, tempus eget*, he has, in a very characteristic manner, borrowed from Rousseau, who occupies about the same "platform of faith" with himself, the noted Confession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, and published it with an apologetic and laudatory preface, as a *philosophical* defence of natural religion which is quite well suited to the times! His former pupil, M. Damiron, having luckily escaped the effect of those doctrines which caused M. Jouffroy, another and more distinguished disciple of the same master, to die a broken-hearted skeptic, has written in a better spirit an excellent tract in defence of the providence of God in the affairs of this world; — a tract which we should be glad to see translated and published in this country, for besides its intrinsic merits, it deserves attention as almost the only contribution of the principal school of modern French philosophy to the cause of religious faith.

And to M. Thiers himself may be addressed in part the reproach of having contributed by his former writings to disseminate some of those pernicious principles, the bitter consequences of which he now deplores and is feebly endeavoring to remedy. As a brilliant and popular historian, he has labored effectually in the great work of deifying the Revolution of 1789. He has covered with eulogy the chief performers in the awful scenes of 1794. When he argues against the Red Republicans of the present day, they may tell him that they are but imitating, and feebly imitating, the terrible energy of the Jacobins of the former epoch, whose

excesses and crimes he has palliated, whose patriotism, firmness, and audacity he has praised. The admirers of Danton, Robespierre, and St. Just have no right to censure the principles, however they may despise the conduct, of such men as Louis Blanc, Albert, Lagrange, and Ledru Rollin. These men, indeed, can only caricature the ferocity and the crimes of their terrible prototypes; but they are not to blame for selecting such models, for in this respect they only follow the advice given to them by such writers as Lamartine and M. Thiers himself. These writers have falsified history in the most important respect, for they have contemned or perverted the moral lessons that it teaches. They have written in the spirit of demagogues, who were courting popular favor by excusing the monstrous crimes that were formerly perpetrated in the name of the people. They have not a word of horror and indignation to bestow on the authors of the massacres at the prisons in September. The cart that carried daily to the guillotine its load of forty or fifty innocent beings, many of them women, to be butchered there in cold blood, excites no feeling of compassion or horror in their breasts. Their theory is, that the Revolution was necessary, that it was fated to go on and prosper, though disorder, suffering, and criminality of every kind were the attendants or the means of its progress.

We know of nothing that is more offensive to good taste and common sense, as well as to sound principle, than the manner in which it has long been the fashion in France to speak of the earlier scenes of the former Revolution. It is not so much that any defence is set up for the excesses and crimes of that awful period, or any attempt made to justify the actors in them. But an entire unconsciousness is manifested that they need any excuse. Nay, more; they are held up as proofs of courage, decision, and patriotism that merit immortal renown. The agents in that fearful tragedy are portrayed in all the colors of poetry and eloquence as the heroes of French history, the stern and incorruptible patriots of an elder generation, the saviours of their country, the models for virtuous politicians in our own day. And who were these heroes? Danton, the object of Mr. Carlyle's special admiration, a reckless desperado, drunk with blood; St. Just, a hungry fanatic, with whom murder was a passion; Couthon, a monster as hideous in external appearance as in

his acts; Robespierre, Lamartine's favorite, a selfish, canting, dastardly butcher, who ought to have been served as parricides were in the olden time, — sewn up in a sack with a cock, an asp, and a monkey, and then thrown into the sea. Why has history been falsified in regard to these men? To pamper the insatiable national vanity of the French, and to serve the purposes of demagogues who wished to overthrow the government because they could not obtain places in it, and could find no better means of accomplishing their object than to fan the passions of the populace. The insurgents of June might have answered Thiers, Lamartine, Odillon Barrot, and Marrast, in the words of Shylock, — "The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The historian whose mournful office it is to speak of shameful and inhuman deeds, wherever or whenever committed, has no right to suppress or mitigate the sentence of righteous indignation which the common feelings of mankind instinctively pass upon them. If he does so from any selfish purpose of feeding the prejudices and gaining the applause of his countrymen, or of influencing the public policy of the state, he is as much responsible for the deplorable consequences that will assuredly follow, as if he had directly labored to produce them. The fearful crimes committed by the Jacobins during the Reign of Terror form the darkest page in the history of France; all the eloquence and the sophistry of the popular authors who have recently written upon the subject cannot cleanse it from the stain of blood. As well might they attempt to justify the terrible proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, the butchery committed by Alva in the Netherlands, or the fires at Smithfield in Queen Mary's reign. It is a hollow pretence, that the imminent peril to which the French republic was then exposed made these executions necessary. No state necessity can justify the deliberate murder of thousands of innocent human beings; and it is not true that the guillotine saved France from the foreign invader. Not the September massacres, but the manœuvres, perhaps the negotiations, of Dumourier, checked the advance of the Prussians from Verdun. And at the later period, after the fall of the Girondists, all danger of invasion had ceased; the Republic was then the assailant on

all its borders, and was carrying its victorious arms far into the Netherlands. There was rebellion, it is true, at Lyons, at Marseilles, at Nantes; — or rather, what the Jacobins called rebellion, for it was the desperate attempt of the moderate republicans, of five-sixths of the French people, to shake off the despotism of a mere faction, which had usurped the government. The axe was kept at work at Paris, not to terrify the royalists, or the Austrians, or the English, but to perpetuate the iron rule of Jacobinism, to confirm the power of that terrible triumvirate of which Robespierre was the chief. Outnumbered even in Paris, and forming but a feeble minority in all France, (as was proved by subsequent events,) the Jacobins could maintain their post only by paralyzing their opponents through terror. And this bloody strife of factions at Paris, years after the power of royalty in France had been crushed, it is now the fashion to represent as a death-struggle against tyranny, and a heroic vindication of the political independence of France!

We may appear to dwell too long upon this topic; but the constant assumption by the furious republicans at Paris of the names, the watchwords, and the principles of the Terrorists of the last century, shows that the memory of these men is now held in high esteem, instead of being devoted to lasting infamy. The radical party in the present Assembly is not merely branded by its opponents as *La Montagne*, but assumes this formidable name of its own accord, as an honorable appellation. The clubs are organized upon the model of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers. The propagandism of French principles of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" over all Europe is again the favorite dream of the vainglorious patriots of France. The guillotine, indeed, is not permitted for the second time to make the gutters of the capital run with blood; but no indistinct murmurs were heard that its reëstablishment would soon be necessary to prevent the too rapid progress of "the reaction." A silly attempt was made by the Provisional Government to restore the Jacobin titles of *Citoyen* and *Citoyenne;* and "the Republic one and indivisible" became again the appellation of the state. In vain do the moderate republicans reprobate the folly and wickedness of this theatrical mummery, this attempt to revive badges and watchwords which were buried half a century

ago with the occasions that produced them. The mere phraseology, it is admitted, is insignificant and even ludicrous; but it has a terrible significance as the token of a revival of the principles, and a disposition to imitate the conduct, of the party which first adopted it. The writers who have taught France to worship the memory of that party have now no right to complain that the lessons are reduced to practice, and their ideal Jacobinism is made actual.

Yet M. Thiers, who has all the adroitness of a veteran politician in shifting his position, can argue thus plausibly, when it suits his purpose, against the attempt to assimilate the Revolution of 1848 to its formidable predecessor.

"Those who assumed the direction of affairs after the expulsion of the king, enlightened by a commencement of experience, are in no hurry to keep their imprudent engagements. But those who have not the power, and have had no experience to profit by, persist in demanding a *social* revolution. A social revolution! Can one be had by wishing for it? Even if the power were not wanting, as it can sometimes be gained by agitating a suffering people, it would be necessary to find the materials for it. We must have a society to reform; and if it was reformed long ago, what are we to do? Ah! You are jealous of the glory of accomplishing a social revolution. Very well, then; you ought to have been born sixty years earlier — to have entered upon your career in 1789. Without deceiving the people, or perverting their inclinations, you would then have had the means, first of exciting their enthusiasm, and afterwards of sustaining it. At that period, in truth, all the community were not subject to taxation. The nobility bore but a portion of it, the clergy were not taxed at all, except when it pleased them to make voluntary gifts. The same justice was not meted out to all for their offences. For one class there was the gibbet, and for another a thousand ways of avoiding the infamy or the death which they had richly merited. All could not obtain public office, whatever their talents might be, on account of some obstacle of birth or of religion. There existed, under the name of feudal rights, a multitude of obligations which did not originate in some contract freely consented to, but were usurpations of might over right. No one could bake his bread, except at the oven of his feudal lord, or grind his corn except at the lord's mill; he must purchase exclusively his lord's commodities, must submit to his administration of justice, must allow his harvest to be devoured by his lord's game. No one could practise the various handicrafts till he had passed through certain forms of

admission previously established by the masters of the guilds and the corporations. Tolls were levied on transportation from one province to another, and there was intolerable oppression in the mode of collecting the taxes. The ratio of taxation to property was insupportable. Besides the magnificent estates belonging to the clergy and held in mortmain, it was necessary to pay them the better portion of the agricultural products of the year under the appellation of tithes. All these burdens were for the middle and lower classes; and as to the generality, there were censors for those who felt disposed to write, the Bastille for those who were intractable, the parliaments for unfortunate persons like Labarre and Calas, and intervals of centuries between the meetings of the States General which might have reformed so many abuses.

"Thus, on the immortal night of the 4th of August, all classes of the population, magnificently represented in the Constituent Assembly, were able to come and sacrifice something upon the altar of their common country. In truth, all had something to bring to it; — the privileged classes their exemption from taxation, the clergy their property, the nobility their titles and feudal rights, the provinces their separate constitutions. In a word, all classes had a sacrifice to make, and they accomplished it with general exultation. This triumph was not the joy of a few, but the joy of all, the joy of a people enfranchised from vexations of every kind, the joy of the Third Estate relieved from their degradation, the joy of the nobles then keenly sensible of the pleasure of doing good. It was an intoxication of gladness, an exaltation of humanity, which induced us to embrace the whole world in our ardent patriotism.

"Attempts have not been wanting for some time past to agitate the mass of the people as much as possible; — have they produced the enthusiasm of 1789? Certainly not; and why not? Because what is already done no longer remains to do; because, on a night like that of the 4th of August, we should have nothing to sacrifice. Is there, in truth, anywhere an oven or a mill of a feudal lord to be suppressed? Is there any game which you cannot kill if it comes upon your ground? Are there any censors, other than the irritated populace, or the dictatorship which is its representative? Are there any Bastilles? Are there any incapacities produced by one's religion or one's birth? Is there any one to whom all offices are not open? Is there any other inequality than that of mind, which is not imputable to the laws, or that of fortune, which is derived from the right of property? Make a trial now, if you can, of a 4th of August; erect an altar of the country, and tell us what you will bring to it. Abuses? Oh! certainly, they are not wanting, and they never will be

wanting at any time. But a few abuses on an altar of the country erected in the open air is too trifling a sacrifice; other offerings are needed. Search, then; search in that society which has been taken to pieces and made over again so many times since '89, and I defy you to find any thing but the right of property for an offering. This they have not failed to attempt to sacrifice; and here is the deplorable origin of the present controversy upon the subject.

"All the partisans of a social revolution, it is true, do not wish to sacrifice property to the same extent. Some wish to abolish it altogether, others in part; these would be content to have labor remunerated in a different manner, those wish to proceed by taxation. But all, in one degree or another, attack property in order to redeem a kind of pledge which they gave by promising to accomplish a social revolution. We must combat, therefore, all these odious, puerile, ridiculous, but pernicious systems, begotten like a swarm of insects from the decomposition of all government, and filling the air in which we live. Such is the origin of this state of things, which will bring upon us, even if society is saved, either the contempt or the compassion of the next age."

This is a very animated attempt to prove that the Revolution of '89 affords neither precedent nor justification for that of '48; and as it comes from the person whose political tactics afforded the opening and the occasion by which the authors of the last Revolution profited in overthrowing the last royal dynasty in France, we may suppose that the warmth of his language is a little increased by the desire to shift from his own shoulders the responsibility of having favored this last outburst of impatient republicanism. M. Thiers was the chief of the dynastic opposition during the last seven or eight years of Louis Philippe's reign. He now declares very earnestly, that his opposition was directed not against the form of the royal government, but against the policy of its administration; he wished to alter its course, not to whelm it beneath a deluge of republicanism. We have no doubt that such were his intentions; he wished only to get M. Guizot *out* of office, and himself *in*, but had the misfortune of creating a revolution through the means which he adopted only to cause a change of ministry. If his object was to fight only a parliamentary battle, the hall of legislation was his proper arena. Unluckily he determined, in the English phrase, to throw himself upon the country. Impa-

tient of being so long excluded from office by the superior tact and statesmanship of his rival, he resolved to try the dangerous experiment of agitating the people on the subject of changing the basis of representation in the Chambers. How much he had this subject of electoral reform at heart may be inferred from the fact that, during the years in which he was himself prime minister, he took not one step to promote it, and in fact never opened his lips upon the topic. But politicians out of office rapidly acquire new views about the necessity of certain reforms in the state; and M. Thiers was at last convinced, that it was very oppressive and tyrannical on the part of the king and the ministry to refuse this boon to the people. He therefore labored to convince the dear people, that they were much aggrieved in this respect; and he succeeded, greatly to his own astonishment and chagrin, not only in displacing M. Guizot, but in overthrowing the government. In the general confusion that ensued, the republicans, with characteristic effrontery, appropriated to themselves the oyster, and gave MM. Guizot and Thiers each a shell.

It is more consonant with our present purpose to remark, that this vehement defence of the changes effected in '89, affords no apology whatever for the proceedings of the Jacobins three or four years afterwards. It was not till the 10th of August, 1792, three years after the memorable night on which all grievances which, according to the present views of M. Thiers, could justify a social revolution were redressed, that the king was dethroned, the monarchy abolished, and the party of the Mountain began its monstrous career of oppression and butchery. The Red Republicans of our own day take for their models, not the reformers of the earlier period, but the Terrorists of the later one, who have been held up to them as examples for imitation by nearly all the popular writers of France, M. Thiers himself included. These authors have sowed the wind, and they are now obliged to reap the whirlwind.

The extraordinary display of intellectual power in France, during the last half century, has only enhanced the evil. Nowhere in the world have the rewards of literary exertion been so tempting and brilliant; not even in our own favored country has it been so easy for high intellectual endowments and

literary activity to force their way to distinction and power. The time has gone by, we say it sorrowfully, when either high character or preëminent ability can raise its possessor to an eminent political position in the United States; for the highest office of all, they operate almost as a disqualification. The great statesmen of the country, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, are found to be "unavailable" candidates; they are passed over in favor of the respectable mediocrity that is favored by the accident of local position, a fortunate but momentary connection with some remarkable event, like a successful battle, and of unsettled because unexpressed opinions on the controverted topics of the day. To be a lucky aspirant for any office which lies directly in the gift of the people, it is necessary that one's *name* should be well known, but that every other circumstance respecting him, his previous history, his character, and his opinions, should have as little notoriety as possible. And in one respect, our people are not to be blamed for making such a choice; they do not want a governor or a ruler, but one who will consent to be governed or ruled by his constituents. A public officer is here literally a public servant. He who has an opinion of his own, which he has the boldness to avow and the ability to defend, is not fitted to be a mere mouthpiece of the opinions of others. The President of the United States is only a figure-head of the ship of state, and will soon find out his mistake if he attempts to make himself its rudder. The operation of the same cause in the newly established French republic has made Louis Napoleon, who has a name and nothing else, *vox et præterea nihil*, its first President.

But it was not so under the monarchy in that country. A throne cannot stand alone; its great elevation will certainly cause it to topple down, unless its base is made broad and strong by an order of men who occupy the vast interval which separates the monarch from the people. In the British constitution, the nobility form the steps that lead up to the throne, and give it stability and support. The French *noblesse* perished in the catastrophe of 1789, and the monarchy has been insecure ever since. Napoleon tried to buttress his imperial throne by an aristocracy of the sword; he made his most distinguished generals counts and dukes of the empire, and to support their dignity established *majorats*, the only infringe-

ment that was permitted of the French law requiring equal division of estates. But even with the aid of fixed property, these men could not maintain themselves at a permanent elevation above the people, from whose very lowest ranks they had but recently sprung. The Duke of Abrantes had been a stable boy; the Prince of Moscow began his military career as a private dragoon. A mushroom aristocracy of such persons as these could lend no real aid to royalty; and it disappeared in the shock of the Restoration. Louis XVIII. gathered around him the wreck of the old *noblesse;* but as they were few in number, as their estates had been confiscated, and they had lost even the *prestige* of rank through the privations they had endured in exile, they were soon jostled aside by untitled persons of commanding talents and high character. The pen of Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant had vastly more influence than the faded dignity of the Montmorencis, the Polignacs, and the Richelieus, who still lingered superfluous on the stage. The fickle and excitable character of the French makes them very susceptible of impression from brilliant rhetoric and fervid declamation. A knot of able and eloquent journalists was soon gathered at Paris, who swayed the national will as the winds move the sea. By a succession of brilliant and epigrammatic pamphlets, Chateaubriand formed and unseated ministries in spite of the will of the monarch and the feeble opposition of the peers. The king was prudent, and bowed before the storm which he could not control; he allowed to literary talent at least an equal share of influence with hereditary rank. But his brother succeeded him, a bigot to legitimacy and Catholicism, and he lost his throne in a vain attempt to muzzle the terrible press of Paris.

The lesson was not lost upon so sagacious a prince as Louis Philippe, who quietly allowed a death-blow to be struck at the old aristocracy by the law abolishing the hereditary descent of the peerage, and gave his government entirely into the hands of those who were the most capable of influencing the will of the people. The aristocracy of birth had passed away; the aristocracy of the sword had enjoyed only a momentary existence; and the throne now rested upon an aristocracy of talent, which is from its very nature wavering, unsettled in its ranks, capable of indefinite extension, and

therefore tumultuous. Distinguished authors, men of science, journalists, and eminent bankers filled all the prominent offices in the state. Guizot and Thiers, men of yesterday, who had won their spurs as historians and editors, became prime ministers; Villemain and Cousin, their most eminent colleagues in the Institute and the lecture room, became their colleagues also in the ministry. The patronage in the hands of these men was immense, as all branches of public affairs are centralized in France, the administration of the church, of public instruction, of the roads and other local affairs of the several departments, being all determined at Paris. The *bureaucracy* was consequently very powerful, and in its countless ramifications were found places and employment for all kinds and degrees of talent. The encouragement thus afforded to literature was magnificent, and it developed an amount of literary talent and activity to which we can find no parallel even in the age of Louis XIV. Take the department of history alone, and how long the list of illustrious names that can now be reckoned up in France; Guizot, Sismondi, the two Thierrys, Michelet, Thiers, Barante, Mignet, and a host of others. In the literature of criticism, philosophy, and fiction; in poetry, the drama, and *belles lettres;* in natural history and the physical sciences, the array of eminent names certainly cannot be matched either in England or Germany. The patronage of Louis Philippe's government was conducted on very liberal principles; not only professorships in the university, but the other offices under government that are usually given to professional or literary persons, were often held by warm opponents of the ministry; there was no proscription of talent for opinion's sake.

But the newspapers profited most by this extraordinary development of literary talent. The journals of Paris did not, indeed, equal those of London in the variety and copiousness of the information afforded upon all topics of interest; but for vigor, spirit, and eloquence in the discussion of public affairs they were unequalled. Nothing escaped their watchfulness, no opportunity was left unimproved to inculcate their peculiar doctrines. Instead of depending on the energy and activity of one man, as a newspaper in this country usually does, a corps of effective writers was enlisted in support of each; and political influence rather than pecu-

niary gain being the chief object in view, their course was not trammelled by deference to the opinions of one class of readers. Bold, unscrupulous, often malignant, excelling in sarcasm and invective, these journals had absolute control of the popular mind; they swayed the destinies of France. Besides the writers who devoted themselves exclusively to their support, ministers of state, professors in the university, the most eminent authors in France, contributed occasionally to their columns. Their criticisms covered the whole field of public affairs, of literature, art, and science; and so great was their influence, that the fortune and reputation of any young aspirant in these several departments of effort, unless he was gifted with extraordinary genius, were entirely at their disposal. In vain were the most stringent laws made to repress their licentiousness; a public prosecution of one of them only increased its celebrity, and roused its partisans to fresh efforts for its support. The fine was paid either by subscription or out of the reserved fund of the association, and the "responsible editor," who was the whipping-boy of the establishment, suffered the imprisonment, and from his place of incarceration wrote articles with greater acrimony than ever. Why should not their influence be immense? In France, as well as England and the United States, much the larger portion of those who read at all, read nothing but the newspapers and the popular novels of the day. The time for political pamphlets has passed away; if Burke were alive now, he would publish his Reflections on the French Revolution in the columns of the Times. The importance even of political discussions in great legislative assemblies is rapidly diminishing; great statesmen make their speeches there only that they may be reported the next morning in the newspapers. At least, it is so in Parliament and the French Assembly; in our Congress, the speeches are usually so poor that editors do not usually think them worth publishing, unless they are paid for it with the public money.* The real battle nowadays is carried on in the newspapers.

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* We are sorry to confess it, but it is so. The Senate of the United States last winter kept a corps of reporters and two daily newspapers in pay, and their debates were reported at length. The Representatives were parsimonious and haggled about the terms; so their speeches were not reported at all. We are not aware that the country suffered from the privation.

To show the enormous influence that literary men and journalists acquired under the late dynasty in France, we may refer not only to the several ministries that were formed under Louis Philippe, but to the list of members of the Provisional Government who, with characteristic audacity, appointed themselves to office after his fall, and to whom the whole country quietly submitted, as if the selection were a very natural and proper one. Three of them, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc, were editors of newspapers; a fourth, Albert, supported a newspaper, not indeed by his brains, but his purse; a fifth, Lamartine, was an eminent poet and historian; and Arago, a *savant* whose scientific fame is known to all the world, was a sixth.* Very properly, the Secretary of this remarkable association of men of letters was Pagnerre, a bookseller; and the epicene novelist, George Sand, had the credit of writing the despatches of the Minister of the Interior. Indeed, the Revolution of February was planned and directed in two newspaper offices at Paris, the *Réforme* and the *National;* and its most novel and characteristic feature was given to it by two publications of Louis Blanc, the *Histoire de Dix Ans* and the *Organisation du Travail.*

Louis Philippe found by sad experience that an aristocracy of talent can lend but a feeble and wavering support to a monarchy. Talent is necessarily democratic in its origin, for it must be recognized wherever it is found, and nothing can be more irregular than its distribution by the laws of nature. The members of such a society must be gathered from all ranks of social life, and from all parts of the kingdom, with their habits, opinions, and associations already formed before their claims of admission to the peerage of mind are determined. They come together not as friends, but as rivals, often as foes; for though the interests of letters are one, the interests of men of letters are many and diverse. Under the sun of royal patronage, their number may be indefinitely increased, and the competition among them soon becomes

* In England, as well as we can recollect, Lord Brougham and Mr. Macaulay are the only Cabinet Ministers of the present century who have gained distinction in the field of letters. Lord John Russell, Sir John Hobhouse, and Lord Campbell have dallied with the Muses; but their literary fame is quite secondary to their political reputation. Sir James Mackintosh was not in the Cabinet, and his distinction as a writer and a philosopher was thought to be an obstacle to his advancement.

fiery. If they look chiefly to the state for countenance and support, and, still more, if the chief places in the government are to be distributed among them, politics assume a disproportionate share in their labors, and the sanctuary of letters and science is profaned by the introduction of false gods. Poetry, history, and philosophy are employed in an illegitimate service, and lose their distinctive glories; if made subservient to the purposes of the day, they become ephemeral also in their duration and renown. Besides, there is something in that remarkable development of talent in one direction that is called genius, which is unsuited to the conduct of affairs in this working-day world; if Pegasus is harnessed to a cart, he generally upsets it. The true man of business is usually a person of very small talents harmoniously developed; he is not far-sighted in any one direction, but he looks on all sides. The poet has the eye of an eagle, but it is always turned towards the sun, and on the earth he walks no better than if he were blind. What a sorry figure Demosthenes made as a general, and Horace as a soldier, and Addison as secretary of state, and Lamartine before the barricades of June! Louis Blanc as a Minister at the Luxembourg, attempting to reduce his Utopian theories to practice, soon excited the scorn and indignation of the Parisians themselves.

The congregation round Louis Philippe's government of distinguished *littérateurs* and *savans* (how provoking it is that we have no English names to designate these classes!) gave a certain degree of splendor to his administration, but increased the real difficulties of his position. The rivalship of these men was hot and fierce, and the contests in which they were engaged were blazoned through the press to all France. They were restless and turbulent; the measures of those who formed the ministry for the time were criticized with unsparing severity by those who hoped to succeed them. In other countries, the number of aspirants for high office is necessarily very limited; few possess the qualifications of rank, political connections, experience, and talent which would enable them to enter the arena with any hope of success. In France, every man of an ambitious temperament and a scheming brain, who could pen a pungent paragraph in a newspaper, considered himself a fit person to enter the ministry. Why

should he not succeed, when such a literary adventurer as Thiers had shown the way? It was only necessary to create some agitation among the people, to advocate some sweeping measure of reform, some plan for a new organization of society, or for increasing the glory of France, or to expose the blunders of the ministry in their foreign policy or in the conduct of internal affairs. No matter though the scheme proposed should be as absurd as Louis Blanc's plan for a new organization of labor; or the criticism of the ministers' proceedings as unfounded as the foolish clamor against Guizot on account of the Pritchard indemnity; or the project as hot-headed as the attempt of M. Thiers in 1840, to excite a general war in Europe because France felt her dignity insulted when the other powers made a settlement of the Eastern question without asking her to coöperate with them. The reasonableness of the project, the matter of the complaint, was of little importance; every thing depended on the zeal, energy, and unscrupulousness with which it was proposed and urged. Among a people so excitable as the French, and so sensitive on the point of national honor, it was easy to raise a tempest, though it related only to some insignificant occurrence on a little island in the remote Pacific.

That tendency to exaggeration and excess, also, which is the great vice of the national character, was aggravated by the interference of men of letters in the political contests of the day. Such persons, in the conduct of practical affairs, seldom know how to moderate their feelings, their language, or their theories. Their discourse is more violent and exciting on account of their mastery of language; their words, because unusually expressive and forcible, really express to the apprehension of common people more than they mean. The bitterness of literary and theological controversies can often be explained in this way, when it is known that the combatants are men of gentle tempers and kind hearts. The violence of the Paris newspapers signified very little to those who conducted them; they deliberately worked themselves up into a towering passion, and ransacked the vocabulary of abuse with admirable coolness. They thundered against Louis Philippe and Guizot as if they were exposing the vices and crimes of Tiberius and Sejanus; yet the former was a sagacious and liberal, though a self-seeking monarch, and the

only real fault of the latter in the eyes of his opponents was that he was too much of a Puritan, — too inflexible both in his principles and his manners. The war against both was waged with unflagging zeal and acrimony, till the monarchy was overthrown, and both were driven from the kingdom. Then, indeed, the victors began to ask themselves what the offences of these men were, but they could find naught against them; and when, after hardly a year's absence, M. Guizot quietly returned to France, no one thought of molesting him. Yet recollecting the bitterness with which the ministers of Charles X. were pursued, no one will accuse the French people of showing too much kindness and magnanimity towards a fallen political oppressor.

A writer, M. de Broglie, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for September, 1848, in speaking of the labors of the National Assembly upon the new constitution, frankly confesses that they could find no injuries to redress and no additional guaranties that could be given to liberty. He admits that it is necessary for the preservation of society rather to strengthen the hands of the government about to be established, and to enlarge its powers, than to seek further protection for the liberties of the governed.

"It is sad, I confess, but six months after a revolution to have only the word *repression* upon our lips. One would have chosen rather to enumerate with pride the new rights and precious immunities which the constitution was to give to France in exchange for its revolutionary sufferings. It is neither our fault, nor the fault of the authors of the constitution, that unfortunately this cannot be. They have done their best to find in the society which the monarchy has handed over to them some exclusive privileges to be taken away, some chains to be broken, and to inscribe at the head of their work some rights till now unacknowledged; in a word, they wished that the new constitution might have its declaration of the rights of man, and its night of the 4th of August. Unluckily, in order to abolish exclusive privileges, it is necessary that some should exist, and before we can emancipate a people, they must have been enslaved. Now it is found, after searching carefully, that, in regard to exclusive privileges, there were none in France, except a few guaranties of capacity and of an interest in the state, which no one ever thought of using for his own advantage, and of which the most interested holders will not regret the sacrifice, if a second experiment should demonstrate to them that universal suffrage is strictly compatible

with the support of public order and a proper degree of intelligence in the conduct of the administration. Striving for something more, the most determined lovers of equality have just dashed their heads against the right of property, a solid and steadfast rock, on which more violent waves than those of the revolution of February will break without injury. The attempts at innovation in respect to liberty have not been more fortunate. The authors of the new declaration of rights have vainly racked their invention to discover a pretended natural right, the right to labor, and a political right which they have baptized by the name of the right of assemblage. Indiscreet disclosures have already taught us what the first of these rights would be, if they should take it in earnest. We shall see what will become of the second one between the queer restrictions in which its regular form is swaddled and bound up, and the justly severe law which forbids casual assemblages under severe penalties. This is the whole amount of the political innovations of the new constitution on the liberal side, and, with the best intentions in the world, its authors have not been able to make them more numerous. We are not to find fault with the instrument, if beyond the liberty which we were already enjoying six months ago, [before the revolution of February,] there remains nothing but licentiousness; and if, in respect to the guards and protectives of society, France long since ceased to have any thing that was superfluous, so that any diminution of them makes them fall below what is absolutely necessary. And in all justice, we are not to find fault with it, although its authors indeed have something to reproach themselves with in this respect, if fifty years of revolution have left in what was the dregs, but which is now the froth, of our society, an army of fanatics who respect the popular majesty of universal suffrage no more than they did the pomp of monarchy, whom order displeases because it is order, and the law because it is the law, whom the restraint of the laws irritates though it cannot subdue, and whose audacity, always recovering itself after it has been chastised, constantly keeps the peace of society on the rack, so that, however little inclination one may have for the name of conservative, personal preservation becomes, in spite of themselves, the first and almost the only object that claims the attention of every government in France. This is a truth which was already quite evident to many persons under the last dynasty, and which stands in no need of demonstration now. Certainly it is not with a malignant pleasure unworthy of a good citizen, but with a mournful satisfaction, that we see confirmed opinions that we have long entertained respecting the state of society; and that we now hear our revolutionists of yesterday abjuring one after another, at the tribune, the errors which it pleases them to qualify

as *chivalrous*, and stammering out with an inexperienced voice those conservative maxims, which, in a more eloquent form, have long been familiar to us. If the Provisional Government itself, towards the close of its term, and in its official language, had almost become a conservative government, who can flatter himself that he will escape this common necessity? The political prisons which *that* government was obliged to open again, who will delude himself with the hope of closing forever?"

Can any thing be more ridiculous and humiliating for a nation than to be obliged to confess, that it has just made a great political revolution *by mistake;* — that with magnificent professions of patriotism and self-devotion, at a great cost of blood and effort, and to the almost total ruin of its finances, its commerce, and its industry, it has just overturned one government, and finds itself immediately obliged to establish a stronger one in its place; — that the whole movement was in truth a magnificent blunder, since they find that there was no oppression to be resisted, there were no abuses to be done away, no chains to be broken, no rights to be established, no privileges to gain; — that they have expelled a king as unworthy to govern them, and they now learn that they are incapable of governing themselves? Yet this is what France has come to through its perversely exaggerated notions of liberty and democracy, and from lending too ready an ear to the eloquent demagogues, who, as they could not obtain a place in the government, have succeeded in overthrowing it.

Those who were most active, however, in effecting this great political blunder, are likely to be themselves the greatest and most permanent sufferers by it. We do not refer merely to those who have been the leaders in the several popular outbreaks, actuated apparently only by a frantic desire to imitate the excesses and the crimes of the Jacobins of 1794. These, indeed, in prison or in exile, are suffering a terrible retribution for the outrages that they have committed, their punishment seeming the more severe as it followed so quickly their short-lived elevation over the populace of Paris and the destinies of France. But men like Barbès, Blanqui, Courtais, Raspail, and Caussidière, though they were the leaders of the mob at the barricades, are not the original authors of the movement which has plunged the country into anarchy. They were but the hands; while the unprincipled men of let-

ters and science, the speculatists in political and social economy, the journalists and pamphleteers, were the proper heads of the conspiracy, and they have effectually destroyed their power of doing further mischief for the present. They have fired the palace in which for many years they had found a luxurious home. The aristocracy of talent has perished with the monarchy which leaned on it for support; and the republic, parsimonious and utilitarian in its views as republics always must be, has fallen into the hands of men of action rather than of contemplation. It was the Jacobin St. Just who exclaimed, "this nobility of fame is worse than a nobility of blood." The future levellers and agitators in Paris must be men of a coarser grain; the *Gironde* has given place to the *Montagne*. Arago has gone back to the observatory, which he ought never to have quitted, to resume his watch upon the comets and stars. Lamartine has turned hack-writer again, to redeem his estate from bankruptcy, and now publishes a new romance once a month about himself and the history of the republic. Marrast and Flocon, *duo fulmina belli*, the two editors in whose offices the whole revolution was concocted, are not even reëlected to the Assembly; and the inordinate influence of journalism at Paris is gone forever. One of their first acts as members of the Provisional Government, striking off the whole tax on newspapers, was suicidal; the immediate consequence was to reduce the newspaper press of France to a level with that of the United States. Within a fortnight, newspapers became as cheap, as abundant, and as little respected in Paris as in New York. Their power was lost by diffusion; talent as well as decency disappeared from their columns; and their efforts were turned from attacking the government to maintaining a fierce competition with each other.

And generally, the avatar of democracy in Europe during the past year has been a portentous event for the interests of letters and science all over the Continent. In this great convulsion of society, it could not be but that the quiet pursuits of learning should suffer. The governments that were in peril were compelled to make the most strenuous efforts for their own safety, and had neither time nor money to bestow for the support of universities and institutions of science. Professors and students, also, were seized by the universal

contagion, and quitted the lecture room and the laboratory for the defence of the barricades or for the exciting debates of a constituent assembly. They have even played a prominent part in this new sphere of action. We have seen how many of them were employed in France; in Germany, it is said that professors and men of letters formed a large majority of the assembly at Frankfort. And while the teachers were deliberating upon new constitutions for the state, the students were fighting in the streets, or marching with the troops in the holy crusade of liberty. In Vienna and Berlin, the members of the universities were the leaders of the insurgents, and the revolutionary movement received from them its impulse and direction. The few who were so devoted to their former profession as to remain quietly in the ancient halls of learning are left without sympathy or means of support. Many of the organized institutions for the advancement of knowledge are broken up, or have suspended their activity; some of the most eminent professors and *savans* in Europe have been obliged to sell their books to procure bread for their families, and are looking wistfully to this country for a refuge. A few have already come to take up their abode with us, and others are on the way. One of the most eminent astronomers in Europe, Professor Schumacher, has lately made an earnest appeal to his scientific brethren in England and the United States, that their remonstrances might save the excellent institution over which he presides at Altona from desertion and ruin. Whether the injury that the cause of learning has received from this outburst of democracy is to be permanent or temporary, is a question that we do not care to discuss; but the anticipations of those who are most deeply interested in it are by no means favorable.

It matters not how long the mere forms of republicanism are preserved in France; it is obvious that the great majority of the people are heartily tired of their second trial of a republic, and would hail nothing more gladly than a restoration of the monarchy. If there were not several claimants of the throne, Changarnier might play the part of General Monk tomorrow, and the people would welcome back their sovereign with as much enthusiasm as the English showed when Charles II. landed at Dover. Unluckily, the pretensions of the Bourbon, the Orleans, and the Bonaparte families

cross each other, and till this dispute is decided, any one candidate for the throne would encounter fierce opposition. The people wish for royalty, but cannot decide who shall be their king. They repudiated a republican government as significantly as they could, when, at the first trial of universal suffrage, they made choice of *Prince* Louis Napoleon to be their president; the nephew of an emperor was the nearest possible substitute for an hereditary ruler. Twice, then, within sixty years, they have made trial of a republic, and twice the experiment has failed. The second time, the circumstances were far more favorable than on the former occasion; the monarchy had left the country in a prosperous condition; there was no famine in the land, the crops had been abundant, and there was not even a menace of invasion from abroad. The causes of failure were wholly internal then, and must be found in the mistaken notions of the people themselves respecting the nature of free institutions, and the mode in which they must contribute, if at all, to the welfare of the country. They expected that a republican government would accomplish for them that which a people can accomplish only for themselves; that it would remove the inequalities of fortune, increase the rewards of labor, facilitate the acquisition of wealth, and promote the national glory. They might as well have expected that it would increase the fertility of the soil. Theorists and demagogues have diffused their unfounded notions and expectations among the people, and from their inevitable disappointment have resulted the failure of the revolution, and all the miseries which this failure has entailed upon the country.

The former French revolution undoubtedly received its initial impulse from our own struggle for independence. Lafayette and the French troops who had served in America carried back with them the infection of liberty. As the war had been popular with their countrymen on account of the general hatred of England, and as the presence of Dr. Franklin in Paris had already created an enthusiasm for the American cause, the successful issue of the contest was matter of great rejoicing, and the novel opinions which the officers and men brought home with them, respecting the capacity of a nation to govern itself without the intervention of a king, were received with curiosity and favor. The proceedings of the

Continental Congress were attentively watched in France; and the interesting spectacle of the delegates from all our States meeting in convention in 1787, to form a new constitution for the people of this country, unquestionably had its effect upon the deliberations of the States General, which were convoked two years afterwards, just after our new frame of government had gone into successful operation. The prominent agency of Lafayette in both revolutions also proves the intimate connection between them; and it is a curious and not insignificant fact, that St. Simon, the founder of the noted school of political and social economy which bears his name, and which subsequently branched out into Fourierism, and the thousand other schemes of social equality that have recently created so much confusion and disaster in France, was an officer high in command of the French troops under Rochambeau at the siege of Yorktown. He, too, like Lafayette, after he had reached home, pondered over the results of his experience and observation while in America; and the results of his speculations, though they did not appear till long after his death, had even a greater share in determining the character of the Revolution of February, than the direct example of America had upon the events of 1789. Both revolutions, therefore, may be considered as the consequences of French speculation and theory acting upon American practice. The political and social principles, which have been eminently successful and beneficent in their operation here, have produced nothing but disaster and anarchy in France. We say that the cause of their failure in that country is, that they were foolishly exaggerated and perverted; they were pushed to a ridiculous and pernicious excess.

When the connection between England and this country was dissolved by the Declaration of Independence, the people here did not at once abandon all their civil institutions, and fall back into a state of nature, there to begin the process of forming a government anew, commencing at the very foundations of social life. They adhered closely to their old usages and institutions, their attachment to them appearing from the very fact, that it was only the violation of these ancient forms and privileges by the government of the mother country, which produced the separation from England. The people availed themselves of their newly acquired freedom, not to

pull down their old houses and build new ones, but to restore and repair the ancient homestead. The change was the most orderly revolution that the world has ever witnessed. It was not an improvised revolt conducted by disorderly assemblages of men, suddenly throwing off a yoke which they had patiently borne for many years, and fanatically combating in defence of abstract principles, to the great value of which their own eyes were but just opened. It was not a Quixotic crusade in favor of human rights in general, nor a war undertaken only to show that all men are free and equal, and have a right to govern themselves as they see fit. It was rather the grave and deliberate act of a great country, that had grown up, in less than two centuries, as a dependency of England, and had gloried in this connection with the land of its fathers, and in the privileges which inured to its people in their character as British subjects, till the aggressions of the crown made it necessary to sever the tie, and to strike boldly in defence of those privileges and of the more general rights of humanity, to which they were at last compelled, though reluctantly, to make appeal. They fought through the whole earlier part of the struggle, not for the acquisition of new privileges, but for the preservation of old ones; not for the abstract doctrines of the equality of the human race, but for the maintenance of their charters, and of the right which they had inherited of being taxed only by their own representatives. "A long train of abuses and usurpations" compelled them at last to throw off their dependency on England, "and to provide new guards for their future security." But even then, they did nothing in hatred, haste, or malice. They say, in language which is rather pathetic than denunciatory or triumphant, "we must therefore *acquiesce in the necessity*, which denounces our separation;" and they declare "that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be wholly dissolved." And this was the grand result of the American Revolution, — to dissolve *all political connection* with England, not to proclaim a new gospel of human rights; to strike out one principle of American law, not to abrogate the whole code.

So long as the first French Revolution remained under the guidance of men like Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Barnave, it conformed to the American type. Their object was to remove

the fetters which had hitherto cramped the action of society and left the body of the nation in a paralyzed state; but to preserve the forms and institutions without which no organized assemblages of men can exist. No one could have proclaimed this truth more distinctly than did the great orator who was the soul of the movement, and the guiding spirit of the National Assembly. "We are not savages," said Mirabeau, "who have arrived here all naked from the banks of the Orinoco, to form a society. We are an old, too old a nation. We have a preëxisting government, a preëxisting king, preëxisting prejudices. These we must adjust, as we can, to the Revolution, to break the speed of the transition." His work, and that of his party was really accomplished on the memorable night of the 4th of August, when the French nation by one vigorous effort burst through the cords that had hitherto restrained it, rose from the ground, and walked the earth like a giant. The constitution that was subsequently formed, though moderate in many of its provisions, especially in giving to the king, who had then become only the chief magistrate of the people, a negative upon the enactment of injurious laws, thus arming him with the same power for the protection of the executive department which is held by the President of the United States, was faulty in giving the legislative power to a single assembly, and in many other respects was perverted by the spirit of ultraism which even then began to prevail. If the States General had simply framed the renunciations of the 4th of August into fundamental laws, and then dissolved, leaving to a subsequent legislature the task of fitting together the new and the old by such supplementary enactments as time should prove to be necessary, France might never have entered upon its long and frightful career of revolutionary excess.

But the impulse received was too great. Intoxicated by the enjoyment of its youthful liberties, and led astray by the fervid and vague declamations of those whose only idea of civil freedom was the absence of all restraint, the people broke successively through all the ties of organized society, morality, religion, and even of common humanity. Liberty came to be estimated as an idea, and not as a reality; it was worshipped as an idol or a god, the presence of which, it was conceived, would bring blessings upon the country without

the coöperating powers of industry, economy, and associated effort. By the side of it, in the new French Pantheon, was installed the idle phantom of Equality, the existence of which as a reality is forbidden by the laws of nature and Providence. This was the novel conception which the French ingrafted upon the American system, and which was the leading cause of all their subsequent errors and crimes. Words usurped the place of things; and all idea even of the meaning of these words was lost, when the people, so far from exercising their newly acquired freedom of action by engaging earnestly in their several pursuits, wasted their time in idle mummeries intended to celebrate their emancipation, and in wars begun for the frantic purpose of extending to their neighbors the blessings which they had not yet had opportunity to gather for themselves. Then were invented the unmeaning phrases, which have since become the slang of radicalism, and are now the watchwords of those who find in any government an intolerable restraint upon their inclinations, and seek to enjoy the benefits of society without submitting to its obligations. The importation of these phrases and of the political principles indicated by them to our own shores was the great evil and perplexity of Washington's administration. For a time, they created nearly as much mischief here as in France; but the good sense and practical character of the majority of our people, aided by the warning voice and immense personal influence of the great man who then presided over our government, finally repudiated their extravagance, though in a modified form they still infest and corrupt the politics of our country.

The Jacobins seemed to forget that political liberty is merely a negative idea, and implies nothing but the absence of wrongful and injurious compulsion or hinderance. No benefit, therefore, can come from it directly; it is no more a source of good than of evil. It is simply the privilege of acting either well or ill, beneficially or injuriously, as we may determine. It is just as much a curse to those who make a bad use of it, as a blessing to those who improve it by sobriety, economy, and toil; and even then, the prosperity which the nation enjoys is not the consequence of its freedom, but of the exertions which it was free to make. These truths are so obvious and palpable, that they must be regarded as mere

truisms, which one is ashamed to repeat; but they show the absurdity of that worship of liberty, which began in France, and has been ever since one of the chief causes of the lamentable failure of every trial of free institutions in that country. Equality of political rights is possible, but for a government to enforce equality of social condition would be mere tyranny; since this would be to deny to the governed the free exercise of those faculties with which they are endowed in very different degrees by nature. "The liberty of all," says Mirabeau, "knows no other limit than the liberty of each;" and the liberty of each is certainly infringed by any regulation which inhibits the full use and enjoyment of his faculties, and of the property and influence, the comforts and luxuries, which he may obtain by them. To declare that all men shall be equal in their capacities and conditions is therefore just as absurd as to decree that they all be of the same height and of equal weight. Human legislation cannot abrogate the decrees of nature, nor remove the inequalities which belong to the physical constitution of man. Yet the vain pursuit of these phantoms of absolute liberty and perfect equality was the only foundation of Lamartine's extravagant remark, that "the French Revolution was the only practical attempt a nation ever made to realize the doctrines of Christianity."

The Revolution of 1789 actually accomplished one great and permanent good for the people of France. By the law regulating the descent of property, which ordained the equal distribution of the estates of persons deceased among their natural heirs, a law which was intended to break the power of a feudal aristocracy, it struck a death-blow against the monstrous inequality of wealth, which is the great evil of modern civilization. This law, also, may be said to have been borrowed from the example of this country, where the right of primogeniture, except for a short time in Virginia, has never existed. But the French law, as usual, exaggerated the features of its American prototype, by limiting the power of making a will. Here, it is only the property of intestates which is distributed equally; by testament, a person may divide his estate as unequally as he pleases, and may even disinherit all his natural heirs. In France, the law passed by the republic, which was subsequently incorporated as to all its essential features into Napoleon's code, allows the testator

to dispose as he pleases of only a fraction of his property; the bulk of it must descend in equal proportions to the nearest of kin. We shall not undertake to decide upon the comparative merits of the two systems; it is enough to say that where the right of primogeniture and perpetual entail has never existed, and where, consequently, riches have always been very equally distributed, the American law is perhaps sufficient to prevent the future undue aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few; while a law as stringent as that which now obtains in France is necessary to correct so monstrous an evil as that which the long continued policy of the legislature has fostered in the social condition of England. During the last sixty years, the condition of the laboring classes in France, under the beneficial operation of this law, has been constantly improving; while the unhappy lot of their brethren across the Channel has been growing worse from day to day, and no amelioration of it now seems possible except through one of those awful convulsions which reform society by first plunging it into anarchy and ruin.

But we have considered this subject recently at so much length, that it is not necessary to recur to it now, except for the purpose of calling to mind those circumstances in the condition of the French people which show that a social revolution among them was wholly unprovoked and uncalled for. Two-thirds of the nation are owners of land, or constitute the families of the landowners; while but one-eighteenth of the whole are agricultural laborers who depend entirely upon wages. Two-thirds of the civic population, also, are owners of property in the public funds or in trade; and wages which are the sole resource of the remaining third, have been steadily increasing, in their ratio to the price of food, ever since the opening of the present century. Travellers, statisticians, and political economists, both English and French, all declare with one voice, that pauperism was rapidly diminishing in France, that the working classes of the urban population were better fed, better clothed, and better lodged than they were twenty or thirty years ago, and that, in the condition of the peasantry, there was very little to be desired. Mr. Inglis is "inclined to assert that, upon the whole, the French peasantry are the happiest of any country in Europe." Mr. M'Culloch says, "there are considerable differences in the

condition and habits of the work-people in the different manufacturing towns; but on the whole, they are, both physically and morally, vastly improved."*

Pauperism and misery unquestionably exist in France; they are almost coextensive with intemperance, ignorance, and vice. In a large and dissolute capital, like Paris, they abound to an extent which compromises its peace and endangers its safety. But the government and the laws are hardly more responsible for their existence than for the prevalence of an epidemic disease. Indirectly the law may operate for the prevention and cure of the moral, as well as the physical, disease. It may multiply the means of instruction, establish hospitals for the sick, retreats for the aged and infirm, and prisons for the dishonest and vicious. It may stimulate the working classes to order, industry, and economy, and in seasons of unusual scarcity may provide extraordinary aid. It did so in 1847, which was a memorable year throughout Europe for the high price of food, owing to the failure of the crops; the average price of bread, which in 1846 was but eight sous the kilogramme, rose to thirteen sous; and for all who were necessitous, the authorities of the city undertook to pay the difference between these two sums. In this manner, M. Dupin tells us, they relieved about four hundred thousand persons, including, of course, many who were not in real want, for no very rigid inquiry was made into the circumstances of the applicants. The number certainly appears excessive, for according to the calculations of the chief of the police, the number of work-people who depend upon wages alone in Paris, including women and children, is but two hundred and fifty thousand, or one-fourth of the whole population; and of these, in ordinary years, only one-eighth, or a little over thirty thousand, are so indigent as to need charity. This is not an alarming number for a population of a million, especially when we consider that in England, taking town and country together, one person out of every twelve is a public pauper. In Paris, the proportion is but one in thirty; this number, however, does not include the sick in the hospitals, all of whom are supported at the public charge.

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* See the authorities cited in the *N. A. Review* for July, 1848, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, Vol. XXIII. pp. 822, 823.

Is it possible for the French government to do more for the relief of poverty and suffering than it attempted under Louis Philippe's reign? Louis Blanc maintains that it can; that it is bound to adopt measures which shall raise the proletaries, who form but one-fourth of the population of Paris, and one-sixth of that of all France, to a level in point of comfort and enjoyment with the owners of property. Proudhon, his more zealous coadjutor, advocates an absolute equality of goods. Property, he says, is theft; it consists only of stolen goods. All men are equal; they have equal rights and equal obligations, and the earth with all that it contains is for their equal benefit. He who takes a larger share than his neighbor defrauds that neighbor, and must be compelled to restore what does not belong to him. It was to carry into effect such doctrines as these that the Revolution of February was made; unlike its formidable predecessor, it was a transfer of the power of government from the many to the few. At the best, it was a revolt of six millions against thirty millions; for these are the respective numbers of the proletaries and the owners of property in France. In reality, it was a usurpation of the government by two hundred and fifty thousand of the working men, the populace of Paris. They were less numerous than were the nobility and clergy before 1789; and if they had succeeded in the revolt of June, as they did in that of February, the tyranny they would have established would have been more oppressive and hateful than that which was destroyed on the night of the 4th of August.

The Provisional Government, which appointed itself to office after the successful revolt, lost no time in attempting to carry the theories of these persons into effect. One of the earliest decrees that it issued was the following: — "The Government of the French Republic engages to guarantee the subsistence of the laborer by his labor. It engages to guarantee work to all citizens. It recognizes the right of workmen to combine for the purpose of enjoying the lawful proceeds of their labor. The Provisional Government restores to the laboring class, to whom it belongs, the million of the Civil List now due." Another ordinance converted the palace of the Tuileries into an asylum for invalid laborers; and a third declared that "all objects pledged at the Mont-de-Piété [the general pawnbroking establishment,] consisting of linen,

clothes, and other small articles, on which not more than ten francs have been lent, shall be restored to the parties to whom they belong. The Minister of Finance is to provide for the expense which this decree will occasion." Discount offices were also established for the purpose of making loans to mechanics and small tradesmen; and as these were intended for persons who could not obtain credit at the ordinary banks, it was easy to see that most of its loans would in fact be gifts. Three days after the Revolution, it was also announced, that important public works would be organized at different places, and all laborers wishing to take part in them might apply to the mayors of Paris, who would give them directions. Thousands did apply, and were employed in shovelling the earth from one part of the Champ de Mai to another, undoing some work that had been done under similar circumstances by the former Republic. The period of labor was fixed by another decree at ten hours a day for Paris, and eleven hours for the provinces; and a government commission, under the presidency of Louis Blanc and Albert, was installed at the Luxembourg, for the purpose of studying the condition of those who were dependent on wages, and ameliorating their lot. This commission established the famous national workshops, where two francs a day were paid by the government to all who were immediately engaged, and one franc to those who were waiting for admission. These sums being considerably less than the wages of ordinary labor at Paris, which vary from three to four francs, it was expected that those only would enter who could not obtain employment elsewhere. But as all labor was paid alike at these national establishments, the indolent and the unskilful sharing equally with the industrious and the expert, and as, in fact, it was optional with those who entered whether they would labor at all, it was soon found that the workmen preferred two francs a day for doing nothing to four francs for their ordinary toil. They lived more frugally, and were able to spend their whole time in discussing politics, attending the clubs, and devising means to compel the government to raise their wages.

The rapid increase and consequent enormous expense of these establishments soon convinced the government of the fatal error which it had committed in beginning the experiment. "The army of observation encamped on the borders

of Parisian industry," says M. Dupin, "which included on the 15th of March only 5000 workmen, counted nearly 30,000 at the end of the month, more than 64,000 on the 15th of April, more than 100,000 on the 1st of May, and thirty days afterwards had risen to 117,000. This great army of idleness then cost the state more than a million of francs a week. In spite of this immense extension, it was so far from including all who then, in Paris, were in need of work, that there were 200,000 necessitous persons deprived of the means of gaining their livelihood; they were dying of famine, thanks to the inventions of the organizers of labor. These unfortunate persons were besieging the mayoralty for permission to enter the already overflowing battalions at the national workshops." The laborers from the country, allured by the prospect of pay without work, flocked to the capital to share the good fortune of their brethren, and caused this fearful augmentation of their number. The government was then obliged to pause in its frantic experiment; several bands of laborers were turned back to their homes in the provinces; and the indications that the national workshops were soon to be abolished caused the terrible insurrection of June.

The theories of the revolutionists of February respecting the proper organization of society and the distribution of property having thus been refuted by startling experiments, it seems almost a waste of words to argue against them. But these men have made many proselytes among the working classes in France, who were easily persuaded to accept doctrines apparently so favorable to their own interests; and the conviction that there would be no peace for the country till these deluded persons were reclaimed from their errors, and brought back to their former habits of quiet industry, caused the government to make that appeal to the Institute which has been answered by the publication of these tracts. We are rather disappointed in the tracts themselves; they are written with a good deal of earnestness, and are sufficiently elementary in their character. But in popular qualities of style, and in power of argument and richness of illustration, most of them are inferior to the pestilent writings which they are designed to confute. M. Thiers writes, as usual, with much vivacity and point; but his reasoning shows the truth of his own remark, that it is hard to demonstrate what is self-

evident; it is meagre, abstract, and little adapted to sway the opinions of the multitude.

Much the ablest confutation of Socialism and Communism that we have seen, among the multitude of them that have been published at Paris, was written by Marshal Bugeaud, for the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It is marked by the blunt conciseness and energy of one who is accustomed to military command, and is very clear, pungent, and effective. In point of good sense, laconism, and force of reasoning, it would do honor to the Duke of Wellington. It was written at an early day, before the insurrection of June had so far demonstrated the folly of the Provisional Government that it was no longer an act of moral courage to assail their conduct and principles. We are not surprised, after reading it, that the Marshal was the favorite candidate of a few judicious conservatives at Paris for the post of President of the Republic. We translate from this excellent article an interesting account of an experiment of communism which the writer made while he was governor of Algeria.

"Wishing to make a trial of military colonization, that I might support by facts some propositions which I had to offer to the government, I founded in the vicinity of Algiers, in 1842, three villages of soldiers. One of them, Fouka, was composed of men who had served out their time; the two others, Mered and Mahelma, of those who still owed the state three years of service. I subjected the colonists to labor in common; this was the more practicable, in my opinion, because, as they still drew their rations and pay, they would attribute less importance to the proceeds of their industry. These proceeds were to form a common fund, destined, at the end of three years, to defray the expenses of marriage, and to procure for them all, *after a uniform pattern*, house furniture and agricultural tools.

"At this time, I knew very well what were the difficulties in the way of the association of laborers; my agricultural experience had revealed them to me; but I hoped that discipline and the habits of military life, which forms a sort of community, would dissipate, or at least would diminish, these inconveniences. 'You are comrades and brothers,' I said to the colonists; 'for a two-fold reason, therefore, you would suffer, if, at the time favorable for marriage, some of you should not have the means of establishing yourselves on account of sickness or some other accident.' I remarked that they received this proposition [of working in common] very coldly, and that, in fact, they accepted it only from deference and discipline.

"I caused a division of the land to be made in order to excite emulation through the love of property, and each colonist had permission to work one day in the week on his own land. During the first year, there was zeal enough; but few complaints were made to me *against the idle.* It is true, that I kept up their ardor and contentment by frequently sending them flocks which we had brought away in our *razzias* among the Arabs. These flocks formed the greater part of the common fund, and one had no better claim to them than another, as they were not the result of labor.

"On my return from a long expedition, I went to visit my three little colonies, beginning with that of Mered. It was at the end of September, 1843. Usually I was received with joy by the military colonists, who considered me as their benefactor, and called me their father. This time, it was on Sunday, I found them gloomy and almost rude. They stood leaning against the door, and did not crowd around me as they were wont to do. I saw that there was something unusual on their minds. I sent for their commander, and as he was absent, I applied to the sergeant-major, to know the cause of the dejection, the signs of which were so obvious. 'My men have good cause to be gloomy,' answered the sergeant; 'they are losing the greater part of their harvest; they attribute this loss to laboring in common; they want no more of it, and they now ask you to break up their association.' — 'But how is it that they are losing their harvest? They reaped their crop in the early part of June, and it is now the end of September; the grain ought to have been in the barn long ago.' — 'You are right, governor, it ought to be so. But labor has been neglected, and we have not yet threshed a third part of the barley or the wheat. Relying upon the usual continuance of fine weather, we had not taken the precaution to remove the sheaves from the ricks perpendicularly, but have taken what formed the covering of the whole oblong surface. The two rain-storms that have lately fallen have soaked our sheaves, and the grain has all sprouted.'

"I went to the sheaves, and found that they had germinated on all sides. I immediately called the colonists together; they formed a circle around me, and we had the following dialogue. 'How happens it, my friends, that having reaped in June, you have not yet threshed the grain at the end of September?' — 'The reason is,' they answered me, 'that we have not been at work.' — 'And why have you not worked?' — 'Because we all relied upon each other; because no one was willing to do more than another; and thus we have all reduced ourselves to *an equality with the lazy ones.* You may well believe, governor, that if each one of us had owned his share of the grain, it would

all have been threshed long ago. We should by this time have done more than twice as much. It cannot go on so any longer; we entreat you to break up our community.' — 'Yes! yes!' cried all the colonists, even the most indolent. These words, 'an equality with the lazy ones,' had made so much impression upon me, that I had already determined to give up the plan of laboring in common; but thinking that I ought not to yield too quickly, I appealed to their feelings of fraternity, the strength of which was well known to me. 'How is this, my friends?' I replied; 'you are all comrades of the same regiment, (the 48th); you have chosen each other of your own accord; you are all young and strong; you form, as it were, a family of brothers; and yet you do not know how to live together and work for the common good, without calculating whether one does more than another.' — 'Governor, we love each other very much; and in spite of that, we do not feel any emulation in labor. It does not seem as if we were working for ourselves when we are working for a common stock. It will be much worse when we are married; for our wives will agree with each other much less than we do in regard to labor and the common stock. It will be a perfect hell. If we prove to you that we have produced more in the one day out of the week that you have granted to each one to labor for himself than in the five days of community, you will not refuse to break up our association.'

"I proceeded immediately to verify this fact. I obtained successively the amount of each of the sixty-seven individual harvests; the officers wrote down my valuation of them, and on adding them together, the sum was actually found to exceed by one-fifth the total harvest of the community. This operation being finished, I assembled the colonists anew. I informed them that the results of this inquiry had determined me to establish individual labor among them; but I warned them, that as they thought they were capable of providing each one for himself, I should deprive them of their rations and pay. They received this declaration with an unanimous assent.

"Mered had taken up my whole day. On the morrow, I visited Mahelma and Fouka. I found there the same repugnance for labor in common. They expressed it to me in the same terms, alleging the same reasons. Yet this agreement could not have been concerted; the villages, six leagues distant from each other, had no communication together. I deputed an overseer to distribute the common stock and the flocks as equitably as he could, and the association was broken up. Immediately great emulation sprung up among most of them, and at the close of 1845, these three villages were far the most prosperous in Sahel. Only there were great inequalities in this

prosperity. M. Petrus Borel, inspector of colonization, stated in a report, that the colonists of Mered had five or six thousand francs' worth of cattle of all sorts, while the others had not even preserved those which had been allotted to them, and their harvests were not large enough to support them. This is in the nature of things; absolute equality is not of this world; God himself has willed it so, since he creates men so unlike in strength, in intellect, in activity, in their inclinations. The socialists, afflicted by the frequent sight of misery by the side of competence, and even of wealth, pursue the chimera of perfect equality. They think they have found it in association, but they deceive themselves; they will obtain only an equality of misery."

This extract is a long one, but we must borrow one other passage, to show that the Marshal reasons in the same vigorous, straightforward, and sensible manner in which he acts.

"The philanthropic dreamers, the demagogues of every age and every country, have seemed to believe that there existed somewhere a great amount of riches given by God, which might suffice for all the world, if a few aristocrats had not, with merciless selfishness, obtained possession of them. This idea is, unwittingly perhaps, the basis of all their systems, all their declamations. Otherwise, what would signify this eternal assertion, that the Revolution of February was not political, but social? Or what would mean that other axiom of the social catechism, that wealth is *ill distributed*? We see clearly, behind these propositions, the idea that there is *natural* wealth, existing before labor, which belongs to all, and which, if badly distributed, justifies a social revolution. If it is demonstrated that this primeval wealth, given by God, does not exist, that there are no other riches than those which are created by labor, (and the demonstration is a very easy one,) what becomes of the doctrine of the social revolution, whence they wished to obtain a better distribution of goods? This new division of property is nothing but a theft committed upon labor, intelligence, and economy; it is the work of the hornet pillaging the hive of the industrious bee. If we were willing to imitate the violence of certain political writers, should we not be justified in turning back upon them the epithet which they have applied to holders of property?

"It is matter of astonishment that all eyes are not struck by the truth written, as it were, over the whole surface of the soil,— that there are no riches but those which are produced by the industry of every day, of every year; that the riches already produced, the fruit of labor also, are almost infinitely small in com-

parison with the wants of a society of thirty-six millions of souls; that even if they should be taken from those who have them to be distributed to those who have nothing, or but a little, the condition of the latter would not be ameliorated; far from that, they would be impoverished. The land alone, being created by God, might appear, at first sight, as wealth existing previously to labor, and belonging to all the world. This idea was true at the moment of creation, except that the land is not, in itself, wealth in the proper acceptation of the word; it is only a vast arena for the labor of civilized man. In its primitive state, it can support only a few savages upon the fruits and roots of the forests. The value which it now has is what labor has given to it. How many ages, how much capital, how much toil, had to be buried in its bosom to produce that which we now see! . . . The most experienced agriculturists say that 'the land is nothing but a matrix, a mould, or an instrument of labor. If we were to calculate all that landed estates have cost to bring them into cultivation, not ever since man has labored upon them, but during only the last two centuries, we should find that the sum was much greater than the present value of those estates.' We refer now only to the extraordinary costs, such as those of clearing the ground, draining the marshes, carrying off the rocks and stones, transporting soil and mineral manures, planting trees and vines, building farm-houses, and furnishing cattle and the implements of husbandry. We must leave out the expense of the ordinary annual cultivation of the ground, as that is repaid by the crops.

"I will ask the men who have the incredible audacity to declare that property is robbery, if the ordinary laborer's wages for the week or the month are not sacred. They will answer, that certainly there is nothing more sacred in the world. Very well! The labor of months, of years, of centuries, which has made property what it is, — is not this as sacred as the labor of a week or a month? Cease your blasphemies, then, against property; instead of saying that the first person who enclosed a field and cleared it for cultivation was a fool or a rogue, bless him, honor him, respect his work; for without it the human race would have perished, or, thinly scattered over the earth, would have lived in want and misery.

"I think I have already demonstrated that there is no such thing as primitive wealth, existing antecedently to labor, since the land itself has become an article of wealth only under the active hand of man. It is equally true, that the wealth already created is nothing; that alone which the labor of every day and every year is constantly creating is of great importance.

"The principal articles of the wealth of a nation are, first, the products of the earth, which constitute the food of man and the

raw material for his clothing; and secondly, the manufactured articles in which he is dressed, and which give him the conveniences and comforts of life.

"Now, are there any aristocrats who hold in their hands the hundred and forty millions of hectolitres of different sorts of grain, and the forty millions of hectolitres of wine, wool, hemp, flax, meat, oil, &c., which France must produce and consume in 1849? Are there other aristocrats who own the household furniture, the tools, and materials, which are consumed in a single year? No; these must be produced by the incessant labor of all, or nearly all, persons in France. If their labor should cease only for a few months, the people would be naked and would die of famine; for they have not a stock of wealth on hand large enough to keep them in supply during this respite.

"Suppose that we should dispense with this incessant toil. Should we ameliorate our condition by dividing among ourselves the wealth already created, — that is to say, the land, the houses, the money, all the possessions of those who are called the rich? Let us see.

"How numerous are these rich persons, against whom they are so imprudently trying to kindle the anger of the people? Your old electoral law can tell you; you had two hundred and twenty thousand electors paying annually not less than two hundred francs of direct taxes. The property represented by this amount of taxation is often loaded with mortgages for a great part of its value; at any rate, it supports a numerous family, and out of these two hundred and twenty thousand there would be at the utmost, not more than sixty thousand families who would have luxuries and superfluities at command. But no matter; let us consider the whole two hundred and twenty thousand as rich; and instead of robbing them gradually of their wealth, as certain economists propose, either by progressive taxation, or by extraordinary imposts laid upon them alone, or by progressive rights of inheritance, let us take from them at once all that they possess, and distribute the spoils among the thirty-four millions who have nothing, or but very little, and who live almost entirely by their daily labor. How large would be each man's share? A trifling sum, that would not enable him to do without a day's or an hour's labor. Would their situation be ameliorated? I affirm that it would be made worse. For these two hundred and twenty thousand *rich* persons, whom they will deprive of their property, — who were they? The directors, the multipliers, of labor. The capital with which they supported industry, being now distributed through the whole community, will no longer be able to create labor. It will be like a lever cut up into many short sticks; it will no longer raise the weight. Society, deprived of the intelli-

gence of these men, the directors of labor, and of what is the great motive power of industry, concentrated capital, would fall into an atrophy; it would sink to a worse condition than that of the Arabs, who at least have space enough, so that they can raise up numerous flocks and herds. This is what would be gained by the ruin of that middling class, against whom the demagogues are trying to exasperate the ordinary laborers, instead of making them understand, that there is between them and the middling classes a perfect community of interests and reciprocity of services; that the middling class is not a privileged caste, but only a portion of the laboring people who have risen by their industry; that working men are every day rising into this higher class, place being made for them by those who, through the vicissitudes of commerce and industry, fall back every day into the lower class whence they came. This is the natural and providential movement of society; for it is the desire of rising into the ranks of the middle classes, and remaining there, which creates the emulation that is the life of society.

"And if, which Heaven forbid, the socialists should succeed in reducing the whole people to a level, which could only be that of misery, is it to be supposed that this equality would continue long? No; the force of circumstances would concentrate capital anew in the hands of the most active and the most intelligent; and again, for the good of all, we should have directors of industry. *The bulk of mankind require to be led.*"

If the opinions and the theories to which we have attributed the lamentable failure of this last trial of republicanism in France existed in that country alone, we might seem to have devoted too much space to their discussion. But they have found preachers and proselytes on this side of the Atlantic also, and the Socialism of the latter revolution threatens to create almost as much mischief here as did the Jacobinism of the former one. We have no fears, indeed, of the prevalence among our people of these doctrines in their most exaggerated and pernicious form; in France alone could absurdities so manifest obtain any hold upon the public mind. But in every community, there is a secret feeling of bitterness rankling in the breasts of the poor against the rich, which is with difficulty kept down by the effects of education and moral and religious principle, and which, in times of great political excitement, becomes exasperated and menacing. Demagogues and theorists know too well how to strike this sensitive chord even in peaceful and prosperous days; and

where the whole power is lodged in the hands of the multitude, they may endanger the organization of society itself by their insidious action, before any general alarm is excited. The revolution of February certainly took the upper and middling classes in France by surprise; and they soon found that even their great numerical superiority afforded them little protection against the exasperated populace. It is unsafe even in America to allow the doctrines of the socialists to be preached to the people without supplying an antidote to the poison. The *flour riot*, which took place in New York some twelve years ago, and the Anti-rent war, which more recently disgraced that State, were significant warnings. The great truths of political economy and civil polity ought to be explained to the people with some higher purpose than the hope of affecting the party politics of the hour. The educated and reflecting portion of our community ought not to wait, as the members of the French Academy did, till they are reminded by the thunder of the cannon directed against the barricades, and by the earnest appeal of the constituted authorities of the State, that they also have a work to do for the preservation of society and the interests of truth.

ART. II. — *A Second Visit to the United States of North America.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., President of the Geological Society of London, &c. New York: Harpers. 1849. 2 vols. 12mo.

SIR CHARLES LYELL is a shrewd and thoughtful observer, whose grave and unimpassioned comments on what he saw and heard in America are likely to be equally entertaining and instructive to readers on both sides of the ocean. His book is a very amusing *mélange* of observations on geology and men and manners in the United States; he speculates with about equal success on the various formations of rock and the different strata of society, taking rather a deeper interest, we suspect, in the former than the latter, but expatiating upon both in a very sensible and judicious manner, and

always choosing to examine and form his opinions for himself. He is a sturdy Englishman at heart, and judges of things quite involuntarily from an English point of view; but he has wandered about the world so long, and seen so many varieties of human nature, that he has worn off most of the knobs and sharp corners of his Anglican peculiarities, and writes at times almost like a cosmopolite. If he has any weakness, it is upon the subject of old fossil bones and shells, of which he is so fond that he cannot help thinking well of the people who live in the districts where they abound. The sight of them invariably puts him into good humor; he rubs his hands, and the country about him forthwith assumes a smiling aspect; the people and the institutions appear very well, and really seem to be admirably adapted to each other. The truth is, we believe, that his observations on the state of society are inserted only by way of condiment to his geological pudding, in order to make it palatable to a larger portion of the public.

Seriously, his ardent devotion to science actually renders him more impartial and tolerant in his estimate of the American character. His chief attention being given to another object, he has no theories to propound or defend in relation to the moral or social peculiarities of our countrymen, but talks about them incidentally and coolly, thus faithfully preserving the impressions of the moment. Geology, on the other hand, is his favorite study, and has long occupied his thoughts, so that he comes to the examination of the geological phenomena of our continent with his mind full of prepossessions. He finds everywhere striking evidence of the presence in former times of glaciers and icebergs, of the alternate elevation and subsidence of the surface of the earth, and of the enormous number of years which have passed since the deposition of the latest strata of rock. He is a leader of what Mr. Whewell calls the *uniformitarian* school of geologists, in opposition to the *cataclysmal* sect; that is, he maintains that the former changes of the earth belong to one uninterrupted series of physical events, governed by the ordinary causes which we witness even now in constant operation, and he argues stoutly against the necessity of supposing that the regular order of nature was ever broken by great convulsions, or that there were epochs of destruction and renovation in the history of the earth's crust, followed by long periods of repose.

In his geological observations, he never loses sight of this competition of two opposite theories; the effect thus produced — an involuntary one, it is true — upon the completeness and impartiality of these observations, is like the bias under which he would have labored in his notices of American people and American institutions, if he had come hither with a fixed belief that a monarchical form of government was decidedly the best, and that republicanism could produce nothing but evil. It would seem, then, that he is the best observer who knows the least, or cares the least, about the objects observed; and this is true so far as freedom from prejudice is concerned; he is certainly the most impartial witness. Now, as a travelling John Bull is more apt to err from prejudice than from all other causes put together, we are inclined to place Mr. Lyell at the very head of his class; he is worth a dozen Halls and Hamiltons, and a score of Trollopes and Martineaus.

His passion for geology was a signal advantage for him as a general observer in another respect. It carried him off from the great routes for travellers, and away from large cities, into remote districts and obscure villages, where he became acquainted with all classes of the population. Accustomed to hard fare and still harder lodgings from the many similar excursions which he had made in Europe, he submitted with invincible good humor to the various privations and annoyances which he had reason to expect while journeying in such regions, and was not made so terribly uncomfortable as Colonel Hamilton was, by not finding all the luxuries of a Parisian hotel in a little backwoods settlement on the banks of the Wabash. If elated by some geological good luck in groping about in a dirty coal mine, or in grubbing after fossils and shells in a mud hole, he comes up with a smiling but smutty face, and very dirty hands, and remarks that the appearance of the country is quite pleasant, and the people are really very civil. He sometimes met with amusing adventures, which he describes in a very grave and matter-of-fact way, with but little perception of the ludicrous, but with a very conscientious desire to tell the exact truth, and leave the facts to make their own impression. When on board a large and luxuriously appointed steamboat, or staying in a fashionable hotel, his English fastidiousness occasionally peeps out;

he was annoyed because the eye-glass that he wore attracted the curiosity of some of the deck passengers, and some women in the cabin pestered his wife by coolly taking her work out of her hands in order to examine it, and then handing it back with a compliment; — little freedoms which, to be sure, manifested rather more simplicity of character than refinement of manners. But the following passage shows that he was able "to rough it" very good humoredly when circumstances required.

"From Memphis we sailed in a smaller steamer for 170 miles, first between the States of Tennessee and Arkansas, and then between Tennessee and Missouri, and arrived very late at night at New Madrid, a small village on the western bank of the river, where I intended to stay and make geological observations on the region shaken by the great earthquake of 1811 – 12. So many of our American friends had tried to dissuade us from sojourning in so rude a place, that we were prepared for the worst. In the wharf-boat, at least, I expected to find a bed for the first night, and proposed to seek accommodation elsewhere the next day; but, to my dismay, the keeper of this floating tavern told me, when I landed, that he had just come there, had nothing as yet 'fixed,' and could not receive us. I also learnt that the only inn in New Madrid had been given up for want of custom. Leaving, therefore, my wife sitting by the stove in the wharf-boat, and taking a negro as my guide, I began to pace the dark and silent streets. First I applied in vain for admittance at the old tavern, then to a storekeeper in the neighborhood, who informed me that a German baker, near the river, sometimes took in lodgers. I next roused this man and his wife from their slumbers; their only spare room was occupied, but they asked their lodger if he would give it up to us. No sum of money would have bribed him to comply, as I was satisfied when I knew him better, but his good nature led him at once to assent cheerfully. We were soon shown into the apartment, a kind of scullery, with a mattress on the floor, on which we slept, and did not make our appearance next morning till half-past eight o'clock. We then apologized, fearing we had kept them waiting for breakfast. They said, good humoredly, they had indeed waited from six o'clock, and it was now near their dinner time! The young German, originally from near Strasburg, a man of simple manners, regarded himself as belonging to a different station in society, and would have acted as waiter till we had finished our repast, had not his wife, a native-born American, from the State of Indiana, insisted on his sitting down to table. They were so poor, that they had

no servants, not even a negro boy or girl, and two children to look after. The fare was of the humblest kind, bread of Indian corn, bacon, and thick coffee. Some of the indispensable articles of the breakfast table equipage had been purchased, as we afterward discovered, expressly for our use that morning. The lodger, 'Uncle John,' was an old bachelor in easy circumstances, fond of fishing, who had come here to indulge in that sport. He was an old pilot, who had visited half the ports in the Mediterranean, as well as Great Britain, and was quite a character. He could tell many a good story of his adventures, and, like many natives of Louisiana, could bear to be contradicted on any point rather than hear the healthiness of New Orleans called in question. His manners, and those of our host and hostess toward each other and to us, were very polite, and never approached undue familiarity. Uncle John assured me that the Mississippi is now flowing where New Madrid stood in 1811, and that the old grave-yard had travelled over from the State of Missouri into Kentucky."

In this comfortless place Sir Charles spent two days, occupied in examining the singular marks which the earthquake had left upon the face of the country. He rode out to the borders of "the sunk country," as it is called, a tract of land fifty or sixty miles long and four or five broad, the whole of which was depressed from ten to twenty, and even thirty, feet by this terrific convulsion. The little scene which he describes on his return shows the good sense and good feeling with which his companion and himself conformed to the exigencies of their novel situation.

"When I took back my horse to its owner in New Madrid, I received a pressing invitation to exchange our present homely quarters for her comfortable house. Some of the other principal merchants made us hospitable offers of the same kind, which were exceedingly tempting. We thought it right, however, to decline them all, as we might have hurt the feelings of our German host and his wife, who, in their anxiety to accommodate us, had purchased several additional household articles. Among these was a table-cloth, and, when I entered the house, I was amused at the occupations of my wife and her companion. The baker's lady had accepted the offer of her guest to hem the new table-cloth, in which task she was busily engaged; while the settler in the backwoods, having discovered that my wife had brought from New Orleans a worked collar of the latest Parisian fashion, had asked leave to copy it, and was intent on cutting

out the shape, thus qualifying herself to outdo all the 'fashionists' of the sunk country."

What artificial beings refined and cultivated people are! The luxurious furniture of our drawing-rooms, Axminster carpets, figured satin couches, cut-glass chandeliers, and "very old chairs" lose the gloss of novelty after we have had them a week, and then no more give pleasure to the occupants than the barren rooms and hard seats of this humble cabin gave trouble or chagrin to the worthy German baker and his spouse. Habit dulls, and even destroys, our perception both of luxury and its opposite. What actually conduces to bodily ease or mental cultivation, indeed, such as well-warmed apartments, soft seats, books, and music, is a more permanent source of pleasure; but if luxury was restricted to such limits, how much expense would be pared off, how much needless decoration would be rejected. Sir Charles Lyell probably slept as well on the mattress in the scullery as he ever did in his life; and within a week, while living in a large hotel, he probably fretted because the linen on his bed was not as carefully smoothed as it might be. Lady Lyell assisting the baker's wife to hem the new tablecloth, was certainly amused and delighted by the novelty of the situation; yet only a week before, she had been seriously annoyed because the impertinent inmates of a magnificently furnished saloon in a great steamer took her work out of her hands to examine it for a moment.

We beg pardon of our good-natured and sensible travellers for using their names in the examples that were chosen only to illustrate a general observation on the artificialness of the ordinary life of well-bred people. Far from intimating that their conduct or feelings under the circumstances were ill-judged or unusual, we began our moralizing thus unseasonably with a purpose of remarking on a peculiarity of our countrymen in this respect, which frequently attracted Sir Charles's notice, and certainly exposes them to just censure and ridicule. He was not more amused to find his wife engaged in hemming a tablecloth than to see the mistress of this humble cabin copying the "latest Parisian fashion" of a worked collar. He might also have found the daughters of a plain New England farmer strumming on a piano in "the best

room" of their father's house, though it may have had only a rag-carpet on the floor. Such incongruities quickly catch the eye of a foreigner, but create no surprise here, for they are a natural consequence of our republican institutions.

"We remarked in some of the country towns of Massachusetts, where the income of the family was very moderate, that the young ladies indulged in extravagant dressing — £40, for example, being paid for a shawl in one instance. Some of the richer class, who had returned from passing a year or two in Germany and England, had been much struck with the economical habits, in dress and in the luxuries of the table, of persons in easy circumstances there, and the example had not been lost on them.

"During our stay in the White Mountains, we were dining one day at the ordinary of the Franconia hotel, when a lawyer from Massachusetts pointed out to me 'a lady' sitting opposite to us, whom he recognized as the chambermaid of an inn in the State of Maine, and he supposed 'that her companion with whom she was talking might belong to the same station.' I asked if he thought the waiters, who were as respectful to these guests as to us, were aware of their true position in society. 'Probably they are so,' he replied; 'and, moreover, as the season is now almost over in these mountains, I presume that these gentlemen, who must have saved money here, will very soon indulge in some similar recreation, and make some excursion themselves.' He then entered into conversation with the two ladies on a variety of topics, for the sake of drawing them out, treating them quite as equals; and certainly succeeded in proving to me that they had been well taught at school, had read good books, and could enjoy a tour and admire scenery as well as ourselves. 'It is no small gratification to them,' said he, 'to sit on terms of equality with the silver fork gentry, dressed in their best clothes, as if they were in an orthodox meeting-house.' I complimented him on carrying out in practice the American theory of social equality. As he had strong anti-slavery feelings, and was somewhat of an abolitionist, he said, 'Yes, but you must not forget they have no dash of negro blood in their veins.' I remarked, that I had always inferred from the books of English travellers in the United States, that domestic service was held as somewhat of a degradation in New England. 'I remember the time,' he answered, 'when such an idea was never entertained by any one here; but servants formerly used to live with their master and mistress, and have their meals at the same table. Of late years, the custom of boarding separately has gained ground, and work

in factories is now preferred. These are so managed, that the daughters of farmers, and sometimes of our ministers, look upon them as most respectable places, where in three or four years they may earn a small sum toward their dowry, or which may help to pay off a mortgage or family debt.'"

Human nature is too strong for the theorists upon democracy and social equality. In vain do we have it constantly dinned in our ears, by the eager politicians and the newspapers, that all men are equal, and all women too; every class in the community is constantly striving to rise, or to establish an inequality in its own favor. And it is a little curious, that this continued struggle tends strongly to the growth and diffusion of luxury; for the distinction that is sought is not that which consists merely in a larger command of the means of actual enjoyment, but in the outward appearances which betoken social importance, and dazzle, if not convince, our neighbors. The wealthy and the educated try all expedients to draw a visible line of demarcation between the region in which they move and the sphere of their less fortunate rivals; compelled to meet them on terms of perfect equality in hotels and public conveyances, where the *millionaire* must resign the most comfortable seat to a washerwoman, and must sit at table to-day with the man who was his waiter yesterday, they strive to indemnify themselves in their own houses, by adopting a style of furniture and ornament which the generality cannot match. But ambitious persons, with moderate or small means, but an inventive genius, are not to be thus easily distanced; proud of having asserted their equality in the rail-car and on the steamboat, where perhaps they were impertinent and intrusive only to mark their opinion that they were "as good as any body," they also strain their incomes to copy with a ludicrous fidelity all the appointments and fashions of the rich. They fill their rooms and cover their persons with sham articles of "Brummagem" manufacture, — cheap, but costly in appearance. The farmer's daughter must have a tuneless but shining piano in the parlor, the seamstress must wear a dashing gold chain, if not a gold watch at the end of it, and the laborer's wife must have a worked collar of "the latest Parisian fashion." The "three dollar monthly magazines," which report these latest fashions, illustrated by gaudily

colored plates, have an enormous circulation among the young women of mechanics' families and the girls who work in factories; a copy always lies on "the centre table" in the best room, by the side of Longfellow's Poems.

And they ape the customs, as well as the dress and furniture, of the rich, even in the most trifling particulars. Sir Charles Lyell, when in a farmer's house, observed with some surprise that the chairs, instead of standing as if they were meant to be used, were turned sidewise, and placed two and two, facing each other, before the windows; he innocently notices it as a rather singular American custom. Bless his simplicity! A *custom*, forsooth! Why, three years ago, he could not have found two chairs thus placed in all New England; about that time, two or three wealthy people in some of our great cities hit upon the bright thought of making this disarrangement of their furniture, as a mode of distinguishing themselves from their neighbors, and of intimating that they had more chairs than they needed to use; and "the fashion" spread throughout the country quicker than the cholera. It is a melancholy fact, that the dominion of the goddess of Fashion is more absolute and universal throughout the country towns, as well as the cities, of America than it is in London or Paris.

In despair at thus seeing even the minutiæ of their dress, manners, and household arrangements either successfully copied or parodied by "the masses," the wealthy and refined classes rack their brains to invent some *style* that cannot be imitated. A happy thought occurred to them some ten years since. 'What is new,' they argued, 'however costly and useless, can and will be copied; but what is ancient can only be forged, and, fortunately, the stock of old furniture that has survived the dilapidations of time and the love of change is very limited. We *can* be exclusive by filling our houses with old chairs, claw-footed stands, and worm-eaten tables. Besides, this fashion will be really respectable; historical associations cluster around these venerable relics, and people are at liberty to imagine that they have been in "the family" for several generations.' This plan was really ingenious, and it had the success that it deserved. Old furniture immediately rose to an unconscionable price, and fashionable drawing-rooms were immediately filled with tables

at which the Pilgrim Fathers had sat, and chairs "that came over in the Mayflower." Sundry old farmers' wives were delighted to find that they could exchange the ancient, inconvenient, and dilapidated articles, which had actually been in *their* families a century or two, for new and comfortable furniture, and receive something handsome to boot; and they always wisely made the change when their daughters, who were quicker than their elders in ascertaining the mutations of fashion, would let them. But Yankee cabinet-makers are ingenious, and the market was soon filled with modern antiques which no mortal could distinguish from those manufactured by the Puritans. And now, every mechanic's wife has her parlor filled with these detestable inventions; to be sure, their inconvenience in use is no concern to her, as the parlor is carefully shut up three hundred and sixty days in the year, and the family eat and live in the kitchen. But in the drawing-rooms of the opulent, the annoyance is chronic; no two articles being alike, they do not admit of symmetrical arrangement, but are clustered together in "elegant confusion," — another fashion that is faithfully copied by the million. Thus a visitor cannot cross the room without imminent peril to his limbs, nor even sit down in comfort on an awkward, straight-backed chair, which, on homœopathic principles, would be a sure cure for the lumbago.

One other attempt of the upper classes to distinguish themselves from the multitude was of a more rational character. Gold watches and chains, with most articles of jewelry, having become alarmingly common, very good imitations of them being worn even by female domestics, the latest fashion in good society is to discard them altogether, and to appear even in full dress without these costly baubles. This is the most sensible change of fashion that we ever heard of; and in view of the immense evil caused by a diffusion of the taste for expensive luxuries among people of moderate means, we earnestly hope the custom may be a permanent one. Truly refined and cultivated persons of fortune, of whom New England can boast a large number, can hardly do more good to the community, even by diffusing the means of education, than by setting the example, which will certainly be followed, of rigid simplicity in dress and the style of living. We are not recommending asceticism or cynicism; the pride of Diogenes

is even more irrational and absurd than the pride of Plato. All that really conduces to personal comfort and convenience, or to mental enjoyment and cultivation, can be had without keeping up this silly strife with the multitude in respect to the external tokens of prosperity and social distinction. The pleasure afforded by mere luxury and ostentation is very short-lived, and the diffusion of a taste for it in the community at large is an incalculable evil. Already it is the most threatening ulcer in the social condition of our countrymen. Sir Charles Lyell, accustomed to the wealthiest and most aristocratic society in Europe — that of the upper classes in London — saw with surprise the richly furnished apartments and costly style of living of the opulent here in New England. It is notorious that not only merchants, but professional men, small shopkeepers, and even mechanics, frequently, we had almost said usually, live beyond their means; and hence, with all our national prosperity, bankruptcy is more common in the United States than in any country in Europe. Yet it is not because the people have a taste for luxuries, or are disposed to be indolent and fond of pleasure; on the contrary, they strive too hard and labor too anxiously to get rich. The husband and the father of the family exhausts his energies both of body and mind in the daily routine of toil, and submits even to severe privations, in order that his wife and daughters may ape the manners, the costume, and the household arrangements of those who are more fortunate than himself; and the objects of his emulation, instead of being grateful to the zealous copyists of their example, strive with equal ardor to preserve the distance between them undiminished, and cruelly abandon the fashionable article as soon as it is successfully and generally imitated. Yet Messieurs the Parisian democrats and socialists talk about the natural equality of the human race, and the injustice and artificialness of all social distinctions! Why, in this American democracy, which is now three-quarters of a century old, in this society where the law recognizes no difference of rank, a society which legally has no top and no bottom, all the world, whether rich or poor, with a manful disregard of common consistency, bravely eating their own democratic words, are actively endeavoring to create *in*equality, to establish and jealously to preserve their own rank in the teeth of the law, and to sur-

mount the social barrier which their neighbors have succeeded in setting up.

"Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

But we must return to our traveller, whose book is so rich in suggestive matter, that almost every page of it furnishes a text for a sermon as long as the one we have just preached. His observations on the geology, and the character and customs of the people of New England, were made during an excursion to the White Hills in New Hampshire, two journeys to Plymouth and New Haven, and a residence of some months in Boston. On Sundays, he regularly attended divine service, visiting the churches of as many different denominations as possible, and thus observing incidentally how the peculiarities of our countrymen are manifested in their religious forms, tenets, and habits; — a mode of observation, we may remark, which gives a better insight than any other into the national character, and is particularly applicable and fruitful in the United States. He remarks, what an American would hardly have thought of noticing, so perfectly is religious toleration established here, that "the late governor of the State [of Maine] was a Unitarian; and, as if to prove the perfect toleration of churches the most opposed to each other, they have recently had a Roman Catholic governor." On a subsequent occasion, he mentions another curious fact to illustrate the same thing.

"Travelling as I did in 1845–6, through a large part of the Union, immediately after the close of the protracted contest for the Presidency, when the votes in favor of Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk had been nearly balanced, I was surprised to find in the north, south, and west, how few of the Americans with whom I conversed as travelling companions could tell me to what denomination of Christians these two gentlemen belonged. I at length ascertained that one of them was an Episcopalian, and the other a Presbyterian. This ignorance could by no means be set down to indifferentism. Had one of the candidates been a man of immoral character, it would have materially affected his chance of success, or probably if he had been suspected of indifference about religion, and not a few of the politicians whom I questioned were strongly imbued with sectarian feelings; but it was clear that in the choice of a first magistrate their minds had been wholly occupied with other considerations, and the separation of religion

and politics, though far from being as complete as might be wished, is certainly one of the healthy features of the working of the American institutions."

Going to a Unitarian church in Portland, he was naturally surprised to see "a gilt cross placed over the altar," as he remembered that our Puritan ancestors held this sign in great detestation, obstinately persisting in their view of it as a symbol only of Popery, and not of the affecting event to which it owes its whole significance, and which is so intimately connected with the doctrines of the atonement and imputed righteousness, that it would seem the cross ought to be held in as great favor by Calvinists as by Papists. But the casual association, as often happens, has nearly destroyed the natural and legitimate one, and the crucifix is regarded by more than half the Protestant world with as much horror as the fetish of the African savage. But reason is at last beginning to dispel this silly and inconsistent prejudice; and if Sir Charles Lyell had gone a little farther into Maine, he might have found the once hated symbol frequently introduced among the rich decorations of the newly finished chapel of an orthodox college.

"During my first visit to the New England States, I was greatly at a loss to comprehend by what means so large a population had been brought to unite great earnestness of religious feeling with so much real toleration. In seeking for the cause, we must go farther back than the common schools, or at least the present improved state of popular education; for we are still met with the question, How could such schools be maintained by the State, or by compulsory assessments, on so liberal a footing, in spite of the fanaticism and sectarian prejudices of the vulgar? When we call to mind the religious enthusiasm of the early Puritans, and how at first they merely exchanged a servile obedience to tradition, and the authority of the Church, for an equally blind scripturalism, or implicit faith in the letter of every part of the Bible, acting as if they believed that God, by some miraculous process, had dictated all the Hebrew words of the Old, and all the Greek of the New Testament; nay, the illiterate among them cherishing the same superstitious veneration for every syllable of the English translation — how these religionists, who did not hesitate to condemn several citizens to be publicly whipped for denying that the Jewish code was obligatory on Christians as a rule of life, and who were fully persuaded that they alone were the chosen people of God, should bequeath to their immediate

posterity such a philosophical spirit as must precede the organization by the whole people of a system of secular education acceptable to all, and accompanied by the social and political equality of religious sects such as no other civilized community has yet achieved — this certainly is a problem well worthy of the study of every reflecting mind. To attribute this national characteristic to the voluntary system would be an anachronism, as that is of comparatively modern date in New England ; besides that the dependence of the ministers on their flocks, by transferring ecclesiastical power to the multitude, only gives to their bigotry, if they be ignorant, a more dangerous sway. So, also, of universal suffrage ; by investing the million with political power, it renders the average amount of their enlightenment the measure of the liberty enjoyed by those who entertain religious opinions disapproved of by the majority. Of the natural effects of such power, and the homage paid to it by the higher classes, even where the political institutions are only partially democratic, we have abundant exemplification in Europe, where the educated of the laity and clergy, in spite of their comparative independence of the popular will, defer outwardly to many theological notions of the vulgar with which they have often no real sympathy."

The feelings of the geologist peep out a little in this passage, though there is now, happily, but little occasion to manifest them ; the literal interpretation of the first chapter of the book of Genesis has come to be regarded by nearly all educated Christians in the same light with the Papal opposition to the doctrine that the earth revolves round the sun. Yet we fear that the controversy, though it has at length ceased, has done harm that can never be repaired ; it has left upon the minds of those who first proclaimed the now unquestioned fact of the vast antiquity of the earth's crust, and who were so unreasonably assailed for it, a feeling of bitterness and hostility against those who retain a degree of reverence for the Scriptures which some are pleased to call scripturalism, and others bibliolatry. There are bigots and fanatics in science as well as in religion ; but wisdom is justified of her children in both.

The spirit of toleration that now reigns in New England Sir Charles finally ascribes to "the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the church first established in this part of America, a movement which has had a powerful tendency to subdue and mitigate sectarian bitterness." We are not sure

that this cause is strong enough to account for the jealous care with which our common schools have always been guarded against sectarian influences. These institutions being eminently popular, and being placed entirely under the direction of all the inhabitants of each township, every particular in their management being determined by universal suffrage, the attempt of any one denomination to introduce their peculiar tenets of faith into the system of instruction was met by the systematic and united opposition of the other sects; and from a very early day, there was so much division of religious opinion in our towns, even in the bosom of the Calvinistic church itself, that common schools could never have been established, except upon the neutral ground that the instruction given in them should be exclusively secular. The Puritan clergy, also, were jealous of any attempt made to teach religion from any tribunal except the pulpit; they preferred not to delegate the spiritual guidance of their flocks to any one, and would hardly permit the village pedagogue to teach his pupils even the Westminster Catechism, lest he should corrupt by his explanations the purity of the faith. Popular education has not been sacrificed to sectarian bigotry here, as it has been in England, because the administration of civil affairs here is not centralized; otherwise, the dominant sect in the legislature would have erected its banner in every district school in New England. This is one of the evils which we have escaped through the resolute independence of those fierce little democracies, our country towns,

> "Where none will kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
> Nor even then, unless in their own way."

Our readers must not suppose, that amid all these disquisitions on men and manners, Sir Charles Lyell ever loses sight of the scientific objects of his journey. He turns the conversation from sects to sea-serpents, and from grammar schools to glacial polishings, very easily and without apology for abruptness. "Everywhere around Portsmouth," to his great delight, he saw the polished surfaces of the rocks and the long straight furrows or grooves in them, which he supposes to have been imprinted by icebergs on the ancient floor of the ocean. At this place, also, through the kindness of Mr. John L. Hayes, who obtained the original accounts from some

ancient whalemen, he picked up some amazingly tough fish stories, about dead whales frozen into the middle of icebergs, and drifting along with them, the animal remains being some 300 feet above the level of the sea. How these huge bodies could be raised to so great a height is a question which at first it does not seem easy to answer; but the problem in fact is not a difficult one. These ice-mountains are submerged for more than seven-eighths of their whole mass, the body of the animal at first, of course, being frozen into the part under water; and then, the inferior portion of the ice melting away unequally, the centre of gravity is changed, the huge mass is capsized, and the unfortunate whale obtains an astonishing elevation above his natural element. Grounded icebergs incorporate large rocks into themselves, and then, getting afloat, bear them off, are capsized so as to bring their burden upon the upper surface, and may then transport thousands of tons of rock and gravel to a vast distance from their original site. When they reach a warmer climate, they melt and strew their burden over the ocean floor. Through the alternate subsidence and elevation of various parts of the earth's surface, the depths of ocean may afterwards become dry land, which will then appear covered with what the geologists call *drift* and *boulders*. He who thinks this is a rather far-fetched and complex hypothesis to account for the presence of large loose rocks and beds of gravel in particular localities, is requested to invent a better one; — and if he fails to comply with this request, according to the logic of the geologists, he is bound to accept their theory as proved, for they have no other argument to offer in its favor. A more sensible answer, in our humble opinion, would be to say, that neither party knows any thing about it.

The class of geologists, of which Sir Charles Lyell is the head, is unwilling to accept any phenomena as indications or relics of the *original* state of the earth's surface, before the long succession of terrestrial changes by secondary causes began. They maintain that this succession, *a parte ante*, is absolutely interminable. They will not acknowledge that any thing ever *began to be*. When the question is propounded respecting any phenomenon on the earth's surface, 'How came it so?' they will not admit it to be a satisfactory answer to say, 'It was so created.' Now, when a stratum

of rock is found to contain organic remains, it is certainly reasonable to ask after its history; it is a fair presumption that the animals and vegetables, the remains of which are now entombed in it, were *living* animals and vegetables at some time before they were thus entombed. We may fairly exert our ingenuity, then, in putting together a combination and succession of causes — causes which are now operating before our eyes — as will offer a possible, if not a plausible, explanation of the process by which these organisms were transferred to their rocky tomb. The best hypothesis that we can frame, however, even in this case, can be accepted only with a proviso; it is good only till some inventive speculatist can hammer out a better and more plausible one. But when we come to the older and non-fossiliferous rocks, we demur to the formation of these fanciful histories, for the plain reason that we know of no substances which are more likely to be primitive than these rocks themselves, and there must be an end somewhere to a succession of causes. We dislike this scientific groping into primeval darkness. In such a medium, we can no longer see the distinguishing marks of truth and error; one theory is just as good as another, on the same principle that "all cats in the dark are gray." Many of the most recent speculations in geology are mere guess-work; and the attractiveness of the science in a great measure depends on the wide range that it offers to the imagination, and the impossibility of disproving the many pleasant hypotheses that a lively fancy can weave.

A striking instance of this unwillingness to accept any state of things as primitive is afforded by the speculations in which our author indulges on the top of Mount Washington, as to the origin of the Alpine or Arctic vegetation that he found there. He puzzles himself in an attempt "to explain how an Arctic flora, consisting of plants specifically identical with those which now inhabit lands bordering the sea in the extreme north of America, Europe, and Asia, could get to the top of Mount Washington." As many of the species are intolerant of heat and drought, they could not make their way thither over the intervening lowlands. But why not say that the same primitive cause placed them on the summit of Mount Washington which first disseminated them over the cold regions of Greenland and Labrador? Why, because the *savans*

choose to assume, that the mountains are younger than the plants, and that each species of the latter must have had its origin in a single birthplace, whence it gradually spread, through the means of migration with which it was first endowed, to all spots fit for its habitation. Yet the same species of freshwater fish are found in different rivers, the head waters of which do not communicate with each other, and which empty into an ocean where these fish could not live. Animal species, therefore, cannot each be traced to one limited birthplace, or "specific centre;" and as animals certainly have greater freedom of migration than plants, it is very unlikely that each vegetable species acknowledges one common ancestor or original locality. Yet the theorists first assume that it is so, in order to create a difficulty, a *dignus vindice nodus*, and then, in order to knock down the ninepin which they have just set up, our geologist brings forward his favorite *deus ex machina*, and imagines that the seeds were transported from Greenland to the top of the White Hills by —"floating icebergs!" Certainly, these vast monsters of the deep are put upon very hard duty; they have to do all the dirty work of the geologists. After polishing and grooving all the rocks over half the northern hemisphere, after scattering boulders and distributing beds of gravel over an equal space, they must needs turn packhorses to carry about the seeds of plants. Does Sir Charles suppose, that they also carry living freshwater fish from the mouth of one river to that of another?

We gladly go back to the speculations of our traveller upon American politics and social life, in relation to which he has no favorite theory to defend, and therefore makes no drafts upon our credulity. His observations while in Boston are so good-natured and flattering, that our modesty prevents us from dwelling upon them; he must be indeed a spiteful critic, who will not put up his back and purr when stroked so gently, and we have already intimated an opinion that our author has much discrimination and good sense. One brief extract, however, from the portion of the book relating to the "specific centre" of the Yankees, whence they did not wait for "icebergs" to transport them to every region of the habitable globe, may be pardoned as an offering to the local pride of many of our readers.

" A huge fragment of granite, a boulder which lay sunk in the beach has always been traditionally declared to have been the exact spot which the feet of the Pilgrims first trod when they landed here ; and part of this same rock still remains on the wharf, while another portion has been removed to the centre of the town, and inclosed within an iron railing, on which the names of forty-two of the Pilgrim Fathers are inscribed. They who cannot sympathize warmly with the New Englanders for cherishing these precious relics, are not to be envied, and it is a praiseworthy custom to celebrate an annual festival, not only here, but in places several thousand miles distant. Often at New Orleans, and in other remote parts of the Union, we hear of settlers from the North meeting on the 22d of December to commemorate the birthday of New England ; and when they speak fondly of their native hills and valleys, and recall their early recollections, they are drawing closer the ties which bind together a variety of independent States into one great confederation.

" Colonel Perkins, of Boston, well known for his munificence, especially in founding the Asylum for the Blind, informed me, in 1846, that there was but one link wanting in the chain of personal communication between him and Peregrine White, the first white child born in Massachusetts, a few days after the Pilgrims landed. White lived to an advanced age, and was known to a man of the name of Cobb, whom Colonel Perkins visited, in 1807, with some friends who yet survive. Cobb died in 1808, the year after Colonel Perkins saw him. He was then blind ; but his memory fresh for every thing which had happened in his manhood. He had served as a soldier at the taking of Louisburg in Cape Breton, in 1745, and remembered when there were many Indians near Plymouth. The inhabitants occasionally fired a cannon near the town to frighten them, and to this cannon the Indians gave the name of ' Old Speakum.'

" When we consider the grandeur of the results which have been realized in the interval of 225 years, since the Mayflower sailed into Plymouth harbor — how in that period a nation of twenty millions of souls has sprung into existence and peopled a vast continent, and covered it with cities, and churches, schools, colleges, and railroads, and filled its rivers and ports with steamboats and shipping — we regard the Pilgrim relics with that kind of veneration which trivial objects usually derive from high antiquity alone. For we measure time not by the number of arithmetical figures representing years or centuries, but by the importance of a long series of events, which strike the imagination."

We find a very amusing chapter upon the renowned sea-serpent, though it ends in a most provoking manner. After

bringing together an amount of testimony which seems to establish the veritable existence of this persecuted snake beyond a doubt, after declaring that the witnesses were unimpeachable and had good opportunities to observe, after even intimating that he was himself a believer, our author treacherously turns a sharp corner upon us, and labors to prove that this supposed mighty king of the snakes is nothing at all but a big shark. This is really too bad; after requiring us to swallow all his tough stories about icebergs floating over the tops of the White Hills and planting flower gardens there, he cruelly refuses to believe the first article in a Yankee's creed, and maligns the innocent sea-serpent, who never did any harm to anybody, by maintaining that he is no better than a ravenous, man-eating shark. We fall back upon the evidence of Mr. Barry, Captain Lawson, Colonel Perkins, Captain McQuhae, and Bishop Pontoppidan, all good men and true, who could no more mistake a shark, when within a hundred feet of it, for a serpent, than they could metamorphose a cloud into a whale. Our author's whole theory depends upon an idle tale, that a dead shark being once thrown ashore at the Orkneys, some stupid Scotchman mistook him for a snake. Such a blunder was very likely to be committed in a country where the people believed Macpherson to be Ossian, and Lord Monboddo could not distinguish a man from a monkey.

Our traveller visited Washington while Congress was debating the Oregon question, and did not form a very favorable opinion either of the good taste or the oratorical ability of our national legislature.

"It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen from humble stations, and whose schooling has been in the back-woods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by a member for Illinois, as chairman of the Post-office Committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American republic as 'the infant Hercules,' and the extension of their imperial dominion over the 'northern continent and oriental seas,' he exclaims, 'the destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly-defined shadows into our very eye-balls.

"'Oh, why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate?

"'Must this backward pull of the government never cease, and the nation tug forever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?'"

"One day, as we were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with Mr. Winthrop, we met a young negro woman, who came up to him with a countenance full of pleasure, saying it was several years since she had seen him, and greeting him with such an affectionate warmth of expression, that I began to contrast the stiffness and coldness of the Anglo-Saxon manners with the genial flow of feeling of this Southern race. My companion explained to me, that she was a very intelligent girl, and was grateful to him for an act of kindness he had once had an opportunity of showing her. I afterward learnt, from some other friends to whom I told this anecdote, that, three years before, Mr. Winthrop and a brother member of Congress from the North had been lodging in the house of this girl's mistress, and hearing that she was sentenced to be whipped for some offence, had both of them protested they would instantly quit the house if the mistress persevered. She had yielded, and at length confessed that she had been giving way to a momentary fit of temper."

While visiting the rice plantations on the coast of Georgia, Sir Charles made some interesting observations on the phenomena which indicate a change in the relative level of land and sea. He saw the buried stumps of cypresses and pines in the salt marshes, still maintaining their original upright position in a locality where they could not exist at the present day, as the salt water is fatal to them. These stumps were observed by Bartram, the botanist, as far back as 1792; and he drew the correct inference from them, that the salt marshes must have been formerly high swamps of firm land, supporting forests of cypress, magnolia, and oak, which were subsequently depressed below the level of the sea. There the upper portion of the trees rotted away, while layers of sand were accumulated upon their stumps, till the land again appeared above the waters, and another growth of vegetation was established over the relics of the former one. Sir Charles Lyell subsequently examined a curious bluff at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river, where *two* strata of buried forest are found, one over the other, a bed of clay twelve feet thick separating them, and the upper layer bearing another stratum of clay fifty feet in thickness. Above the whole is found more than twenty feet of sand, in the lower portion of which

are pebbles derived from ancient rocks. Here, then, the land must have risen and sunk alternately for a great height; and our author, — in conformity with his general theory, that such changes take place very gradually, so as to require an immense interval of years for their completion, — argues that "the depression must have taken place so slowly as to allow the river to raise the surface by sedimentary deposition continually, and never permit the sea to encroach and cover the area." A sudden depression of only twelve feet, he says, would submerge the whole delta of the Mississippi; while the land might sink very gradually for 150 feet without causing an inundation from the Gulf of Mexico, if the fluviatile deposit of mud and sand had time to fill up the space as fast as it was left vacant.

But this reasoning is shown to be quite inconclusive by his own observations at New Madrid, where a *limited tract* of country was depressed some twenty feet in less than three months. In some of the swamps in this "sunk country," the trees, killed by the shock, have decayed nearly down to their roots; and our author himself observes, that "should the turbid waters of the Mississippi overflow that region, and deposit their sediment on such stumps, [which would bury them to a considerable depth in a few years,] they would present to the geologist a precise counterpart of the buried stools of trees with their roots, before described as occurring at the bottom of the bluff at Port Hudson." What becomes of his argument, then, to prove that a vast period of time was necessary to effect the changes that are chronicled in that bluff! The land for twenty or thirty miles around might have been depressed by an earthquake in a single night, and the consequence would be, not an inundation from the Gulf, but the formation of a freshwater lake, in which the Mississippi would very soon deposit sediment twenty feet thick. Then another earthquake might heave up the bottom of the lake many feet above the waters; and thus all the changes might take place within a comparatively brief period, instead of requiring those millions of years which Sir Charles Lyell loves to contemplate.

But we must turn from earthquakes to alligators, as nothing comes amiss to these omnivorous *savans* in matters of science, and they make very sudden transitions. Our author

gives a very instructive account of these curious creatures, (the alligators, not the *savans*,) and fully confirms Bartram's account of the manner in which they build their nests.

"They resemble haycocks, about four feet high, and five feet in diameter at their bases, being constructed with mud, grass, and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a second stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one hundred to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Luzenberger, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests, with the eggs, in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburgh, but was recommended, before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of any of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon after followed by all the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down the stairs, whining and barking like young puppies. They ate voraciously, yet their growth was so slow, as to confirm him in the common opinion, that individuals which have attained the largest size are of very great age; though whether they live for three centuries, as some pretend, must be decided by future observations.

"Mr. Couper told me that, in the summer of 1845, he saw a shoal of porpoises coming up to that part of the Altamaha where the fresh and salt water meet, a space about a mile in length, the favorite fishing ground of the alligators, where there is brackish water, which shifts its place according to the varying strength of the river and the tide. Here were seen about fifty alligators, each with head and neck raised above water, looking down the stream at their enemies, before whom they had fled, terror-stricken, and expecting an attack. The porpoises, no more than a dozen in number, moved on in two ranks, and were evidently complete masters of the field. So powerful, indeed, are they, that they have been known to chase a large alligator to the bank, and, putting their snouts under his belly, toss him ashore."

Some curious experiments by Dr. Le Conte upon these animals are referred to, the object being to throw light on the philosophy of the nervous system. A young alligator being

decapitated, "the jaws of the detached head still snapped at any thing which touched the tongue or the lining membrane of the mouth." The trunk remained in a state of torpor, if untouched; but when pricked or pinched, the animal would scratch the spot with one foot or another, according to the side that was touched. "If touched below the posterior extremity on the thick end of the tail, he would slowly and deliberately draw up the hind foot and scratch the part, and use considerable force in pushing aside the offending object." The experiments were repeated many times, and were always followed by the same results. Dr. Le Conte's inference is, that while in man volition is confined to the brain, in animals it must extend over the whole spinal cord. It seems a more proper conclusion, however, that the movements are performed without any volition, through the reflex action of the nerves; and as they are perfectly similar to those which are usually ascribed to instinct in the lower animals, and which could not be effected by man except through the action of reason, it appears fair to conclude that all the phenomena of instinct may be manifested without consciousness or volition.

Our traveller's observations on the subject of slavery and the capabilities of the negro race are very instructive and trustworthy, as he seems to approach the topic without prejudice or fanaticism, and to record what he saw and heard very faithfully. While he thinks that the difficulties in the way of universal emancipation are so formidable that the experiment hardly ought to be thought of, he bears full testimony to the depressing effect of the institution on the prosperity of the States where it exists, and to the capacity of the negroes for improvement when they are allowed to mingle freely with the whites. The condition of the slaves he studied carefully, and speaks in strong terms of the uniform kindness with which they are treated by their masters, of the full provision made for their bodily comfort, and of their contentment and cheerfulness, together with frequent instances of strong personal attachment to their owners. He passed a fortnight with Mr. H. Couper, on the extensive rice plantation of the latter, an estate situated on the banks of the Altamaha in Georgia, tilled by a gang of 500 negroes; and he gives a minute account of what he witnessed while there, as a specimen of the manner in which large slave plantations at the

South are managed. At this place, he says, he had frequent opportunities of talking with the slaves alone, and of seeing them at work. To the possible objection, that this was too favorable a specimen of slavery, he answers, that he was led to make the visit by scientific objects that had no connection with the peculiar institutions of the South; that this was the case with every other plantation that he visited; and that he can but relate what he saw and heard, without bias or reserve.

"There are 500 negroes on the Hopeton estate, a great many of whom are children, and some old and superannuated. The latter class, who would be supported in a poor-house in England, enjoy here, to the end of their days, the society of their neighbors and kinsfolk, and live at large in separate houses assigned to them. The children have no regular work to do till they are ten or twelve years old. We see that some of them, at this season, are set to pick up dead leaves from the paths, others to attend the babies. When the mothers are at work, the young children are looked after by an old negress, called Mom Diana. Although very ugly as babies, they have such bright, happy faces when three or four years old, and from that age to ten or twelve have such frank and confiding manners, as to be very engaging. Whenever we met them, they held out their hands to us to shake, and when my wife caressed them, she was often asked by some of the ladies, whether she would not like to bring up one of the girls to love her, and wait upon her. The parents indulge their own fancies in naming their children, and display a singular taste; for one is called January, another April, a third Monday, and a fourth Hard Times. The fisherman on the estate rejoices in the appellation of 'Old Bacchus.' Quash is the name of the favorite preacher, and Bulally the African name of another negro.

"The out-door laborers have separate houses provided for them; even the domestic servants, except a few who are nurses to the white children, live apart from the great house — an arrangement not always convenient for the masters, as there is no one to answer a bell after a certain hour. But if we place ourselves in the condition of the majority of the population, that of servants, we see at once how many advantages we should enjoy over the white race in the same rank of life in Europe. In the first place, all can marry; and if a mistress should lay on any young woman here the injunction so common in English newspaper advertisements for a maid of all work, 'no followers allowed,' it would be considered an extraordinary act of tyranny. The laborers begin work at six o'clock in the morning, have an hour's rest at

nine for breakfast, and many have finished their assigned task by two o'clock, all of them by three o'clock. In summer they divide their work differently, going to bed in the middle of the day, then rising to finish their task, and afterward spending a great part of the night in chatting, merry-making, preaching, and psalm-singing. At Christmas they claim a week's holidays, when they hold a kind of Saturnalia, and the owners can get no work done. Although there is scarcely any drinking, the master rejoices when this season is well over without mischief.

"The negro mothers are often so ignorant or indolent, that they cannot be trusted to keep awake and administer medicine to their own children; so that the mistress has often to sit up all night with a sick negro child. In submitting to this, they are actuated by mixed motives — a feeling of kindness, and a fear of losing the services of the slave; but these attentions greatly attach the negroes to their owners. In general, they refuse to take medicine from any other hands but those of their master or mistress. The laborers are allowed Indian meal, rice, and milk, and occasionally pork and soup. As their rations are more than they can eat, they either return part of it to the overseer, who makes them an allowance of money for it at the end of the week, or they keep it to feed their fowls, which they usually sell, as well as their eggs, for cash, to buy molasses, tobacco, and other luxuries. When disposed to exert themselves, they get through the day's task in five hours, and then amuse themselves in fishing, and sell the fish they take; or some of them employ their spare time in making canoes out of large cypress trees, leave being readily granted them to remove such timber, as it aids the landowner to clear the swamps. They sell the canoes for about four dollars, for their own profit."

In the relation of the slaves to the owners, he says, there is an hereditary regard and attachment more like that between lords and their retainers in the old feudal times, than to any thing in modern society. The slave identifies himself with his owner, whose prosperity increases his own self-importance. But the cares of the master are great, and his profits are precarious. The negroes require constant oversight, and allowance must be made for their dislike of continuous toil and their inferior motives for exertion. The care that must be taken of the aged, the sick, and the young children, is no slight portion of the owner's responsibility. To teach self-dependence to the slaves, Mr. Couper gave up a field to twenty-five picked men among them, to cultivate for

their own benefit, giving them half a day each week to work upon it. The first year, he managed it for them, compelling them to work during this half day; and the profits at the end of the year, amounting to $1,500, he divided equally among them. They were then left to themselves, they did nothing, and after the second year the field was not cultivated at all. This, however, as our author observes, was not a fair experiment, as they worked together on the principles of communism, a social theory which is as ill adapted to blacks as to whites. The traveller declares his opinion, that "the *dolce far niente* is doubtless the negro's paradise," from which nothing will rescue him but education and familiar intercourse with the whites. He thinks, however, that the slaves in this part of Georgia are not fair representatives of their class, as many of them are Africans by birth, or by the interval of only one generation; they are herded together in large gangs, and therefore seldom come in contact with any whites but their master and their overseer. He evidently considers the final disappearance of the pure negro blood, and the substitution of a mixed race, which will be more capable of self-improvement and liberty, to be the inevitable, if not a desirable, end of the institution of slavery. Indeed, as it is certain that negroes are not imported into this country, and as amalgamation is constantly going on with rapid strides, this result must finally be produced, though many generations will be needed to effect it. Then, whether the hybrid race will gradually die out, as some physiologists maintain, or whether they can be kept in slavery, is a question that will answer itself.

To the evil results of slavery in an economical point of view, Sir Charles Lyell bears full and explicit testimony. At one time, he met a party of "movers," going to Texas with their slaves, one of whom confessed to him, "that he had been eaten out of Alabama by his negroes." At first, he was inclined to regard the rapid growth of New Orleans as a proof, that a large city may increase and flourish in spite of the numerous slaves that it contains; but Mr. R. H. Wilde and Dr. Carpenter assured him, that the white race had been gradually superseding the negroes there.

"Ten years ago, say they, all the draymen of New Orleans, a numerous class, and the cabmen, were colored. Now, they

are nearly all white. The servants at the great hotels were formerly of the African, now they are of the European race. Nowhere is the jealousy felt by the Irish toward the negroes more apparent. According to some estimates, in a permanently resident population not much exceeding 80,000, there are only 22,000 colored persons, and a large proportion of these are free.

"That slave labor is more expensive than free, is an opinion which is certainly gaining ground in the higher parts of Alabama, and is now professed openly by some northerners who have settled there. One of them said to me, 'Half the population of the South is employed in seeing that the other half do their work, and they who do work, accomplish half what they might do under a better system.' 'We cannot,' said another, 'raise capital enough for new cotton factories, because all our savings go to buy negroes, or, as has lately happened, to feed them, when the crop is deficient.' A white bricklayer had lately gone from Tuscaloosa to serve an apprenticeship in his trade at Boston. He had been earning there 2½ dollars a day, by laying 3000 bricks daily. A southern planter, who had previously been exceedingly boastful and proud of the strength of one of his negroes (who could, in fact, carry a much greater weight than this same white bricklayer,) was at first incredulous when he heard of this feat, for his pattern slave could not lay more than 1000 bricks a day.

"In several States, Virginia among others, I heard of strikes, where the white workmen bound themselves not to return to their employment until the master had discharged all his colored people. Such combinations will, no doubt, forward the substitution of white for negro labor, and may hasten the era of general emancipation. But if this measure be prematurely adopted, the negroes are a doomed race, and already their situation is most critical. I found a deep conviction prevailing in the minds of experienced slave-owners, of the injury which threatened them; and, more than once, in Kentucky and elsewhere, in answer to my suggestions, that the time for introducing free labor had come, they said, 'I think so; we must *get rid* of the negroes.' 'Do you not think,' said I, 'if you could send them all away, that some parts of the country would be depopulated, seeing how unhealthy the low grounds are for the whites?' 'Perhaps so,' replied one planter, 'but other regions would become more productive by way of compensation; the insalubrity of the Pontine marshes would be no excuse for negro slavery in Italy. All might end well,' he added, 'were it not that so many anti-slavery men in the North are as precipitate and impatient as if they believed, like the Millerites, that the world was coming to an end.'"

We take leave of our intelligent and fair-minded author with renewed thanks for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his book. His scientific observations are full of information and entertainment, though we cannot always go along with him in his theories; but the materials which he has brought together to assist one in forming a correct view of the condition and prospects of various portions of our country, and of the character of the several classes of its inhabitants, are more complete and trustworthy than can be found in any single book of travels in America with which we are acquainted.

ART. III. — *Memoirs of* REV. JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER, D. D., *and of his Son,* REV. JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 486.

THE preaching of the younger Buckminster formed an epoch in the history, not only of pulpit eloquence, but of literature and scholarship in New England. To call him a youthful prodigy gives no adequate idea either of his brilliant natural endowments, the thorough cultivation which they had received, or of the magnitude of the effects that he produced. Though he entered the pulpit when he was but a boy in years, he brought to his task a mind so fully informed with theological and general learning, a taste so pure and ripe, with a large command of all the requisites for natural eloquence, and so much earnestness and devotion to his sacred calling, that his youthfulness occasioned but little of the surprise and admiration with which he was welcomed. The generation who heard him at an age when they were capable of appreciating his powers, has mostly passed away; but it is a matter of pride with the few representatives of it who remain to us, that they actually listened to the discourses which we can only read and try to form a faint conception of the effect which their delivery must have created. His intellect was so vigorous and mature from the very commencement of his public labors, and his acquisitions so much in advance of

what was expected even from the ripe scholars of his day, that his want of years was forgotten; there was nothing even in his manners to remind one of it, nor in his character, except perhaps in the too great ardor with which he gave himself to toil that was too severe for his physical frame to bear. He united in a remarkable degree beauty of person, of intellect, and of character, so that the love and respect which attended him in private life enhanced the effect of his spoken discourses to an extent which only those who heard him can estimate.

At the commencement of the present century, a taste for letters and elegant scholarship was just beginning to be developed in the society of the metropolis of New England. The political agitations, the perturbation and distress, which were at their height during the Revolutionary struggle, extended in fact from the Peace of Paris, in 1763, till several years after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in 1789. During this dark and anxious period, there was neither leisure nor inclination for the cultivation of literary taste and the quiet pursuits of the scholar; the critical position of public affairs absorbed all attention and effort in the young and feeble community, and the love of letters, of which there was a faint manifestation in the middle of the last century, was extinguished in the commotions of a civil war. All the literary talent which existed in the country in those troubled days was turned to politics, and aimed at immediate practical effect. The writings of James Otis and the elder Adams, of John Dickenson, and even of Dr. Franklin during this portion of his life, of Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, had this character exclusively, and therefore gained only an ephemeral reputation except from the historical interest which attaches to them. In speaking of the growth of literature in this country, sufficient allowance has not been made for this period of interruption and distress; if the Revolution had not intervened, the harvest would doubtless have been more abundant, but the products would have been sickly and feeble under the blighting taint which is always caused by provincialism. American letters would have been overshadowed and dwarfed by the too powerful example and influence of the mother country. As it was, the effort to shake off the yoke cost us a delay of nearly half a century, after which the seeds that had previously been planted sprang up with an independent and vigorous growth.

The time of Mr. Buckminster's settlement in Boston was at the dawn of this new period of literary ambition, this revival of the more refined and leisurely pursuits of peace. The religious society of which he became the pastor comprised a large portion of the wealthiest, the most intelligent and cultivated inhabitants of the town; and fortunately, the differences of theological opinion, which even then existed, had not as yet produced open dissension, nor created any impediment to associated action in matters of common interest. Young as he was, Mr. Buckminster was one of the most thorough classical and theological scholars of his day; his zeal for study was repressed neither by very feeble health, nor by the unceasing demands of that profession of which he immediately became the brightest ornament. He had a passion for collecting books, and exhausted his slender means in stocking, chiefly from Europe, one of the most valuable and select private libraries then to be found in the country.

"This library of three thousand volumes was unique in its character, such as few of his profession could then have profitably employed, though they could appreciate its value; and it was always as accessible for the use of his brethren in the profession as for his own. It was certainly characteristic of his devotion to his favorite studies, that, while his library at that time was more valuable than that of any private individual in Boston, the furniture of his parsonage, and his establishment of domestic luxuries, were frugal almost to the degree of inconvenience."

He was one of the most active members of the *Anthology Club*, a literary association, the history of which comprises much the largest share of the whole history of literature in New England at this period; and he contributed largely to the monthly publication which was sustained by this club for eight years, and was the only periodical devoted to general literature then issued in Boston. His name was also upon the list of members of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, two institutions then in their infancy, which have since produced abundant and precious fruits. But his tastes inclined to the more inviting fields of classical scholarship and *belles lettres*, and while he labored earnestly in the establishment of the Boston Athenæum upon the basis of the Anthology Reading

Room, he left to others, who had a greater liking for antiquarianism and science, the chief care in forming the collections of the Historical Society and the Academy. Through his exertions, a handsome and correct edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament was printed in Boston, the whole labor of revising the proofs being executed by him with extraordinary care and diligence. Towards the close of his life, he began with characteristic zeal the study of German, for the sake of opening a new store of theological learning to qualify himself for the office to which he had just been appointed in Harvard College, of Dexter Lecturer upon Biblical Criticism. This additional labor was probably the finishing blow to a constitution long weakened by a terrible disease, which had preyed upon him in secret, and impeded his exertions ever since he quitted college. He died when he was but twenty-eight years of age, a period to which most persons look forward as only the commencement of their active career; but we can hardly say that his life was a short one, for it had borne the fruits of many years.

The great amount of labor that he gave to subjects which were not immediately connected with his profession deserves attention chiefly as it shows the large scope of his powers, and that his excellence as a preacher was not obtained by devoting his whole time and effort to the composition of sermons. We have said that his preaching marked an era in the history of the pulpit in New England. Those who had heard him were not willing to revert to the grave and wearisome discussion of threadbare topics in theology, the feeble and spiritless exhortations to a holy life, and the jejune exposition of texts of Scripture, which had hitherto formed almost the sole spiritual nutriment that their pastors were qualified to give. They had learned to appreciate what was more thoughtful, ingenious, and affecting, which enlarged the compass of their reflections at the same time that it quickened their feelings and raised their aspirations. Though the new and broad light which had beamed on them from the pulpit had been prematurely quenched, it had revealed the capacities of the place for the gratification of the taste as well as for the improvement of the character; and what was shallow or commonplace could be no longer tolerated. Henceforward, ministers were to devote less time to their pastoral cares, and

more to study and exercise in composition. The influence of Mr. Buckminster's example, of course, was chiefly felt in Boston, and among the denomination to which he belonged; but through them, and through his published discourses, it was propagated to a considerable extent throughout New England. And now, perhaps, the demands of the people upon their ministers have become inordinate; considering the frequency of the occasions on which the latter are required to speak, and the triteness of the subjects which they must discuss, (a disadvantage for the writer which is not wholly repaired by their unspeakable importance,) it is remarkable that the average of pulpit eloquence should continue so high. Certainly, as the biographer of the Buckminsters remarks, "there is no place on the face of the globe, where discourses from the pulpit are of a higher standard of excellence than in Boston." Highly finished and eloquent essays, which unite the thoughtful and argumentative style of the old English divines with the more animated and impressive manner, the unction, of the French, and traverse a wider range of topics than either, are now so common as to excite the surprise only of strangers, who have been accustomed to sermons far inferior.

As the younger Buckminster began a new order of things for the clergy, and laid the foundation of a new style of pulpit eloquence, his father was one of the latest and best representatives of the old school of New England divines. The interest and delight with which we have followed Mrs. Lee's affecting and very beautiful delineation of the life and character of these two remarkable men have arisen chiefly from the pleasure with which one traces the relation between father and son, when they are alike in all the fundamental points of mind and heart, and at the same time differ so widely from each other as their characters develop under different circumstances. Her book is one of the most graceful and captivating biographies that we have ever read. The task was a delicate and painful one to write the memoirs of a father and a brother, and to revive the bitterness of that sorrow for their loss which the subsequent lapse of nearly forty years had but partially assuaged. But the strong feeling which has guided her pen lends a peculiar charm to the book, and we lay it down with a consciousness that it has enlarged our

sympathies and aided our appreciation of what is most lovely and excellent in human character. It is written with remarkable grace and finish of style, the tone of feeling being subdued to a level with the sensibilities of the reader, and rising occasionally even to cheerfulness in reminiscences of the writer's youthful days. The sketches of character belonging to the society of Portsmouth, at the beginning of the present century, are very lively and graphic, and have the air of being faithfully copied from nature. The most novel and interesting portion of the book is that which relates to the father, as the life and the most prominent traits in the character of the son had long been known to the world through the beautiful and touching biography of him by his intimate friend and kindred spirit, the late Rev. Samuel C. Thacher. The comparative seclusion in which the father lived has kept his name from general observation, though his natural endowments were in many respects as remarkable as those of his brilliant son.

The Buckminster family belonged to the town of Framingham, Massachusetts, the eldest of the name having been a pioneer in the settlement of that place in 1693. His grandson, the fourth in direct succession who had borne the name of Joseph, and the first who became a clergyman, graduated at Harvard College in 1739, and three years afterwards was ordained at Rutland, Massachusetts, where he continued a beloved pastor of the church for more than half a century. In his creed he inclined to the mildest form of Calvinism, being what is called a Sublapsarian, and he engaged in controversy in defence of this mitigated faith. His son Joseph, the elder subject of this memoir, was born at Rutland in 1751; and his maternal grandfather, as well as his father, being a clergyman, he appears to have been destined from his cradle for the ministry. This sort of apostolical succession is not uncommon in a New England family, and is certainly conducive to thoroughness of preparation for the sacred calling, all the associations of childhood having a relation to the pulpit. Dr. Buckminster was remarkable in boyhood for vigor and symmetry of body, and active and elastic limbs; he was accustomed to manly exercises, and fearlessly incurred great risks, relying on his strength and agility in the moment of need. Strong affections and a lively sensibility inspired

this stalwart frame; he was tenderly attached to his sisters, and much of his subsequent influence in the ministry depended on the quickness of his sympathies with the sorrows of his parishioners. At the age of fifteen, he entered Yale College, and maintained a distinguished rank in his class; when he received his first degree, he was chosen, as one of the three most accomplished scholars, to continue three years longer at the college, supported by the Berkeley fund, and pursuing such studies as he saw fit. He selected theology, and had for fellow students three of our earliest American poets, Barlow, Trumbull, and Dwight, who became his intimate friends. His biographer informs us, that handsome copies of the Columbiad and the Conquest of Canaan occupied a prominent place on his book-shelves, where, however, they rested undisturbed. His scholarship was after the manner of the last century, but it was thorough in its kind.

"A contemporary testifies, that, while an undergraduate, he was distinguished for the sweetness of his disposition, for his exemplary moral deportment, and as one of the best linguists in his class. He was a very accomplished Latin scholar, and continued through life to write in that language almost as readily as in English. Many of his familiar letters to his son are written in Latin. His love for classical studies was hardly impaired amid the arduous duties of his profession. Although devoted by inclination and duty to the studies connected with his sacred office, and engaged heart and soul by preference for the Bible, yet Virgil and Cicero continued to lie upon his study table. He was in the habit of addressing familiar questions and simple household orders to his daughters in Latin, and then of explaining them or giving them the dictionary to find them out; thus a few Latin sentences became quite familiar to them."

When his term as a Berkeley scholar had expired, he became for four years a tutor in the college, and thus extended the whole period of his residence at New Haven to eleven years. It was during this period that he suffered the first attack of that fearful disease, which hung like a black cloud over the rest of his life, though it was only at long intervals that it assumed a positive shape and interrupted his labors. This first time, it took the form of religious melancholy, which was long supposed to have its origin in a too earnest direction of the thoughts to devotional subjects, but which is now satis-

factorily traced to purely physical causes. It was the same malady which gave such a tragic interest to the life of poor Cowper, though in Dr. Buckminster's case the disease was by no means so aggravated as that which finally reduced the author of The Task to imbecility. Both were Calvinists of the straitest sect, and their diseased minds found causes of gloom in their religious tenets, merely because these tenets formed their chief subjects of thought when their spirits were as serene as the unclouded sky; had they been active men of the world, their sadness would probably have related to the entanglements of business or to crosses of the affections. But they were thoughtful students and profoundly religious men; and what was their consolation and their joy when their mental faculties were in full accord, became their misery when these "sweet bells were jangled, out of tune and harsh." Acute sensibilities and a powerful imagination are certainly prerequisites for the complaint; and as these are elements in all high and noble characters, we grieve that the destroyer appears to select victims of shining mark. God's justice is even-handed; let parents who are proud of the superior natural endowments of their children rejoice with trembling.

Dr. Buckminster finally left New Haven to be ordained over the North Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in January, 1779. The place had been honored by the distinguished abilities of his predecessors, two of whom had been removed in succession to the respective presidencies of Harvard and Yale College. It was trying for a young man to succeed such lights of the church; but his fine talents and personal qualities ensured for him an enthusiastic reception. In the account of his appearance in the pulpit we recognize many of the traits which imparted so great a charm to the ministrations of his son.

"He was endowed with natural gifts that eminently fitted him for the pulpit. His voice was strong and musical, and possessed the peculiarity that its lowest tones were singularly clear, and could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the vast meeting-house, with its two galleries. He took a prominent part in the singing. His voice could always be distinguished in the full choir by its purity and bell-like, silver sound; and he delighted, in the absence of the ladies of the choir, to take the contralto

part. His appearance in the pulpit was most dignified and graceful; and when we add to the fervor and glow of his devotions, that his whole manner was penetrated by a peculiar pathos, a deep feeling, that illumined his countenance and trembled in the earnestness of his voice, it is not surprising that no one who ever saw him in the pulpit could forget the impression he made. There, too, was his chief joy, his most exhilarating duty. 'He preferred the dust of Zion to the gardens of Persia, and the broken walls of Jerusalem to the palaces of Shushan."

His biographer gives a very lively account of his companions in the ministry, who formed the Piscataqua Association, a band of men more remarkable for natural talents and variety of acquisition than we could now expect to find in remote and small parishes; the eminence of their gifts was such that their congregations readily tolerated their frequent eccentricities of manner. In those days, the metropolis did not throw its drag-net over the whole land to collect all talent and eminence into its own bosom; but the Christian pastor took root for life among the flock over whom he was first ordained, and his character assumed its natural bent without reference to the opinions and manners of people who were outside of his little world. Preaching was by no means his chief employment; his field of labor embraced every kitchen fireside in his parish, by the side of which he sat, not so much an honored guest, as the spiritual father of the family, to warn, to counsel, and command, on every emergency that varied the simple routine of his people's daily life. The congregation did not always admire, they frequently did not understand, his sermons, which were often laden with the technicalities of theology; but they clung to him as a counsellor and a friend, who had watched over their parents' infancy as well as their own, or was likely to baptize their grandchildren. The comparative indissolubility of the tie between the minister and his people was so great a good, that we may well doubt whether the great improvement in pulpit exercises which modern days have witnessed is an adequate compensation for its loss. Our clergymen now are settled only in name; they are the most unsettled portion of the community. We know of more than one, who has not yet reached middle life, but has been settled over parishes in four different States; and if their changes continue as frequent, before they attain gray hairs

they may easily make the circuit of the Union. We turn almost with vexation from these itinerant haranguers, and dwell complacently on pleasant sketches, like the following, of the good old times.

"The monthly meetings of the Association were seasons of really cordial fellowship, and of social and animated intercourse, and were made the medium of religious instruction to their respective parishes. Their usual course was to meet successively at each brother's house at ten o'clock in the forenoon; those who lived at the distance of ten or fifteen miles, in those days of slow travelling and country roads, were obliged to come the previous evening. There was a religious service in the meeting-house, beginning at eleven, at which the exercises were assigned in rotation, or were appointed by the brother at whose house they met. The dinner, afterwards, was a truly social repast, where wit, and freedom, and a moderate degree of gayety prevailed. Clergymen, when their labors are over, enjoy more entirely than any other class of men the agreeable relaxation that follows, — agreeable in kind, in its allowances, and in its restraints.

"It must not be supposed that the demands of twelve or eighteen ministers and their horses upon their brother's oats, and upon the exertions of the family to prepare a suitable dinner, were either light or trifling. In the writer's recollection, the festival of *minister's meeting* holds the same honorable place as to sumptuousness and variety of viands with the more rare ordination or the annual thanksgiving; and I believe the wives of the ministers used devoutly to pray that their *meeting might not be in the winter.*

. . . . . "The manse of each was the home of all, and in those days, when the door was fastened only with a simple latch, the situation of the *prophet's chamber* was so familiar to the feet of the brethren, that, if one arrived after the family had retired for the night, he found his way to it, and the first indication the family had of a guest was his appearance at breakfast the next morning.

"In nearly all of them there was a marked individuality of character that would have furnished rich materials for the pen of Scott. The Rev. Joseph Litchfield was settled over a little village of fishermen, and his appearance, at least, was that of a pilot who had weathered a hundred storms. He was welcome to every fireside for the quaint and graphic simplicity of his language, and eminently liked in the pulpit by the younger members of the family for the extreme brevity of his sermons; which sermons were always begun and finished by lamp-light on Saturday evening. The praise of brevity could not be given to the sermons of the Rev. Huntington Porter, from Rye, close upon the sea.

There was an aridity in the sermons and in the aspect of the preacher, that bore as strong a resemblance to the sand upon the sea-shore as the Rev. Mr. Litchfield's did to the calling of his flock. They were both like those wholesome fruits whose mellow and sweet qualities are covered with a rough and husky rind. Mr. Litchfield's prayers, made up of quotations of the highly figurative language of Scripture, never varied; if he had been cut short in any part of them, the youngest of his hearers could have taken up the strain and gone on to the end."

The parish over which Dr. Buckminster was ordained was one of more note than the simple village cures to which his associates ministered. Portsmouth was then a place of far greater relative importance than it now possesses; among its inhabitants were many persons of wealth, and the tone of its society was more free and joyous than is customary in a New England town. The minister was paid munificently; he usually received from six to seven hundred dollars a year. Puritanism never obtained a strong foothold there, for the first settlers of the town were Episcopalians, and the law, that to be a freeman one must be a member of the church, never obtained among them. The first Congregational minister who came to the place was imprisoned, because he would not conform to the English church; and his spirit was probably sorely vexed after his release by the dances and merry-makings of which the people were more fond than of fasting and prayer. The aspect of society, of course, became more sober and ascetic as the spirit of New England thrift was developed, and Puritan blood was admitted into the place through marriage and the intercourse of business; but the tone which was given to manners by the first inhabitants has not wholly disappeared even at the present day.

"There were large fortunes made in Portsmouth, and the inhabitants imitated in splendor of living the mother country. Governor Wentworth, a man of most brilliant talents and accomplishments, with his enlarged views, refined tastes, and elegant manners, — with the means also of expense, receiving as he did a large salary,* — set the example of social entertainments, and promoted every elegant amusement. There were more private carriages and livery servants in Portsmouth, in proportion to the

* His salary, besides his house-rent and farm, was fourteen hundred pounds. A large sum previous to the Revolution.

number of inhabitants, than in any other place in New England. Even as late as the end of the last century, the writer can recollect scattered remnants of the former splendor. Within the old meeting-house, ancient, venerable forms loom out of the distant dimness, arrayed in all the splendor of the costume of the court of George the Third. Immense wigs, white as snow, coats trimmed with gold lace, embroidered waistcoats, ruffles of delicate Mechlin lace worn by the rougher sex, cocked hats, and gold-headed canes, — costumes that would now be assumed for a masquerade, — were scattered through the old meeting-house; and then at the church door were the chariots, with livery footmen behind, to take the delicate-footed gentlemen to their homes. But these were only the broken and scattered remnants of the old fabric of society, — the preserved ornaments of old-fashioned splendor."

We have not room to copy as many of our author's pleasant sketches as we could wish; but the portraits of the good old deacon and his wife, with whom Dr. Buckminster, then an unmarried man, went to board at the time of his settlement, are so capitally done that we cannot resist the temptation to borrow them.

"They dwelt in a small, plain house, one little parlor of ten feet square containing all that was requisite for their comfort. The deacon himself tended a little shop in front of the parlor, filled with needles, pins, tape, quality-binding, snuff, — that most common luxury, — with a small pair of scales to weigh a copper's worth. The deacon always wore a full suit of very light drab broadcloth, with white cotton stockings and silver knee-buckles, and a full-bottomed white horsehair wig, always powdered. His exquisitely plaited cambric ruffles were turned back while he was in the shop, under white linen sleeves or cuffs, and a white linen apron preserved the purity of the fine drab broadcloth.

"His solitary mate sat in the little three-cornered parlor, whose fireplace was an afterthought, and built into the corner; the bricks forming successive little shelves, where various small things could be kept warm. There she sat all day at her round table, with needle-work, dressed in an old-fashioned brocade, with an exquisite lawn handkerchief folded over it, and environed with a scrupulous neatness, where the litter of children's sports never came. In the stoical childhood of the writer, it was a blessed recreation to be permitted to go and drink tea with the old-fashioned pair. The visitor sat upon the stair that came down into the room, and observed the process of making tea, when the bright copper kettle was placed before the fire, and the waiter with small china cups

took the place of the work-basket upon the round table. Then, as the evening shades gathered in that little room, and the tea-kettle sang louder and louder, the mate of this solitary nest came in from the shop. His white wig was exchanged for a linen cap, the cuffs and the apron laid aside, and the latchet of the silver shoe-buckle unloosed, but not taken out. His place was also at another small table, where were writing materials and the ledger of the little establishment.

"It was the proud office of the childish visitor to be permitted to carry the smoking cup of tea across the few steps that divided the tables without spilling a drop, more than rewarded by the benignant smile, the courteous politeness, of the old gentleman. Yes, although he sold snuff by the copper's worth, he was a true paladin, chivalrous to his companion, whom he always called "My love," while she addressed him by the plainer title of "Neighbor," obeying, no doubt, the injunction of Scripture that she should love her neighbor as herself.

"In this frugal, uniform, secluded manner, they passed the evening of a life that had once been more eventful, and with greater means of expense; and in retaining the costume of better days, unsuited to the business of the small shop, they retained what conduced to their own unassuming self-respect."

Three years after his settlement, Dr. Buckminster married Sarah, the only child of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, of Kittery Point. Four children were the fruit of this marriage, of whom the second, the only son, Joseph Stevens Buckminster, was born in May, 1784, and was but six years old at the time of his mother's death. As far as hereditary influence could go, the boy was certainly destined from his cradle for the ministry; for his maternal grandfather and great-grandfather were distinguished clergymen, and we have already traced his clerical pedigree on the father's side. Dr. Stevens of Kittery had been left an orphan, under singular circumstances, when he was but seven months old; the whole family, excepting this infant, consisting of father, mother, one other child, an aunt, and a maid servant, were swept off at once by the small pox. The little boy owed his life to the prudence of his nurse, who fled with him to Andover. He was educated at Harvard, and settled at Kittery, where he was left a widower when his only child, a daughter, was but ten years old. He refused to marry again, saying that he regarded his separation from his wife as only temporary; and he would not employ a female guardian and companion for his child, as he considered himself

competent to educate her, and he would have no one interfere between his daughter and himself. The plan was perhaps a hazardous one, but it succeeded admirably, as we learn that "the relation between them was as unreserved as it was singular and beautiful." The daughter was never sent to school, but her father was her sole companion, except when she was visiting her mother's relatives, and her only instructor in all that was then deemed appropriate for female education.

"Some anecdotes remain of Dr. Stevens, that are as characteristic of the manners of a century ago, as of the individuality of his character. The meeting-house and parsonage on Kittery Point, upon the northeastern shore, at the mouth of the Piscataqua, have an aspect and situation which in summer cannot be surpassed for beauty and variety of scenery, but in winter are bleak and exposed to storms, and at times the river must have been almost impassable. Tradition informs us, that, after he was somewhat advanced in years, and consequently not very well able to bear the cold, he would remain in the parsonage on a stormy Sabbath morning in the winter, till the bell had tolled some time, and then he would send his servant Sambo into the meeting-house with the message, that, if there were but seven hearers assembled, 'massa' invited them to come into his parlor, and he would preach to them there; but if there were upwards of seven, he would go to the meeting-house. He would then enter, with his outside garment tied closely around his waist with a silk handkerchief, as no fires were then kept in the places of worship, and, thus protected from the cold, he would go through the services.

"He used to ride on horseback in the winter, accoutred in the same manner, and carry relief to the temporal wants of the poor and sick, as well as spiritual instruction to all whom he could reach. He was intimately acquainted with every member of his parish, man, woman, and child; and although his meeting-house was usually well filled in good weather, and very often crowded, he could tell who were missing; and if places were vacant on a pleasant Sabbath, he was sure to be out on horseback very early on Monday morning to visit the absentees. Few, very few, ever put him to the trouble of going to see them two Mondays in succession.

"Sambo, the black servant already mentioned, was the factotum in his master's small family, and very fond of a practical joke. One summer's day, when one of the clerical brethren came to visit his master, Sambo tethered the horse so near to the rocks in the pasture that the poor beast could get but a very scanty meal. When reproved by his master for his inhospitality, he

replied, 'Massa tell Sambo that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, and Sambo thought that the nearer the rock the sweeter the grass.' Even without this anecdote we should infer that Dr. Stevens, although extremely liberal and charitable, conducted his affairs with shrewdness and economy; for out of a small salary he was able to lay by some thousands of dollars, and at his death he was esteemed rich."

Dr. Stevens was chosen President of Harvard College by its Fellows in 1769; but his intimacy with the Pepperells at Kittery caused him to be suspected of Toryism when the contest with the mother country was at hand, and his appointment was rejected by the Overseers. He remained passive during the war, and was therefore not molested; but his political predilections would occasionally peep out in a sermon, and his Whiggish hearers took every opportunity to retaliate. Thus, when he was once preaching at Portsmouth, Oliver Cromwell *happened* to be mentioned in the discourse, and was "soundly berated." The ordinance of baptism was to be administered after the sermon, and when the father was requested to give a name to his child, suppressing the one he had formerly selected, he called out loudly "Oliver Cromwell;" and by that name, to the great amusement of the congregation, the Doctor was compelled to baptize the infant.

But the union of the minister with his people was too strong and affectionate to be materially shaken by political differences; and at the funeral of the good old man, which took place in 1791, it is related that "the shore of the beautiful point was lined with boats, and the meeting-house crowded to overflowing with a weeping multitude." Mrs. Buckminster had died ten months before, and the loss of his much loved daughter appears to have hurried him to the grave. A touching anecdote is told of him, that when she was within a few days of her death, he rode many miles in search of a plant that he had heard was a specific for diseases of the lungs. "Fond affection clings to the frailest support, and finds food for hope where others find only despair." She was indeed an admirable woman, of that gentle and loving disposition, and devout heart, which were afterwards so happily reflected in the character of her son. Him she consecrated to God when on her death-bed; and the recollection that his lost mother had called him to be a minister would have been sufficient to determine

his choice, even if the matter had not already been decided by his own feelings.

"When Joseph was between five and six years old, his parents left home on a journey for a few weeks, and his father, when he took leave of the boy, said, rather jestingly, — 'Well, my son, you must have an eye to the family while I am absent, and see that every thing goes on in its accustomed regularity,' — never suspecting the extent to which his suggestion would be acted upon. Joseph accordingly, as soon as the hours of school were over, repaired to his father's study, and spent the time alone with the books; and when the hour for the morning or evening devotions of the family arrived, he rang the bell, and, in his sweet, childish voice, summoned the inmates of the house to prayers. He read a chapter, with the commentary, as usual, and concluded with an extemporaneous prayer; and this with so much gravity and solemnity, that, instead of any approach to levity in the servants, they were impressed with deep seriousness, and one of them was greatly affected. This was not done once or twice, but continued, with unabated reverence, during the absence of his parents."

Grief for the loss of his wife, who left to him three children of tender years, brought on a return of Dr. Buckminster's nervous malady, and for months the clouds hung dark over his spirit. But he applied himself with more zeal than ever to the duties of his sacred office; his preaching became more fervid and spiritual, and as time slowly scarred over the wound in his affections, his thoughts became bright again, and the heavens smiled upon him. Three years afterwards, he gave another mother to his young children by marrying the sister of the late Theodore Lyman the elder, of Boston; and with her he lived happily for twelve years.

Dr. Buckminster's family became large, and the salary, which was esteemed a liberal one for a clergyman in those days, hardly sufficed for his necessary expenses. He had twelve children, five of whom, however, died in infancy. The cost of his son's education while at the Exeter Academy, and afterwards at Cambridge, appears to have strained his slender means to the utmost. The cautions that were given to the youth in respect to economy, the deliberations about the expense of a new pair of boots and of the mode of returning to his home during the vacation, may excite a smile at first; but a moment's reflection induces a new feeling of

sympathy and respect. Professional men nowadays, especially in the ministry, with much larger comparative means, utter loud complaints of penury, and are frequently embarrassed with debts; they have thoughtlessly attempted to vie with their more fortunate parishioners in their style of living, and often suffer deep humiliation in consequence. The difficulty arises chiefly from misplaced pride; they forget that the estimation in which their class is held in our community does not depend on the size of their houses, and the richness of their furniture. *They* can afford to live humbly, for the respect paid to them and their real influence with their people will usually be in an inverse ratio with the luxuries that they seem to enjoy. Those who have not had equal advantages of education, and who fill a less prominent and influential station in society, may be excused for an attempt to magnify their own importance by external appendages. We would not imply by any means that the salaries of our clergymen are large enough; on the contrary, considering that so much is now expected from them in the pulpit that they cannot devote a large portion of the week, as their predecessors did, to secular labor for the purpose of supporting their families, they certainly do not receive a fair equivalent for their time and toil. But to run into debt is a poor mode of proving this fact to their parishioners.

They can derive much instruction on this point from the life of Dr. Buckminster. Some of Mrs. Lee's remarks upon the education of his daughters show how resolutely he acted up to his principles of economy and independence.

"From the prevailing notions which preceded and reached almost to the time of which I write, the female mind of New England was left almost wholly without culture. The daughters of clergymen had some little chance of intellectual improvement, by living more in the presence of books, and having occasional intercourse with the learned of the time; but that only increased the embarrassing peculiarity of their position. A country minister stands upon almost the lowest step of social life, in regard to the pecuniary means of intellectual culture; but in intellectual endowment, cultivated manners, and social influences, he must stand with the highest, and hold intercourse with the most cultivated. His family must share his position, whatever it is, and his daughters must form tastes for refinement, for intellectual intercourse, and for cultivated society, which the total want of

pecuniary means prevents them afterwards, as our society is constituted, from enjoying. And only in peculiar and fortunate cases are they able to indulge the tastes they have too early formed.

"The wholly secluded education that Dr. Buckminster gave his daughters might have arisen from such considerations. Although he was active and instrumental in establishing better schools for girls in Portsmouth, he did not allow his daughters to go to them, nor to associate much with society of their own age. Perhaps some lingering fondness for the kind of education their mother had enjoyed remained in his mind, and he might have hoped to reproduce a likeness to her in his daughters. But the cloistered retirement of her children was not peaceful, like hers. However nun-like their seclusion, it was not for the purpose of reading or praying; it was filled with domestic duties and the care of younger children. Book-learning was the last necessity; they had far other and humbler duties to learn, and to perform. With an invalid wife and a small salary, the moments for indulging a studious taste in his daughters were few and far between, and for the most part stolen. Such a family was indeed a school for learning the humble and passive virtues. Patience, industry, and carefulness were all taught, but a knowledge of the world wholly excluded. Happy was it for him that they learned contentment in their frugal, stoical home, when, only a few years after, these elder daughters were left, by the death of his wife, the guardians of his comfort, and the mothers of his younger children.

"His remarkable unworldliness, and his persuasion that sentiment is the treasure-house of happiness, and that young ministers especially should have in reserve, for the peculiar trials of their calling, the domestic affections, to fall back upon as the surest of all resources, made him think lightly of pecuniary cares. He used to encourage his brethren, when their means were scanty, to give themselves to their appropriate work, and to confide in the Providence of God. He said, 'As a general thing, it is with ministers in regard to their livings as with the Israelites of old in gathering manna. They gather, some more, some less. He that gathers much has nothing over, and he that gathers little has no lack.'"

Dr. Buckminster appears to have been eminently fortunate in his domestic relations, and we are prepared beforehand to accept his biographer's statement, that "the most interesting part of his character was not understood except by his own family." His religious creed was a severe one, that led to

rigid, if not stern, views of paternal authority ; and his own standard of propriety and right was so high and inflexible, that it seemed to be exacting a great deal to require others to come up to it. But in practice, his forbearing and affectionate disposition tempered his theory and softened his manners, so that the implicit obedience that was rendered to his wishes sprang from no feeling of compulsion or restraint ; it was the voluntary gift of love.

"The moment his clear and musical voice was heard, the children were wild with impatient joy to be in his presence ; and then the infant was in his arms, the smaller children were climbing his knees ; and in their infantile complaints, no one had the power of soothing them like himself. The youngest child was sent from home to nurse ; the distance was perhaps half a mile ; every day during the winter, when the snow or rain did not actually descend with violence, the little girl was brought home in her father's arms, and carried back again in the afternoon by the same tender guardian. And, with all his tenderness of feeling, it was his deep sense of duty, of parental responsibility, that made him so careful, so incessantly watchful, over his children."

His affectionate heart was brought into a rude conflict with his religious convictions and his sense of duty, when the time came for his son to begin the labors of his profession. His own views were rigidly Calvinistic, while the theological studies of his son had led him to reject the doctrine of the Trinity and the orthodox scheme of the atonement. To the father, these were the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, and a denial of them seemed equivalent to a confession of general infidelity. He would have been deeply pained by such an avowal, even if it had not been made by one of his own blood ; but coming from his son, the object for so many years of his loving pride and earnest prayers, the blow was almost too great to bear. To sanction the entrance of that son into the pulpit, either to disseminate such views while there, or to maintain a prudent silence respecting them, seemed like consenting to a denial of his Master, or to conduct which united the guilt of hypocrisy and impiety. He could not do it, and in the anguish of his soul he wrote, "you had better be a porter on the wharf than a preacher with such views." He insisted that the profession of the law or of medicine was still open to him, and that it was better to engage in either,

to the sacrifice of the time already devoted to theology, than to profane the sacred calling with his skepticism, or to preach the doctrines of the infidel.

The thought of quitting his cherished profession just when his steps had reached its threshold was agony to the son; but his habit of filial submission and obedience did not allow him to hesitate. On receiving the letter from his father, he wrote in his private journal, "O God, assist, guide, and direct me what course of life to pursue! Save me from prejudice, from indifference, from ambition, and from worldly views!" That he was sincere in this act of self-renunciation from deference to his father, appears from a letter which he wrote to a friend in Cambridge, asking if an office in the college was open to him that would support him for a while without the practice of any profession. The correspondence between the father and the son on this painful topic has been in part preserved, and it appears in this volume. It is equally honorable to the feelings and principles of both parties, and rather shows how great were their mutual love and confidence than that any mistrust had arisen from this common misfortune of a difference in their theological opinions. How the difficulty was conquered does not appear from these letters, as the matter was probably decided during a visit of the son to Portsmouth, where it could be fully discussed in conversation. A secret consciousness, that their feelings, purposes, and aspirations were completely in unison, must have gone far to persuade both, that the want of similarity in their speculative views was no insuperable obstacle to their laboirng in the same cause. The father preached the sermon at his son's ordination, and seems to have been troubled with no further misgivings about his career than those which arose from anxiety lest his excessive zeal in the work should shorten his period of usefulness.

The peculiarities of Dr. Buckminster's mind and his characteristics as a pulpit orator are fully illustrated in this volume by copious extracts from his correspondence and sermons, and in some reminiscences of him by two surviving friends. In his writings we trace many of the attractive qualities which became so conspicuous in the spoken discourses of his son. He wrote with great correctness and apparent ease, with a large command of language, and an instinctive purity of taste.

Sentiment rather than logic predominated in his sermons; he looked upon a subject from many points of view, and illustrated it with an abundant flow of imagination and fancy, though his treatment of it was neither exhaustive nor systematic. He preached to the heart rather than the intellect, and his reasoning was more persuasive than profound. His temperament was so sensitive and his emotions so strong, that his expressions and many of his opinions were evidently colored by the feelings of the moment. His periods of nervous distress sometimes gave a tinge of gloom to his discourses, and inclined him to hold up the terrors of the law to his hearers, — a tendency which was increased by the severity of his creed. But his thorough kindness of heart could never have been wholly concealed, and when in his ordinary mood, as we are told by one who knew him well and had no temptation to exaggerate, "the traces of a playful imagination were ever visible in his sermons." That he was so great a favorite as a preacher may have been owing in part to his great personal advantages, which his son also inherited to a remarkable degree; a commanding and graceful person, a speaking countenance, and a clear and melodious voice, added greatly to the attractiveness of his matter, and insured him a patient audience. Over his own parish he probably exerted as strong an influence as his son wielded in a wider sphere; but as his mind was informed by a culture less broad and generous, that influence could not be so well perpetuated through his published discourses. In native power of thought and vigor of character, he was perhaps superior to his brilliant son; but his faculties were less carefully trained, and there was comparatively little in his sphere of action to excite and develop them. New England clergymen of the last century seldom rose far above the point which they had attained at the commencement of their ministry; the fixedness of their position and the narrow range of topics which they were wont to discuss were impediments to intellectual progress, though they were favorable to singleness of spirit and to moral and religious growth. And they obtained what they most sought, the love and confidence, rather than the admiration of their people.

Nothing is said of the political principles of Dr. Buckminster, but we infer from the ardor of his admiration for the

character of General Washington, that he was a Federalist of the old school. Six of the twenty-five sermons that he published were devoted to the character and a commemoration of the services of this great man; and his daughter relates, that one of the only two occasions on which she ever saw her father in tears, was when he received the news of Washington's death, and endeavored in vain to give the intelligence to his family. When he afterwards alluded in his ministerial services to this event, an eminent civilian remarked that Dr. Buckminster deserved no credit for the prayer, as it was the immediate effect of Divine inspiration. It seems to have been so on all occasions when his devotional exercises were animated by strong emotion growing out of some recent event; he was so much under the influence of his sensibilities, that the powers of his mind never appeared to full advantage but when he was deeply moved. As the flood of feeling swelled within his sensitive temperament, his imagination was kindled, and he acted and spoke like a messenger from heaven.

It was natural for such a person to see his theological doctrines under various aspects at different times. His opinions, in fact, were firmly held and seldom changed; but they appeared to him gloomy or joyous according to the mood of the hour. When his disease was upon him, he brooded over the sternest articles of his faith, and his depression amounted almost to despair; but as the shadow was lifted, and his mind recovered its tone, the harsh doctrine also was touched by the sunlight, and became an expression of the infinite benignity of Him from whom it was derived. He was bred a Calvinist, and his theoretical views seem to have become more severe and unbending as he advanced in years; but there was nothing harsh or forbidding in his doctrines as he applied them to life. He had a hearty relish for the pleasures of taste, and frowned on no innocent amusements. He permitted his children to receive lessons in dancing, and to visit, though rarely and with many cautions, the theatre. It is likely that his distress, when he first heard of the change in the opinions of his son, led him to exaggerate the magnitude of the departure from his own creed; and when these opinions were subsequently explained to him in their relation with the duties of a pastor, though wholly dissatisfied with the reasons alleged in their favor, he ceased to regard them as utterly

inconsistent with the profession of a Christian teacher. He afterwards acted with great liberality of sentiment towards Mr. Parker, whose opinions were perhaps more obnoxious than those of his son, and who was brought into relations of great intimacy with Dr. Buckminster through his settlement over another parish in the same town; but here again, there was so much agreement in character and purpose between the two, that speculative differences quite unconsciously slipped out of view.

The real union of spirit between Dr. Buckminster and his richly gifted son was attested in an affecting manner by their deaths within twenty-four hours of each other, though at places too distant to allow the news to be carried from one to the other during this short interval. The father died at a little village near Bennington, Vermont, while on a journey to Saratoga Springs, that was undertaken in the hope of promoting his recovery from a serious attack of the malady which had hung about him ever since his college days. He had not shared this hope, but had yielded to the advice of his friends. On the morning of the 10th of June, 1812, when he was evidently sinking fast, he remarked to his wife with perfect composure, "My son Joseph is dead." As no news of that son's illness had reached them, she supposed he had been dreaming, and endeavored to convince him that it was so. "No," he replied; "I have not slept nor dreamed; he is dead." He was right; the son had died of brain fever in Boston the night before, and within a few hours the father followed him. As Mrs. Buckminster herself related the conversation which she had had with him that morning, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story. The son had died prematurely, while the father was declining in years; but the fruit which had just appeared under the blossom, and that which had grown old on the stalk, were equally ripe for heaven.

Art. IV. — *A Digest of the Law of Real Property.* By William Cruise, Barrister at Law. *Revised and considerably enlarged*, by Henry Hopley White, Esq., of the Middle Temple. *Further revised and enlarged, with Additions and Notes, for the Use of American Students.* By Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Law in Harvard University. Vol. I. Boston: Little and Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 434 and 408.

When Lord Erskine was advanced to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, he knew very little of the law of real property, whose principles he was called upon to administer and expound; and we are told by his biographers that one of his first acts was to procure a copy of Cruise's Digest, which he proceeded to study with due diligence. This was a judicious course; since it was at once a confession of ignorance, the first step in the progress towards knowledge, and a resort to the source most likely to dispel it.

Cruise's Digest has been more than forty years before the public, and is still reprinted and studied. This is quite a good old age for an English law book to attain to, for, ponderous as such books are, they are among the most fleeting and fugitive of earthly things. This is in a great degree owing to the exclusively practical character of English law, and to the objects consequently proposed to themselves by the writers of legal treatises. As most of our readers doubtless belong to that class which the common law, with that felicitous "derangement of epitaphs" characteristic of it, calls "lay gents," we may venture to say to them, what every lawyer knows to his cost, that English law books bear the same relation to symmetrical treatises upon scientific subjects, as rafts do to ships. Few legal writers aim to secure a permanent place for their books by neatness of style, luminous distribution of materials, careful analysis of authorities, and philosophical discussion of principles, — qualities which have rescued the writings of Pothier, and will rescue those of Savigny, from the destroying hands of time; but they aspire to nothing more than to furnish the practitioner with a manual which shall contain a digest of, or reference to, all the reported cases upon the subject in question. Thus, to go back to our

illustration of the raft, the reported cases furnish the timbers, and the legal constructor's function is only to supply the bolts which fasten them together; and simple as this work seems, it is often very badly done. But, every year the courts of justice yield a new harvest of decisions; and thus new books must be written, or the old ones must be overlaid with the annual alluvion of increase, in the shape of notes to new editions, which gradually enlarge the successive issues out of all identity, by a process like that which expands a slender stripling into a portly sexagenarian. The consequence of this is, that at the end of twenty years, a lawyer finds half his law library obsolete, from having been superseded either by new books or new editions; and at the end of fifty years, if his thread of professional life be spun so long, a large part of his original stock will have no other value to those who come after him than that derived from association with an honorable name.

To this general character of English law books there are, of course, some exceptions. Were the title of contingent remainders blotted from the English law, the legal student would still continue to read Fearne's masterly essay, for the perspicuous ability with which it unfolds the mysteries of that dark subject. Stephen's beautiful treatise on special pleading is likely to survive, in our country at least, the science which it illustrates. And, above all, the stream of time finds no dissoluble elements in the immortal work of Blackstone, a work which never has been, and never can be, overpraised; which, considering the time when it was written, and the little aid that could then be derived from the earlier sages of the law, may safely be pronounced one of the highest efforts of the human understanding, challenging competition with any similar production in any language for symmetrical arrangement, various learning, unerring judgment, and perfect good taste; and which has provoked the minute criticisms to which it is occasionally obnoxious, only because the high standard it has created enabled its lynx-eyed censors to measure how far it fell short of absolute perfection. Sergeant Hill is said to have declared, that he could point out some erroneous statement on every page of Blackstone, (a gross exaggeration, by the by;) and yet, for all that, Sergeant Hill, had he written his fingers off, could never have restored

the most indifferent paragraph in the commentaries, had it chanced to meet the fate of the lost books of Livy.

The merits of Cruise's Digest may be briefly stated. It is a book of no pretensions. It does not profess to be a scientific treatise, but only a digest of cases and principles. In such a work, the first requisite is accuracy, and this it has in a high degree. The student may be sure, when Mr. Cruise states a proposition in real law, that it needs no correction or qualification. He may be sure that his citation of a case exactly supports the principle it purports to do.

It is also a thorough and laborious book. All the abstruse and recondite learning of the English common law in regard to real property may be here found. The author has shrunk from no toil, nor hesitated to pursue his subject through all its labyrinthine mazes. The results of these laborious investigations are stated with much clearness and distinctness; and the method and arrangement of the work are good. Thus, Cruise's Digest, without any claims to be a great book, is an eminently serviceable, useful, and practical one; and for these reasons, notwithstanding the many changes which have been introduced into real law, by the action of parliament, since its publication, it has not been superseded by any other treatise; but it is still republished, having gone through four editions in England, and three, at least, in America, previous to the present one.

With the aid of Cruise and Blackstone, the student will gain a knowledge of real law, sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of most minds, and enough to meet the ordinary requisitions of professional life. He who is ambitious of more must go back to the earlier sources. He must explore the pages of Spelman, and Wright, and Craig, and, especially, he must not wax pale at deep draughts from that well of English law, Coke upon Littleton.

Professor Greenleaf brings uncommon qualifications to the task of preparing the labors of Cruise for the American student and practitioner. His life has been exactly of that kind which fits a man to write good law books. In these, two objects are aimed at; one is to instruct the student, and the other, to aid the practitioner. We hold, as a general rule, that no man can write a good text-book who has not been a teacher of the subject to which the book is devoted; and in

regard to law books, it is unquestionably true that no man can make a law book, of any substantial value to the practitioner, who has not himself been engaged in the practice of the law. Mr. Greenleaf has shared both these experiences. Many years of his life were passed in the practice of the law in the State of Maine, where his industry, judgment, integrity, and constantly increasing legal learning secured him a steady professional progress, and placed him at last on a position equal to that occupied by the ablest of his rivals. The reported volumes of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Maine which bear his name, compiled with taste, accuracy, and judgment, bear testimony to the extent of his practice and the conscientious thoroughness with which his arguments were prepared. In the prime of his life and in the full maturity of his powers, he was appointed professor in the Law School at Cambridge, upon the death of the late lamented Mr. Ashmun, in which honorable occupation he remained until the last year, when the state of his health, severely tasked by long and uninterrupted toil, compelled him to retire, to the regret alike of the friends of the University and of all lovers of good law.

While yet engaged in the practice of the law, Mr. Greenleaf compiled a small volume containing those cases in the English and American Reports which have been overruled, denied, doubted, or limited in their application, — a work of much research and considerable utility. In 1842, appeared the first volume of his treatise on Evidence, which has already reached a fourth edition, followed in 1846 by a second volume, which is now in its second edition.

The merits of such a work as Mr. Greenleaf's treatise on Evidence, which has already become one of the classics of the law, deserve honorable mention in the pages even of an exclusively literary journal. No better book upon any legal subject has appeared, either in England or America, since the publication of Blackstone's Commentaries. It takes its place with Stephen on Pleading, Kent's Commentaries, and Mr. Justice Story's treatises on the Conflict of Laws, and on Equity Jurisprudence. The student who reads this work as a text-book will be struck with its admirable arrangement, its lucid method, and the natural succession of topics. He will admire its ripe and well-digested learning, not the result of

any hasty cramming, but the mellow growth of many patient years of tranquil research. He will be attracted by its excellent style, so neat, scholarlike, and accurate, hitting a happy medium between diffuseness and denseness, neither flooding the page with a torrent of words, nor yet reducing the text to a succession of pregnant aphorisms. He will find the rules and principles of evidence extracted from the cases, the reasons for these rules fairly stated, the changes and modifications introduced at successive periods, and the cases referred to as authorities simply, and very rarely copied into the text. The legal reformer may sometimes dissent from its conservative tone, and wish for the cutting edge of a bolder and more innovating spirit; but he will not fail to respect the modesty, the good taste, and the candid style of reasoning, with which the author maintains his own views, and gives the sanction of his name to principles which the reader may think have nothing but authority to uphold them.

But our commendation of this excellent work does not stop here. Many a book, which bears well enough the cursory examination of a continuous perusal, breaks down under the severe test to which it is exposed, when the practitioner has recourse to it for help in a point of practical difficulty. A doubt arises in the mind, suggested perhaps by a client's question, which cannot long wait for an answer. The text-book is hastily consulted, but we find that the oracle is either dumb, or vocal only when its responses are not wanted. The discussion, when it approaches the solution of our difficulty, passes off in a cloud of vague generalities; the point where the law pinches is not grappled with, but civilly bowed out of Court; and all that we have learned is, where not to go, the next time we are in search of any thing beyond the most elementary information. How often does the lawyer, in search of a short cut to what he wants, throw down the text-book with a hasty exclamation of impatience at the looseness of crude compilers, and an inwardly-registered vow to waste no more time in exploring pages which throw their puny gleam upon the noonday sun, but leave the darkness of midnight unpierced by a single ray.

But Mr. Greenleaf's treatise will never baffle the inquirer in this way. His long experience at the bar and as a teacher of law, has taught him what are really the difficult questions

in the law of evidence, and these are fairly met and thoroughly discussed. Nothing is overlooked in ignorance; nothing loosely woven in indolence or haste. It is too much to ask of any book that it shall answer every question and solve every doubt; but we may safely say that no practitioner ever consulted Mr. Greenleaf's pages in a case of difficulty, without finding some assistance, — either the information sought, or at least, the path which leads to it. We may venture to refer to the chapter on Payments, in the second volume, as a thorough and masterly discussion of a difficult point of law, in which all the learning of the books is marshalled and arranged, with such careful discrimination, philosophical precision, and practical utility, as may well serve as a model to all persons engaged in the same labors. Mr. Greenleaf has also written a preliminary essay to a harmony of the Gospels, entitled "An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists, by the Rules of Evidence administered in Courts of Justice;" a work which has been already noticed in our Journal.

When it was understood that Mr. Greenleaf was engaged in preparing an edition of Cruise for the American student and practitioner, it was felt by the legal profession that this task could not have been devolved upon more competent hands. We cannot help expressing the wish, however, that Mr. Greenleaf had rather chosen to write an original work on the subject of the law of real property, which, though it would have cost more time and labor, would have been a better book, and constituted a more imposing monument to the author's reputation. We necessarily associate with the idea of notes something subordinate and subsidiary; and it is only from a careful examination, directed to that special end, that we can measure the learning and ability which are here displayed in this unambitious form.

The original work of Cruise is comprised in seven volumes, the first two of which are included in the volume before us, and are all that have as yet appeared. Mr. Greenleaf's part in the work is not merely well, it is admirably, done. His notes are full of learning, carefully considered, and of most commendable brevity. He has had no ambition to magnify his office. He has not encumbered his pages with a showy display of cheap learning, nor imposed upon the profession

the necessity of purchasing a mass of speculative discussion, of no practical utility. He refers the reader to all the sources of American law upon the points discussed in the text, and thus not unfrequently suggests topics of reflection interesting to the enlightened legislator and the philosophical statesman in the various modifications which the liberal spirit of our own institutions, and the growing intelligence of the age, have introduced into the harsh and unbending rules of the feudal law. In a literary journal, we can only commend these labors in general terms, as any professional discussion would be out of place; but we may be allowed to refer the curious reader to an interesting discussion on the foundation of the European title to the soil of America, on the 23d page, to the note on disseisin, on the 51st page, to the statement of the duties and liabilities of lessees and housekeepers in regard to fire, on the 139th page, all of the first volume. To the members of the legal profession, perhaps the most valuable portion of Mr. Greenleaf's labors will be found in the rich stores of profound and exhausting learning which he has accumulated upon the difficult subject of mortgages, in the second volume.

Besides preparing the notes, Mr. Greenleaf has corrected the text of Cruise, has abridged many of the cases cited from easily accessible books, and has omitted the chapters which are of no use to the profession in this country. The whole work, edited throughout as the first two volumes have been, will be one of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon the legal profession, and will add essentially to Mr. Greenleaf's already extended reputation.

We feel that no apology is due for devoting a few pages of a literary journal to a purely professional subject. Indeed, we should demur to any definition of literature not comprehensive enough to embrace the writings of Chancellor Kent, Mr. Justice Story, and Mr. Greenleaf. The distinguished favor with which their works have been received in Europe, is at once an unquestionable tribute to their merit, and a source of just pride to ourselves. Improvement in the theory and practice of the law is no unfair test by which to try the progress of a nation in true civilization. What we have done in this department leads us to look hopefully to the future. We have every reason to believe that the liberal and expansive spirit of our institutions will so far modify the common

law by the suggestions of reason and experience, and by the aid of other systems, as to lead to results interesting to all who speak the English language and are governed by laws of English origin.

ART. V. — *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son. Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation.* By CHARLES DICKENS. New York: John Wiley. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

MUCH has been said and written on the uses and abuses of fiction. Novel-writing and novel-reading have commonly been held in low estimation by grave and sensible people, or rather by people whose gravity has been received as the appropriate garment of sense. Many are both amused, and ashamed of being amused, by this class of compositions; and, accordingly, in the libraries of well-regulated families, untouched volumes of history and philosophy glitter on prominent book-shelves in all the magnificence of burnished bindings, while the poor, precious novel, dog's-eared and wasted as it may be by constant handling, is banished to some secret but accessible nook, in order that its modest merit may not evoke polite horror. It thus becomes a kind of humble companion, whose prattle is pleasant enough when alone, but who must be cut in genteel company. And thus, many a person whose heart is beating hard in admiration of Mr. Richard Turpin's ride to York, or whose imagination is filled with the image of Mr. James's solitary horseman slowly wending up the hill, still in public vehemently chatters on subjects with which he has no sympathy, and on books which he has never read.

Against good novels, that is, against vivid representations or idealizations of life, character, and manners, in this or in any past age, there would seem to be no valid objection; but this department of literature has unfortunately been a domain in which the whole hosts of folly, stupidity, and immorality have encamped. A good portion of the feeble things purporting to be novels are bad, and some of them execrably

bad. Ink-wasters, who could write nothing else, whom nature never intended to write any thing, have still considered themselves abundantly qualified to write fiction; consequently, all the nonsense and fat-wittedness in poor perverted human nature have been fully represented in the congress of romance. Of all printed books that ever vexed the wise, and charmed the foolish, a bad novel is probably that which best displays how far the mind can descend in the sliding scale of sense and nature. In the art of embodying imbecility of thought and pettiness of sentiment in a style correspondingly mean and gauzy, all other men and women have been fairly distanced by certain novelists not altogether unblessed now with popularity and influence.

This fact brings us to the distinctions existing between the widely different works classed under the common name of novels; namely, novels written by men of genius, novels written by commonplace men, and novels written by dunces. Commonplace and stupid novels, and commonplace and stupid admirers of them, every community can boast of possessing; but prose fictions of the higher class are rare. When, however, a man of genius embodies his mind in this form, it is ridiculous to allow any prejudice against the name to prevent us from acquiring the knowledge and enjoying the delight he is able to convey. If he be a great novelist, we may be sure that he has succeeded in a department of letters requiring a richly-gifted mind and heart; and that his success entitles him to some of the proudest honors of the intellect.

The novel, indeed, is one of the most effective, if not most perfect forms of composition, through which a comprehensive mind can communicate itself to the world, exhibiting, as it may, through sentiment, incident, and character, a complete philosophy of life, and admitting a dramatic and narrative expression of the abstract principles of ethics, metaphysics, and theology. Its range is theoretically as wide and deep as man and nature. Life is its subject, life in all its changes and modifications by climate, by national and local manners, by conventional usages, by individual peculiarities, by distance in time and space, by every influence, in short, operating on the complex nature of man. It is the most difficult of all modes of composition, for, in its perfection, it requires

a mind capable of perceiving and representing all varieties of life and character, of being tolerant to all, and of realizing them to the eye and heart, with vivid and vital truth. The great novelist should be a poet, philosopher, and man of the world, fused into one. Understanding man as well as men, the elements of human nature as well as the laws of their combinations, he should possess the most extensive practical knowledge of society, the most universal sympathies with his kind, and a nature at once shrewd and impassioned, observant and creative, with large faculties harmoniously balanced. His enthusiasm should never hurry him into bigotry of any kind, not even into bigoted hatred of bigotry; for, never appearing personally in his work as the champion of any of his characters, representing all faithfully, and studious to give even Satan his due, he must simply exhibit things in their right relations, and trust that morality of effect will result from truth of representation.

It is evident that this exacting ideal of a novelist has never been realized. In most of the novels written by men of powerful talents, we have but eloquent expressions of one-sided views of life. In some, the author represents himself, ideals of himself, and negations of himself, instead of mankind. Others are rhetorical addresses in favor of vice or virtue, religion or irreligion, clumsily cast into a narrative and colloquial form, in which we view the abstract feebly struggling after the concrete, but unable to achieve its laudable purpose. In some novels of a higher grade, we notice a predominance of the poetical, or philanthropic, or moral element, and though in these we have pictures, the author constantly appears as showman. Perhaps Scott, of all novelists, approaches nearest to the ideal, as far as his perceptions in the material and spiritual world extended. Whatever lay on the broad mirror of his imagination he fairly painted; but there were many things which that mirror, glorious as it was, did not reflect. Fielding, within the range of his mind, approaches nearer absolute perfection; and if he had possessed as keen a sense of the supernatural as the natural, he might have taken the highest rank among great constructive and creative minds; but he had no elevation of soul, and little power of depicting it in imagination. As it is, however, the life-like reality of the characters and scenes he has painted

indicates that his genius was bounded by nothing but his sentiments.

Although English literature is now, in respect to novels of character and manners, the richest in the world, we still find that the novel had not acquired much eminence as a department of imaginative literature until about the middle of the last century. Prose fiction was generally abandoned to writers who lacked the ability to embody their folly or indecency in verse. Richardson was the first man of genius who put forth his whole strength in this department of composition; and Fielding began his admirable series of fictions rather with the design of ridiculing Richardson than to form a new school of novelists. Smollett, without possessing Fielding's depth and geniality of nature, or Richardson's intense sentiment and hold upon the passions, still exhibited so large a knowledge of the world, such immense fertility of invention, such skill in the delineation of humorists, and such power in awakening both laughter and terror, that his works, though vitiated by the caustic bitterness of his temper, and by a misanthropic vulgarity calculated to inspire disgust rather than pleasure, have won for him a position side by side with Richardson and Fielding, as the founder of an influential school of novelists. Following these great men in rapid succession came Sterne, Goldsmith, Charles Johnstone, Fanny Burney, Walpole, Clara Reeves, Robert Bage, Mackenzie, and Mrs. Radcliffe, each of them possessing a vein of originality, and occupying some new department of fiction; and two of them, Sterne and Goldsmith, establishing a renown which promises to survive all mutations of taste. As the tone of morality and delicacy in works of fiction varies with the moral variations of society, and as the Anglo-Saxon mind seems penetrated by an ineradicable love of coarseness, the writings of many mentioned on our list are not particularly characterized by decorum. Indeed, until Miss Burney began to write, in 1778, decency was not considered a necessary ingredient of romance. Richardson has a minute and ludicrously formal method of dwelling upon licentious situations, and Fielding and Smollett include a considerable amount of profanity and ribaldry, which the least prudish reader must pronounce superfluous. The dunces, as a matter of course, adopted, with some additions, the vulgarity of their betters,

and superadded large quantities of stupidity from their own minds. Novels, therefore, soon came under the ban of the religious and prudent; anathemas were freely launched against them from the fireside and the pulpit; and parents might be excused for some bitterness of invective transcending the cool judgments of criticism, especially if a son was engaged in running the career of Peregrine Pickle, or a daughter was emulating the little eccentricities of Lady Betty Careless.

But about the beginning of the present century a new order of fictions came into fashion. As novelties commonly succeed with the public, some enterprising authors tried the speculation of discarding indecency. Sentimentality, the opposite evil, was substituted, and the dynasty of rakes was succeeded by the dynasty of flats. Lady Jane Brazenface, the former heroine, abdicated in favor of Lady Arabella Dieaway. The bold, free, reckless libertine of the previous romances now gave way to a lavendered young gentleman, the very pink and essence of propriety, faultless in features and in morals, and the undisputed proprietor of crushed affections and about two thousand sterling a year. The inspiration of this tribe of novelists was love and weak tea; the soul-shattering period of courtship was their field of action. Considered as a mirror of actual life, this school was inferior to the worst specimens of that which it supplanted; for the human race deserves this equivocal compliment to its intelligence, that it has more rogues than sentimentalists. However, the thing, bad as it was, had its day. Santo Sebastiano, Thaddeus of Warsaw, The Children of the Abbey, and other dispensations of a similar kind, exercised the despotism of sentimental cant over the circulating libraries, and their painfully perfect Matildas, Annas, Theresas, and Lauras became the ideal of the sex. It is evident that these novels, as we see them now enveloped in their moist atmosphere of sickly sensibility, required the smallest capital of intelligence that ever sufficed for the business of literature. A hero, whose duty it was to suffer impossible things and say foolish ones; a heroine, oscillating between elegant miseries and genteel ecstasies; a testy old father, from whom the gout occasionally forces a scrap of reason; a talkative maiden aunt, who imagines the hero to be in love with herself; a

pert chambermaid, who fibs and cheats for her mistress, and, at the same time, looks after some John or Peter on whom her own undying affections have settled; and a deep villain, who is the only sensible person in the book; — these shadows of character, which the author has the impertinence to call men and women, joined to an unlimited power to create and demolish fortunes, constitute about all the matter we have been able to find in some scores of these novels. The style is commonly sprinkled with a kind of interjectional pathos, consisting mainly of a frequent repetition of *ah!* and *oh!* The whole wretched mixture, despicable in every respect, still passed for many years, with far the larger portion of the reading public, for the genuine expression of the human heart and imagination.

It is principally from this vapid class of novels that the contemporary parental objection to works of fiction has arisen. Even at the period of their popularity, they were esteemed mostly by persons at a certain age of life and a certain stage of intellectual development; and there are doubtless many still living who can recollect the indignation with which the master and the mistress of a family beheld their entrance into the house.

But these fictions all fled like mists before the sun, when Scott appeared with Waverley. Since then, the novel has risen to a new importance in literature, and exerted a great influence upon departments of intellectual labor with which it seems to have little in common. Thierry, one of the greatest of modern historians, confesses that the reading of Ivanhoe revealed to him the proper method of historical composition. From being the weak companion of the laziest hours of the laziest people, the novel, under the impulse it received from Scott, became the illustrator of history, the mirror and satirist of manners, the vehicle of controverted opinions in philosophy, politics, and religion. In its delineations of character and its romantic and heroical incidents, it took the place of the drama and the epic. But in becoming the most popular mode of communication with the public, it induced an indiscriminate rush of mediocrity and charlatanism into romance, so great as almost to overwhelm the talent and genius travelling in the same path. In addition to this multitude of rogues and dunces, there was another multitude of preachers and contro-

versialists, eager to inculcate some system, good or bad, relating to other departments of literature, and who should have written treatises and sermons instead of novels. Mr. Plumer Ward desires to answer some arguments against Christianity, and forthwith publishes a novel. Professor Sewall has a dislike to the law of supply and demand, hates Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, and considers Romanists and Dissenters as criminals; and the result of these opinions and antipathies is a novel. Dr. Croly desires to give a narrative of some political and military events, and to analyze the characters of some prominent statesmen of the present century, and he accordingly declaims, rhapsodizes, and pastes the purple patches of his rhetoric on a long colloquial dissertation, and calls the agglomeration a novel. There is, of course, no objection to the matter of these works, provided it were treated dramatically; but this substitution of opinions for characters and incidents is altogether from the purpose of novel writing.

Of these various classes of fiction, that which, next to Scott's, attained for a few years the most popularity and influence was the school of Bulwer, or the novel of fashionable life. The publication of Pelham heralded a new intellectual dynasty of fops and puppies. Bulwer's original idea of a hero was the greatest satire ever written by a man of talent on his own lack of mental elevation. He attempted to realize in a fictitious character his notion of what a man should be, and accordingly produced a strange medley of qualities called Pelham, in which the dandy, the scholar, the sentimentalist, the statesman, the *roué*, and the blackguard, were all to be included in one "many-sided" man, whose merits would win equal applause from the hearty and the heartless, the lover and the libertine. Among these, however, the dandy stood preëminent, and scholarship, sentiment, politics, licentiousness, and ruffianism were all bedizened in the frippery of Almacks. To this character, Bulwer added another, who may be described in general terms as a man burning with hatred and revenge, misanthropical and moody, whose life had been blasted by some terrible wrong, and whose miserable hours were devoted to plots, curses, lamentations, and "convulsing" his face. These two types of character, the one unskilfully copied from Don Juan, the other from Lara, both

of them Byronic as far as Bulwer could understand Byron, reappeared, like ghosts of ghosts, in most of his succeeding novels. However much his mind may have grown, and his experience of life increased, since his first plunge into romance, he has never yet fully emancipated himself from these original shackles. Indeed, Bulwer is rather an eloquent and accomplished rhetorician than a delineator of life and character. His intellect and feelings are both narrowed by his personal character, and things which clash with his individual tastes he criticizes rather than delineates. Every thing that he touches is Bulwerized. A man of large acquirements, and ever ready to copy or pilfer from other authors, he discolors all that he borrows. The two sisters in Eugene Aram are copied directly from Scott's Minna and Brenda Troil, and their relative position is preserved; but throughout there is manifested an inability to preserve the features of the originals in their purity, and accordingly their natural bloom soon changes to fashionable *rouge*. That a man thus without humor and dramatic imagination should be able to attain a wide reputation as a novelist, is a triumph of pretension which must give delight to all engaged in experimenting on the discrimination of the public. If we compare him with any novelist possessing a vivid perception of the real, in actual or imaginary life, we see instantly the gulf which separates his splendid narrative essays from true novels; and his unreal mockeries of men and women, quickly passing from individualities into generalizations, stand out as embodied opinions on life and character, not representations of life and character.

In regard to the question which has been raised as to the morality of Bulwer's fictions, it is hardly possible for any person who, in reading a book, is accustomed to observe the biases of the author's mind, to come but to one conclusion. Their general tendency is not only immoral, but it is evident that the writer plumes himself on being superior to that vulgar code of practical ethics which keeps society from falling to pieces; and, in its place, he favors us with a far more elegant system, of which the prominent principle is a morbid voluptuousness, compounded of sensuality and noble sentiments, and admitting many resounding epithets of virtue and religion when they will serve either to dignify a meanness or point a period. To those who have no objection to devils provided

they are painted, this peculiar form of morality may have its attractions. Considered in relation to Bulwer's mind, it is one illustration of his defects as a novelist, especially as it indicates his lack of intellectual conscientiousness, of that fine sagacity which detects the false through all disguises, and seizes on the true and real with the felicity and speed of instinct. Without this genius for the truth, no novelist can succeed in a consistent exhibition of character; and its absence in Bulwer is the cause of the unnatural mixture of vices and virtues in the personages of his novels. In the present day, at least, when immorality is not of itself a passport to popularity, moral obliquity ever indicates an intellectual defect.

The success of Bulwer stirred the emulation of a crowd of imitators, and for a considerable period the domain of fiction was deluged by a flood of fashionable novels. Bulwer possessed shining talents, if not a kind of morbid genius; but most of those who followed in his wake produced a class of vapid fictions, full of puppyism and conceit, illumined by hardly a ray of common sense or moral sense, and as unparalleled in their dulness as in their debility. How such dreary trash contrived to find readers is one of those unexplained mental phenomena not solvable by any received theory of the mind. Fashionable life is, at the best, but a perversion of life, and represents human nature in one of its most unnatural attitudes; but still it is life, and affords a fair, though limited field for light satire and sketches of character. The authorlings who essayed to delineate it, from their parlors or their garrets, brought to the task a large stock of impudence and French phrases, perfect freedom from moral obligations, a weakness of feeling which it would be a compliment to call feminine, and an extensive acquaintance with the modes and mysteries of wearing apparel. The drawing-room and the boudoir, the coxcomb's drawl and the fine lady's simper, white waistcoats and top-boots, — these were their inspiring themes. The leading merit of these authors consisted in their complete knowledge of clothes; their leading defect, in forgetting to put men and women into them. Lady Montague, in reference to a titled family of her day named Hervey, said that God had created men, women, and Herveys. The fashionable novelists delineated the Herveys.

About the time that this way of writing nonsense had lost

its attractiveness, and every respectable critic welcomed each new specimen of it with an ominous exclamation of disgust, Charles Dickens appeared with the Pickwick Papers. The immediate and almost unprecedented popularity he attained was owing not more to his own genius than to the general contempt for the school he supplanted. After ten years of conventional frippery and foppery, it was a relief to have once more a view of the earth and firmament, — to feel once more one of those touches of nature "which make the whole world kin." Here was a man, at last, with none of the daintiness of genteel society in his manner, belonging to no clique or sect, with sympathies embracing widely varying conditions of humanity, and whose warm heart and observant eye had been collecting from boyhood those impressions of man and nature, which afterwards gushed out in exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, or took shape in his Pickwicks, Wellers, Vardens, Pecksniffs, and their innumerable brotherhood.

Dickens as a novelist and prose poet is to be classed in the front rank of the noble company to which he belongs. He has revived the novel of genuine practical life, as it existed in the works of Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith; but at the same time has given to his materials an individual coloring and expression peculiarly his own. His characters, like those of his great exemplars, constitute a world of their own, whose truth to nature every reader instinctively recognizes in connection with their truth to Dickens. Fielding delineates with more exquisite art, standing more as the spectator of his personages, and commenting on their actions with an ironical humor and a seeming innocence of insight, which pierces not only into, but through, their very nature, laying bare their inmost unconscious springs of action, and in every instance indicating that he understands them better than they understand themselves. It is this perfection of knowledge and insight which gives to his novels their naturalness, their freedom of movement, and their value as lessons in human nature as well as consummate representations of actual life. Dickens's eye for the forms of things is as accurate as Fielding's, and his range of vision more extended; but he does not probe so profoundly into the heart of what he sees, and he is more led away from the simplicity of truth by a tricksy spirit of fantastic exaggeration. Mentally he is indisputably below

Fielding; but in tenderness, in pathos, in sweetness and purity of feeling, in that comprehensiveness of sympathy which springs from a sense of brotherhood with mankind, he is as indisputably above him.

The tendency of Dickens's genius, both in delineating the actual and the imaginary, is to personify, to individualize. This makes his page all alive with character. Not only does he never treat of man in the abstract, but he gives personality to the rudest shows of nature, every thing he touches becoming symbolic of human sympathies or antipathies. There is no writer more deficient in generalization. His comprehensiveness is altogether of the heart; but that heart, like the intelligence of Bacon's cosmopolite, is not "an island cut off from other men's lands, but a continent which joins to them." His observation of life thus beginning and ending with individuals, it seems strange that those highly sensitive and patriotic Americans, who paid him the compliment of flying into a passion with his peevish remarks on our institutions, should have overlooked the fact that his mind was altogether destitute of the generalizing qualities of a statesman, and that an angry humorist might have made equally ludicrous pictures of any existing society. When his work on America was quoted in the French Chamber of Deputies, M. de Tocqueville ridiculed the notion that any opinions of Mr. Dickens should be referred to in that place as authoritative. There is a great difference between the criticism of a statesman and the laughter of a tourist, especially when the tourist laughs not from his heart, but his bile. The statesman passes over individual peculiarities to seize on general principles, while the whole force of the other lies in the description of individual peculiarities. Dickens, detecting with the nicest tact the foibles of men, and capable of setting forth our Bevans, Colonel Tompkinses, and Jefferson Bricks in all the comic splendor of humorous exaggeration, is still unqualified to abstract a general idea of national character from his observation of persons. A man immeasurably inferior to him in creative genius, might easily excel him in that operation of the mind. Indeed, were Dickens's understanding as comprehensive as his heart, and as vigorous as his fancy, he would come near realizing the ideal of a novelist; but as it is, it is as ridiculous to be angry with any generalizations of his on American institu-

tions and politics, as it would be to inveigh against him for any heresies he might blunder into about innate ideas, the freedom of the will, or original sin. Besides, as Americans, we have a decided advantage over our trans-Atlantic friends, even in the matter of being caricatured by the novelist whom both are rivals in admiring; for certainly, if there be any character in which Dickens has seized on a national trait, that character is Pecksniff, and that national trait is English.

The whole originality and power of Dickens lie in this instinctive perception of individual character, to which we have already referred. He has gleaned all his facts from observation and sympathy, in a diligent scrutiny of actual life, and no contemporary author is less indebted to books. His style is all his own, its quaint texture of fancy and humor being spun altogether from his own mind, with hardly a verbal felicity which bears the mark of being stolen. In painting character, he is troubled by no uneasy sense of himself. When he is busy with Sam Weller or Mrs. Nickleby, he forgets Charles Dickens. Not taking his own character as the test of character, but entering with genial warmth into the peculiarities of others, and making their joys and sorrows his own, his perceptions are not bounded by his personality, but continually apprehend and interpret new forms of individual being; and thus his mind, by the readiness with which it genially assimilates other minds, and the constancy with which it is fixed on objects external to itself, grows with every exercise of its powers. By this felicity of nature, the man who began his literary life with a condemned farce, a mediocre opera, and some slight sketches of character, written in a style which but feebly indicated the germs of genius, produced, before the expiration of eight years, The Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, The Old Curiosity Shop, and Martin Chuzzlewit, in a continually ascending scale of intellectual excellence, and achieved a fame not only gladly recognized wherever the English tongue was spoken, but which extended into France, Germany, Italy, and Holland, and caused the translation of his works into languages of which he hardly understood a word. Had he been an egotist, devoured by a ravenous vanity for personal display, and eager to print the image of himself on the popular imagination, his talents would hardly have made him

known beyond the street in which he lived, and his mind by self-admiration would soon have been self-consumed. His fellow-feeling with his race is his genius.

The humanity, the wide-ranging and healthy sympathies, and, especially, the recognition of the virtues which obtain among the poor and humble, so observable in the works of Dickens, are in a great degree characteristic of the age, and without them popularity can hardly be won in imaginative literature. The sentiment of humanity, indeed, or a hypocritical affectation of it, has become infused into almost all literature and speech, from the sermons of Dr. Channing to the *feuilletons* of Eugene Sue. It is exceedingly difficult for a man to be as selfish and as narrow as he could have been had he lived a century ago. No matter how bigoted may be the tendencies of his nature, no matter how strong may be his desire to dwell in a sulky isolation from his race, he cannot breathe the atmosphere of his time without feeling occasionally a generous sentiment springing to his lips, without perceiving occasionally a liberal opinion stealing into his understanding. He cannot creep into any nook or corner of seclusion, but that some grand sentiment or noble thought will hunt him out, and surprise his soul with a disinterested emotion. In view of this fact, a bigot, who desires to be a man of the tenth century, who strives conscientiously to narrow his intellect and shut his heart, who mumbles the exploded nonsense of past tyranny and exclusiveness, but is still forced into some accommodation to the spirit of the age in which he lives, is worthy rather of the tender commiseration than the shrewish invective of the philanthropists whom he hates, but imitates.

Now Dickens has an open sense for all the liberal influences of his time, and commonly surveys human nature from the position of charity and love. For the foibles of character he has a sort of laughing toleration; and goodness of heart, no matter how overlaid with ludicrous weaknesses, has received from him its strongest and subtlest manifestations. He not only makes us love our kind in its exhibitions of moral beauty, but also when frailties mingle with its excellence. Distinguishing, with the instinctive tact of genius, the moral differences of persons and actions, and having a nicely-adjusted scale of the degrees of folly and wickedness,

not one of his characters is just as wise or as foolish, as good or as bad, as another; and he also contrives to effect that reconciliation of charity and morality, by which our sympathies with weakness and toleration of error never run into a morbid sentimentality. He deals in no sophistries to make evil appear good, and the worse the better reason. He does not, as Bulwer is apt to do, dress up a crowd of sharpers and adulterers in the purple and fine linen of rhetoric, and then demand us to wish them well in their business; — an example of abstinence from a common peccadillo of romancers, worthy of especial praise in an age which appreciates George Sand and Dumas. If he refrains from thus superadding noble sentiments to animal appetites, he evolves, with a sagacity in which he is only excelled by Wordsworth, beautiful and heroic qualities from humble souls, disguised though they may be in unsightly forms, and surrounded by grotesque accompaniments. He makes the fact that happiness and virtue are not confined to any one class a reality to the mind; and by shedding over his pictures the consecrations of a heart full of the kindliest sympathies,

> "Rustic life and poverty
> Grow beautiful beneath his touch."

Kit Nubbles, in the Old Curiosity Shop, is a pertinent example, among numerous others, of this searching humanity of Dickens. Here is a boy, rough, uneducated, ill-favored, the son of a washerwoman, the very opposite of a common novelist's idea of the interesting, with a name which at once suggests the ludicrous; yet, as enveloped in the loving humor of Dickens, he becomes a person of more engrossing interest and affection than a thousand of the stereotyped heroes of fiction. We not only like him, but the whole family, Mrs. Nubbles, Jacob, the baby, and all; and yet nothing is overcharged in the description, and every circumstance calculated to make Kit an object for laughter is freely used. The materials for numberless characters equally as interesting are within the reach of all novelists; but most of them are ridden by some nightmare of dignity or gentility, which compels them to pass by the hero in the alley for some piece of etiquette and broadcloth in the drawing-room. It is not the least of Dickens's merits, that he excelled all his contemporaries, not by attempting to rival them on their own selected

vantage ground, but by availing himself of matter which they deemed worthy only of pitying contempt. He introduced the people of England to its aristocracy; and though there were not wanting dainty and vulgar spirits to call his novels "low," he soon not only gained the popular voice, but he overthrew the fashionable novelists in their own circles, and his Wellers and Swivellers, edging their way into boudoirs and parlors, supplanted Pelhams and Cecils in the estimation of countesses.

In thus representing life and character, there are two characteristics of his genius which startle every reader by their obviousness and power, his humor and pathos; but, in respect to the operation of these qualities in his delineations, critics have sometimes objected that his humor is apt to run into fantastic exaggeration, and his pathos into sentimental excess. Indeed, in regard to his humorous characters, it may be said that the vivid intensity with which he conceives them, and the overflowing abundance of joy and merriment which spring instinctively up from the very foundations of his being at the slightest point of the ludicrous, sometimes lead him to the very verge of caricature. He seems himself to be taken by surprise as his glad and genial fancies throng into his brain, and to laugh and exult with the beings he has called into existence in the spirit of a man observing, not creating. Squeers and Pecksniff, Sim Tappertit and Mark Tapley, Tony Weller and old Joe Willet, although painted with such distinctness that we seem to see them with the bodily eye, we still feel to be somewhat overcharged in the description. They are caricatured more in appearance than reality, and if grotesque in form, are true and natural at heart. Such caricature as this is to character what epigram is to fact, — a mode of conveying truth more distinctly by suggesting it through a brilliant exaggeration. When we say of a man, that he goes for the greatest good of the greatest number, but that the greatest number to him is number one, we express the fact of his selfishness as much as though we said it in a literal way. The mind of the reader unconsciously limits the extravagance into which Dickens sometimes runs, and, indeed, discerns the actual features and lineaments of the character shining the more clearly through it. Such extravagance is commonly a powerful stimulant to accurate percep-

tion, especially to readers who lack fineness and readiness of intellect. It is not that caricature which has no foundation but in

> "The extravagancy
> And crazy ribaldry of fancy;"

but caricature based on the most piercing insight into actual life; so keen, indeed, that the mind finds relief or pleasure in playing with its own conceptions. Shakspeare often condescends to caricature in this way, and so do Cervantes, Hogarth, Smollett, and Scott. Though it hardly approaches our ideal of fine characterization, it has its justification in the almost universal practice of men whose genius for humorous delineation cannot be questioned.

That Dickens is not led into this vein of exaggeration by those qualities of wit and fancy which make the caricaturist, is proved by the solidity with which his works rest on the deeper powers of imagination and humor. A caricaturist rarely presents any thing but a man's peculiarity, but Dickens always presents the man. He so preserves the keeping of character, that every thing said or done by his personages is either on a level with the original conception or develops it. They never go beyond the pitch of thought or feeling by which their personality is limited. Thus, Tony Weller, whose round fat body seems to roll about in a sea of humor, makes us laugh at his sayings as much because he says them, as for any merriment they contain in themselves. His oddities of remark are sufficiently queer to excite laughter, but they receive their peculiar unction from his conception of his own importance and his belief in the unreachable depths of his own wisdom. Mr. Pickwick compliments the intelligence of his son Sam. "Werry glad to hear of it, sir," he replies: "I took a great deal o' pains in his eddication, sir; let him run the streets when he was very young, and shift for hisself. It 's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." His infallibility in matters relating to matrimony and widows is a good instance of the method in which a novelist may produce ludicrous effects by emphasizing an oddity of opinion, and at the same time connect it with the substance of character. When Sam sends the valentine to Mary, the old man's forecasting mind sees the consequences, and he bursts out in that affecting rebuke, — "To see you married, Sammy, to see you a deluded

wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence it 's all werry capital. It 's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy." He is troubled by an obstinate suspicion that he himself is especially marked out as an object for the machinations of widows. In a contemptuous account of a journey he made on a railroad, he says, "I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widdur; and I believe it wos only because we wos alone, and there wos no clergyman in the conveyance, that that are widdur didn't marry me before we reached the half-way station." He is a coachman of forty years standing, and accordingly has a wise scorn of all railroads. "As for the ingein," he says, "as is always a pourin' out red hot coals at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion, is ven there 's something in the vay, and it sets up that frightful scream vich seems to say, now here 's two hundred and forty passengers in the werry greatest extremity of danger, and here 's their two hundred and forty screams in vun." He is, indeed, the very Lord Burleigh of low life; and from those paroxysms of inward chuckles, — which generally terminated in "as near an approach to a choke as an elderly gentleman can with safety sustain," — through all the variety of his sayings and doings, to his earnest exhortation that Sam should spell Weller with a V, he never loses his substantial personality, never becomes any thing but Tony Weller.

Much of Dickens's most exquisite and most exuberant humor is displayed in representing characters compounded of vanity, conceit, and assurance. His Artful Dodgers and Mr. Baileys are cases in point. They remind you of the child who ran away from his parents when he was only a year old, because he understood they intended to call him Caleb. The little, thievish, ragged Dodger, when brought before the police court, points to the judge and politely requests to be informed "who is that old file up there;" and warns the court not to keep him long, as he has an engagement to dine with the "wice-president of the House of Commons." This conceit, varied according to age and character, mingles with the other peculiarities of the two Wellers, Joe Willet, Mr. Mantalini, and a score of others. There is Sim Tappertit, the sublime apprentice, conceit and bathos embodied, who is troubled by his soul's getting into his head,

and disturbed by "inward workings after a higher calling" than making locks. Mr. Kenwigs, in Nicholas Nickleby, is an elderly Tappertit, whose discourse is pitched on a more uniform key of fustian. But Mr. Richard Swiveller is probably the most splendid specimen of the class, and is a fine example of the felicity with which Dickens can tread the dizziest edges of character without sinking into mere caricature. Dick is a sort of shabby Sir Harry Wildair, a reckless, feather-brained, good-natured vagabond, with no depth of guile, and whose irregularities are the result of idleness, vanity, egotism, and a great flow of spirits. With a vast opinion of his own abilities, he is still overreached by every knave he encounters, and his life is a descent from one "crusher" to another. He is so vain that he almost believes his own self-exalting lies; and he cannot possibly see things as they are. When the old grandfather is disturbed by the demands of his graceless grandson for money, Dick is very much surprised that the "jolly old grandfather should decline to fork out with that cheerful readiness, which is always so pleasant and agreeable at his time of life." His head is full of scraps of songs and plays, which he has a singular felicitous infelicity in quoting to sustain the sentiment of the moment; and his slang, ever accompanying his sentiment, is as characteristic as the soil on his linen, or the marks of time's "effacing fingers" on his flash coat. When jilted by Miss Wackles, he says, in parting, "I go away with feelings that may be conceived, but cannot be described, feeling within myself the desolating truth that my best affections have received this night a stifler;" but he then adds, from the promptings of his vanity, and with reference to his proposed suit to little Nell, "that a young girl of wealth and beauty is growing up at the present moment for me, and has requested her next of kin to propose for my hand, which, having a kindness for some members of her family, I have consented to promise. It 's a gratifying circumstance, that you 'll be glad to hear, that a young and lovely girl is growing into a woman expressly on my account, and is now saving up for me." Dick's imaginative vanity absolutely deceives his own senses. He calls a fight, in which his own face is damaged, a festive scene; he asks his companion in punch to pass the rosy wine; he pays for his liquor by solemnly advising the boy at

the bar never to touch spirits; and tells a stranger, whom he designs to dupe, that the wing of friendship must not moult a feather. Sir Epicure Mammon himself hardly realizes with more fulness his gorgeous visions of gluttony and avarice, than the images of all that is unreal in dissipation succeed each other as facts in poor Dick's helter-skelter brain.

Among the various characters of Dickens there is one class, which, disagreeing in many things, agree in being the tormentors of social life. They are persons whom the law does not touch, but, compared with some of them, highwaymen may be considered public benefactors. As ladies always have the precedence, we will pass over the currish attorney, Brass, and the coarse scoundrel, Squeers, the snapping, hissing hatred of Quilp, and the creamy villany of Pecksniff, in order to do fit honor to that miracle of mingled weakness, prudery, and malice, the incomparable Miss Miggs. She is an elderly maiden, who, by some strange neglect on the part of mankind, has been allowed to remain unmarried. This neglect might in some small degree be accounted for by the fact that her person and disposition came within the range of Mr. Tappertit's epithet of "scraggy." She had various ways of wreaking her hatred upon the other sex, the most cruel of which was in often honoring them with her company and discourse. Her feeling for the wrongs of woman was deep and strong, and she had been known to wish that the whole race would die off, that men might be brought to appreciate the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; and averred, if she could obtain a fair round number of virgins, say ten thousand, to follow her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past expression. When she watches at the window for the return of Sim Tappertit, with the intention of betraying him, she is described as "having an expression of face, in which a great number of opposite ingredients, such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch;" and as composing herself to wait and listen, "like some fair ogress, who has set a trap, and was waiting for a nibble from a plump young traveller." Dickens, in this character, well represents how such seemingly insignificant malignants as Miss Miggs can

become the pest of families, and that, though full of weakness and malignity, they can be proud of their virtue and religion, and make slander the prominent element of their pious conversation.

Few novelists excel in the finer shades of character, in the exhibition of those minor traits which the eye of genius alone can detect. Much of the most refined humor of Dickens comes from his insight into the subtleties of the ludicrous. This penetration of vision is often shown when the humor seems broad even to farcical excess, and especially when he makes a transparent hypocrite speak as if he were playing a deep game. Squeers, for instance, is a vulgar rascal; but he is aware that some men are swayed by moral and sympathetic considerations, and he accordingly adopts what he deems the language of virtue and religion, when he intends some peculiarly infamous trick. His mode of translating morality and affection into his own vocabulary of villany is richly ludicrous. When his hopeful son, Master Wackford Squeers, catches poor Smike, the exulting parent exclaims,—"You always keep on the same path, and do things that you see your father do, and when you die you will go right slap to heaven, and be asked no questions." Snawley and Squeers know each other to be scoundrels; yet they ever preserve in their colloquies a clumsy affectation of sentiment and conscience. Snawley, who is hired to entrap poor Smike, effects his purpose by claiming the boy as his son. When he meets Squeers, he indulges in a commendable strain of snivelling eloquence on the beauty of natural affection. "It only shows what natur is, sir," said Mr. Squeers. "She 's a rum 'un, is natur." "She is a holy thing," murmured Snawley. "I believe you," added Mr. Squeers with a moral sigh; "I should like to know how we could get along without her. Natur," he said, growing solemn, "is more easily conceived than described. O! what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of natur."

Brass, in The Old Curiosity Shop, a knave compounded of hawk and puppy, who fawns, cheats, and sentimentalizes through the whole book, and has become so accustomed to this affectation of excellence, that it always flows from his lips when he speaks without reflection. He lays a trap to make poor Kit Nubbles appear a thief, and really appears

measurelessly horror-stricken when the money is found in the boy's possession. "And this," he cries, clasping his hands, "this is the world, that turns upon its own axis, and has lunar influences, and revolutions round heavenly bodies, and various games of that sort! This is human natur, is it?" Pecksniff, again, is so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood, that he is moral even in drunkenness, and canting even in shame and discovery.

Much of the humor of Dickens is identical with his style. In this the affluence of his fancy in suggestive phrases and epithets is finely displayed; and he often flashes the impression of a character or a scene upon the mind by a few graphic verbal combinations. When Ralph Nickleby says "God bless you," to his nephew, the words stick in his throat, as if unused to the passage. When Tigg clasped Mr. Pecksniff in the dark, that worthy gentleman "found himself collared by something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy and water, and a small parlor full of tobacco smoke, mixed." Mrs. Todgers, when she desires to make Ruth Pinch know her station, surveys her with a look of "genteel grimness." A widow of a deceased brother of Martin Chuzzlewit is described as one, who, "being almost supernaturally disagreeable, and having a dreary face, a bony figure, and a masculine voice, was, in right of these qualities, called a strong-minded woman." Mr. Richard Swiveller no sooner enters a room, than the nostrils of the company are saluted by a strong smell of gin and lemon-peel. Mr. George Chuzzlewit, a person who over fed himself, is sketched as a gentleman with such an obvious disposition to pimples, that "the bright spots on his cravat, the rich pattern of his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets, seemed to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably." Felicities like these Dickens squanders with a prodigality which reduces their relative value, and makes the generality of style-mongers poor indeed.

It is difficult to say whether Dickens is more successful in humor or pathos. Many prefer his serious to his comic scenes. It is certain that his genius can as readily draw tears as provoke laughter. Sorrow, want, poverty, pain, and death; the affections which cling to earth and those which

rise above it, he represents always with power and often with marvellous skill. His style, in the serious moods of his mind, has a harmony of flow which often glides unconsciously into metrical arrangement; and is full of those words

> "Which fall as soft as snow on the sea,
> And melt in the heart as instantly."

One source of his pathos is the intense and purified conception he has of moral beauty, of that beauty which comes from a thoughtful brooding over the most solemn and affecting realities of life. The character of little Nell is an illustration. The simplicity of this creation, framed as it is from the finest elements of human nature, and the unambitious mode of its development through the motley scenes of the Old Curiosity Shop, are calculated to make us overlook its rare merit as a work of high poetic genius. Amid the wolfish malignity of Quilp, the sugared meanness of Brass, the roaring conviviality of Swiveller, amid scenes of selfishness and shame, of passion and crime, this delicate creation moves along, unsullied, purified, pursuing the good in the simple earnestness of a pure heart, gliding to the tomb as to a sweet sleep, and leaving in every place that her presence beautifies the marks of celestial footprints. Sorrows such as hers, over which so fine a sentiment sheds its consecrations, have been well said to be ill-bartered for the garishness of joy; "for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling."

In addition to this refined perception of moral beauty, he has great tragic power. It would be useless, in our limits, to attempt giving illustrations of his closeness to nature in delineating the deeper passions; his profound observation of the workings of the soul when stained with crime and looking forward to death; his skill in gifting remorse, fear, avarice, hatred, and revenge with their appropriate language; and his subtle appreciation of the influence exercised by different moods of the mind in modifying the appearances of external objects. In these the poet always appears through the novelist, and we hardly know whether imagination or observation contributes most to the effect.

We have not much space to refer to Dombey and Son, the last completed novel of Dickens, except to remark that it illustrates those peculiarities of his genius observable in his

other works, with a little more certainty of touch in ideal delineation. It is a fresh creation of his unexhausted mind, in which the old manner is reproduced to introduce new matter. Here, as in his other novels, the characters are every thing and the story nothing; but the characters are sufficiently original, various, and numerous to compensate for far greater defects of plot and design. Captain Cuttle, Bunsby, Sol Gills, Major Bagstock, Pinch, Toodle, Toots, Mrs. Chick, Susan Nipper, Lucretia Tox, Rob, the lady whose husband invested in the Peruvian mines, not to mention others, are personages whose acquaintance once made is never broken. The beauty and pathos of the work cluster around Paul and Florence, and in these exquisite creations Dickens has exceeded the previous promise of his powers. The defects of the novel are partly owing to the ingrained peculiarities of the author, and partly to his mode of publication. Every part he is compelled to make interesting and effective in itself, without due regard to the general impression of the whole, and accordingly he often overdoes his humorous scenes, and reduces events to incidents. Some of the characters, also, refer to persons with whom he has not sufficient imaginative sympathy to delineate vitally. Mr. Carker is hardly equal to the stereotyped villain of Mr. James, and Dombey and Edith are blocks of painted wood. The whole description of them is external, without any vision into their natures. The rich abundance of humor, pathos, and character, so profusely scattered over the work, can hardly blind the simplest reader to the fact that the author always fails when he departs from the landmarks of his genius, and attempts the delineation of persons whose natures have been essentially modified by fashion, by convention, by worldliness, by morbid sentiment and passion. Villains, autocrats, fashionable people, misanthropes, sentimentalists, and young ladies, are but faintly gifted with human nature as sketched by Mr. Dickens, for they lie altogether out of the sphere of his healthy and genial genius.

In closing these desultory remarks on Dickens, and the department of literature of which he is the greatest living representative, we cannot refrain from expressing a regret that we have not a class of novels illustrative of American life and character, which does some justice to both. Novelists we have in perilous abundance, as Egypt had locusts;

some of them unexcelled in the art of preparing a dish of fiction by a liberal admixture of the horrible and sentimental; and some few who display talents and accomplishments of a higher order; but a series of national novels, illustrative of the national life, the production of men penetrated with an American spirit without being Americanisms, we can hardly plume ourselves upon possessing. The American has heretofore appeared in romance chiefly to be libelled or caricatured. He has been represented as an acute knave, expressing the sentiments of a worldling in the slang of an ale-house, and principally occupied in peddling Connecticut nutmegs, wooden clocks, and tin ware. That Sam Slick, Nimrod Wildfire, and the Ethiopian Minstrels do not comprehend the whole wealth and raciness of life as it is in the North, the South, and the West, might easily be demonstrated if a man of power would undertake the task. But one would almost suppose, from hearing the usual despairing criticism of the day, that in the United States the national novel was an impossible creation. Are there, then, no materials here for the romantic and heroic, — nothing over which poetry can lovingly hover, — nothing of sorrow for pathos to convert into beauty, — no fresh individualities of disposition over which humor, born of pathos, can pour its floods of genial mirth, — no sweet household ties, no domestic affections, no high thoughts, no great passions, no sorrow, sin, and death? Has our past no story to tell? Is there nothing of glory in the present, nothing of hope in the future? In no country, indeed, is there a broader field opened to the delineator of character and manners than in our own land. Look at our society, the only society where the whole people are alive, — alive with intelligence and passion, — every man's individual life mingling with the life of the nation, — avarice, cruelty, pride, folly, ignorance, in a ceaseless contest with great virtues, and noble aims, and thoughts that reach the stars. In the noise and tumult of that tremendous struggle, a man of genius not blinded by its dust or deafened by its din, at once an actor in life and a spectator of it, might discover the materials of the deepest tragedy and the finest and broadest humor; might hear amid the roar and confusion, the "still, sad music of humanity;" might see, through all the rancor and madness of partisan warfare, the slow evolution of right

principles; might send his soul along that tide of impetuous passion in which novelties are struggling with prejudices, without being overwhelmed in its foaming flood; and in the comprehensive grasp of his intellect might include all classes, all sects, all professions, making them stand out on his luminous page in the clear light of reality, doing justice to all by allowing each its own costume and language, compelling Falsehood to give itself the lie, and Pride to stand abased before its own image, and guided in all his pictures of life and character by a spirit at once tolerant, just, generous, humane, and national.

ART. VI. — *The Prometheus and Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated into English Verse.* By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1849. 12mo. pp. 156.

THE plays of Æschylus have intrinsic difficulties, growing out of the peculiar character of the poet, as well as outward difficulties, belonging to the state of the text, which make the translator's task a problem of great labor. The first class of difficulties occur, more or less, in all of the remaining pieces of the greatest master of the Attic tragedy; the second are found less in the Prometheus, and most of all in the Agamemnon. The former play, for reasons all of which we do not probably know, has fared much better at the hands of the copyists and scholiasts; while the latter has been so corrupted that, in many places, a remedy is utterly hopeless; conjectural approximations being all that is possible with regard to the text, and harmonizing or comparative interpretation all that is possible with regard to the sense.

Besides the accidental and inevitable corruptions wrought by time, and the carelessness or ignorance of copyists, there were other changes traceable to a higher origin; namely, to the Greek Dramatic poets themselves, who often retouched and reproduced their pieces, and to their successors, who worked over again the productions of the older masters, and adapted them to the requirements of the contemporary stage.

With all these sources of error, an inexperienced scholar might be led into a deep and general skepticism as to the substantial genuineness of any of the remains of Greek literature. And yet, the more profoundly we study these mighty works, the more thoroughly satisfied are we that we have the form and pressure of the intellects which produced them. No competent scholar, unbiased by partial theories, can doubt for a moment the genuineness of any of the remaining plays of Æschylus or Sophocles, or any of the principal plays of Euripides. They are so deeply marked, every one of them, with the grand characteristics of their authors, that the well-trained perceptions of the classical scholar cannot fail to discern them, in spite of doubtful or various readings, contradictory interpretations, and unquestionable corruptions of the text. Men have two tendencies which come successively into play in all such matters; one is a passion for amending, altering, and adapting; the other is that, when wearied with this, and returning from the periodical aberrations to the periodical triumphs of taste, they reject the forged additions, and take back into favor the genuine works of other times, with all their old-fashioned aspect and their real faults. We have had this experience with Shakspeare. The better taste of the present age has demanded the restoration of the Poet of Avon to the form in which he delighted the vigorous and manly spirits, whose star-like assemblage cast such a brilliancy over the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Tate's alterations of the mighty master, which pleased a conventional age — where are they now? Found in the notes to critical editions, inserted for the amusement of curious readers; and edition after edition is published, in which the ablest scholars task themselves, first to restore the true readings of the immortal dramatist, and secondly, reverently to interpret them when ascertained by laborious collation. Some conservative influence of this kind no doubt existed in antiquity, besides the public regulations for depositing copies of the three dramatists in the public archives, and before the critical labors of the Alexandrian scholars; so that we scarcely read a page of either poet without recognizing the soaring and magnificent genius of the Pythagorean Æschylus; the calm and exquisite elegance hiding the fires of the consummate artist, Sophocles; or the fluent passion and eloquent philosophy which some-

what let down the lofty position of the Tragic Muse, in Euripides.

This is not the place to discuss the character of Æschylus and his general relations to the tragic art of his own and subsequent times; nor do we propose to consider the critical merits of the various editions of the original. The translations of the Prometheus Fettered and the Agamemnon are all we have to do with at present; and of these we shall aim only to give a cursory account.

Our readers are aware, that the notions of a translator's duty are not yet well settled in any nation. Different opinions have been urged in our own pages, the question being considered among poets and literary men as still an open one. But all will confess that the translator who, adhering closely to the words of the original, renders them at the same time with idiomatic spirit and ease into his mother tongue, unenfeebled by dilution, and undistorted by being wrought into forms foreign to the genius of the author; who makes a spirited work under all the disadvantages of transplantation to a foreign tongue, — such a translator, all must admit, has solved the highest problem of his art. It will be generally agreed, we think, that some peculiar difficulties exist in the task of so translating the works of the ancients, as that the readers whose tastes have not been cultivated by the processes of education into a love of antiquity for its own sake shall find them interesting without the stimulus of the current style and mannerisms of the day. A tone of venerable age must be maintained as one of the prime requisites of a good translation from the Greek or Latin; and yet, in the Greek at least, if the translator will be true to his original, he must preserve a grace and freedom incompatible with cumbrous movement, and remote from levity. Any thing approaching the neologisms which even the best writers of our age unconsciously indulge in, the least suspicion of a cant phrase springing from the peculiar relations of modern society, will destroy the effect of any translation from the ancients. A language like our own, which has a poetical literature running through as many centuries as intervened between Homer and the Attic tragedians; or like the German, which ranges through even a longer sweep of time, from the Niebelungen-lied down to Goethe and Schiller; may furnish, from its copious vocabulary, the words which, through

their old poetic associations, shall give nearly the effect of antiquity. Other modern languages have less facility and inferior capacity in this respect. The scholar, therefore, who aims to transfuse the fine essence of a work of ancient poetry into English, must carefully prepare himself by drinking deep at the perennial fountains — the fresh gushing streams, in the early ages of his mother tongue.

We are surprised, however, at the comparatively feeble execution which has hitherto been the most striking characteristic of English translations from the ancient languages. The reader will readily call to mind the transformations of the Attic Tragedians by Potter and Franklin; the exquisite modern recasting of Homer by Pope; the more faithful, but less attractive, reproduction of the same old bard by Cowper; and the stiff compound of the two by Sotheby. By far the best translation of the Iliad is the one in blank verse by an accomplished American, the late Mr. Munford of Virginia. Recently, however, several attempts to reform the errors of English translators have been made, with various degrees of success. Some have even gone with the Germans so far as to introduce imitations of the ancient poetical rhythms; a difficult thing to do with precision, since it is scarcely possible to supply by accented measures an equivalent for the determinate quantities, fixed by musical laws as the basis of the poetic art in ancient times. But very pleasing effects have been produced by the accented hexameters into which several books of the Iliad were translated a few years since by a writer in Blackwood, who, we trust, will go on and finish a work he has so ably begun.

The Germans have been led by the greater flexibility of their language, and by its greater facility in the formation of compounds, much beyond the limited efforts of the English in the reproduction of modern equivalents for ancient rhythms. Scarcely a form of ancient versification remains unattempted by the laborious and conscientious scholars of that lettered nation; sometimes the difficulties have been overcome with admirable ingenuity and success; but, frequently, as they themselves confess, and some of them bitterly complain, the spirit of ancient poetry evaporates from the translator's crucible, and the elegant forms in which it was clothed by the old masters vanish amidst the writhing contortions through

which the German language is forced in the vain attempt to imitate with imperfect means the airy graces and rhythmical movements belonging to remote ages and to very different conditions of language. Many of the German metrical versions are totally unintelligible without the originals. Even Voss, with his wonderfully plastic power over the forms of language, frequently makes Homer awkward, stiff, artificial, and ungainly. The accomplished and able William Humboldt, master as he was of every form of speech, failed here, notwithstanding all his learning. The error of the English, speaking in general terms, consists in having no principle at all; the error of the Germans, on the other hand, consists in pushing a correct principle too far. The English have endeavored to obliterate every vestige of characteristic qualities from the works which they have translated, so that the unlearned reader should never suspect them to have had a foreign and ancient origin; the Germans have striven with superior industry to prevent the unlearned reader from suspecting them to be any thing in the world but Greek; and, indeed, it may be said with almost literal truth, that they are all Greek to him.

It might naturally be supposed that, of all the ancient poets, Æschylus would be the worst treated by the translators; and so he was by the earlier ones. But the returning taste of the age for natural effects in the poetic art, as distinguished from the artificial brilliancy of the last century, and from the morbid intensity which marked the commencement of the present, has led to a keener study of Shakspeare, and connected with this fresh appreciation of the *one* dramatic poet of the world, a more critical examination of the great remains of the Hellenic Shakspeare, and more successful attempts to set him, in some intelligible and befitting form, before the English literary public. The recent translations have generally been limited to single plays, and several of them have attained a measure of success highly creditable to the learning and genius of their authors; but some of them again have exhibited a very faulty estimate of the true characteristics of a genuine translation, and very indifferent powers of execution. Editions of the works of Æschylus entire, and of single plays, prepared by able scholars, and illustrated by all the light which the comprehensive range of philologi-

cal studies in the present age has thrown on the obscurities of ancient literature, have led to a corresponding improvement in the spirit and manner of translating. There remains still much to be done before the literature of the English language will be enriched by complete and adequate representatives — representatives in form as well as in spirit — of the great poets of antiquity.

The volume of Mr. Herbert, containing his translations of the Prometheus Fettered and the Agamemnon, is a remarkable work. Mr. Herbert has long been known to the American reading world, as a writer of great and versatile powers; a poet of vivid imagination and vigorous style; a successful novelist; an able and accomplished critic; and, to another class, whose reading is comparatively limited,—the Nimrods of the land, — as a consummate master of the mysteries of their craft, practically experienced in all the ways of shooting, fishing, and hunting, and skilled to illustrate, alike with pen and pencil, the scenes of forest, river, lake, and hill, amidst which *his* amusements and their serious pursuits chiefly lie. And now he comes before the world in another character, that of translator of the most difficult of the Attic tragedians. The volume is appropriately inscribed, in an elegant dedication to Edward Everett, one of the most finished classical scholars in the United States. In a well-written letter addressed to the same gentleman, Mr. Herbert presents a brief, but comprehensive and accurate, account of the Greek dramatic representations, and expounds the principles on which his translations of these two masterpieces have been executed. As the passage is tersely expressed, and involves considerations of importance which should be carefully weighed by every translator, we quote the material paragraphs.

"The principal object which I proposed to myself in the following translations was, to convey as nearly as possible to the English reader, not only the letter, but the spirit, of the original; the rules which I laid down to myself were perfect literalness, an avoidance of paraphrase, circumlocution, and amplification, to the utmost extent admitted by the structure of the English language; and above all, even if it should be necessary to add *words* in order to convey the sense, never to interpolate *ideas*.

"It struck me, that, in all former translations of the Greek dramas, the use of regular set English metres and stanzaic

forms, for the representation of irregular though corresponding strophes and antistrophes, prevented the reader from forming any true idea of the Greek choral modes, and rendered it impossible to preserve the brevity and terseness of the original. I therefore determined to render them as nearly to the measures of the original as the difference between a quantitative language like the Greek, and one purely accentual like the English, would admit. . . . . .

"In the next place, I have adopted throughout the Hellenic names of the Hellenic divinities, never having been able to discover the slightest grounds for emasculating the grand Titanic Gods of the old Greek Olympus into the formal deities of the Latin mythology. There is no more in common between the Zeus and Here, the Ares and Artemis, of Greece, and the Jupiter and Juno, the Mars and Diana, of Rome, than there is of similitude between Æschylus and Seneca; and writing of the Hellenic Gods, I have chosen to designate them as they were known to the Hellenes of Hellas. For the same cause, I have reverted in all Greek proper names to the Greek terminations *os* and *e*, in lieu of the Latin *us* and *a;* to the Greek diphthongs *ai* and *oi*, in lieu of the Latin *æ* and *œ;* and lastly, to the Greek *k*, in place of the Latin *c;* bringing the whole system of nomenclature, both of persons and places, as nearly as possible to the true Hellenic standard. The only exception is in the few Greek adjectives which have become so engrafted on our language as to be now almost English words, which to alter or amend would appear an affectation. For, detesting all affectations, there is none which I hold so detestable as that of setting up for neologizer or improver of the English tongue; deeming it probable that such men as Shakspeare and Milton, Jeremy Taylor and the translators of the Oxford Bible, are not one iota less likely to have understood the principles of the great language which they have rendered immortal, than any obscure country schoolmaster who chooses to compile, or any pragmatical printers who choose to force upon the world a standard of lexicography."

Each play is prefaced by an introduction in which the plan is unfolded, and the dramatic characters delineated. The first in the volume is the Prometheus Fettered. Of the recent translations of this play, we believe that of Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett, (now Mrs. Browning,) has attracted the most attention. For so good a Greek scholar, and so distinguished a poet as she has proved herself to be, it is remarkably full of errors and prose; — but, perhaps, not remarkably

full of affectations, all things considered. An example combining all three will not be out of place.

> — σταθεντὸς δ' ἡλίου φοίβῃ φλογὶ
> Χροιᾶς ἀμείψεις ἄνθος, (l. 22, 23.)

Miss Barrett renders,

> "— where '*stablishēd*
> Neath the fierce sun, thy brow's white flower shall fade."

Mr. Herbert, literally and more poetically,

> "— burnt by the sun's scorching blaze,
> Thy skin's fair flower shalt change."

There has been one translation of the Prometheus Fettered published in this country before Mr. Herbert's. It was written for that whimsical and short-lived monthly — the Dial — by Mr. Henry Thoreau, a scholar of talent, but of such pertinacious oddity in literary matters, that his writings will never probably do him any justice. This translation was executed with ability, but not being in the poetical form, is scarcely subject to criticism as a work of art, and cannot be brought into any fair comparison with Mr. Herbert's.

The supposed resemblance between the character of Satan in Milton's Paradise Lost, and the character of Prometheus in the play of Æschylus, as well as its extraordinary splendor as a poetical creation, has long rendered this piece a favorite with English scholars; and it is a little surprising, under such circumstances, that it should not have been well translated until the task was undertaken by Mr. Herbert. The manner in which this writer has adapted his style to the character of these two plays is worthy of the highest commendation. It is fine, nervous, idiomatic English, of steel-like clearness, flexibility, and strength. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the best old English writers, as well as a profound study of the genius of Æschylus. In the adaptation of English rhythms to the varied changes of thought and manner in the original, Mr. Herbert shows extraordinary skill, and has attained success beyond that of any among his predecessors. In our judgment, he has carried out the principles laid down in his introductory letter with entire and unbroken consistency. In the treatment of difficult and disputed passages, he has been guided by the blended lights of critical sagacity and poetical instinct. To some of his decisions on the

interpretation of passages of this description objections on critical grounds may be made; and in one or two places, we should dissent from his renderings on general æsthetic principles; but in no place has he hurried over the points without careful consideration, or adopted views for which he has not strong reasons to give. The mere English reader will derive, from the study of this volume, not only an idea of the general plan and development of these two tragedies, a conception of the dramatic personages, and the motives of their actions, but he will find that he has also acquired a living conception of the Hellenic modes of thought, and of the peculiar local coloring which distinguishes them. We have not a style of expression which the translator fancies the author would have used had he been an Englishman; but we have set before us the style of expression of Æschylus himself, transferred into the most poetical, terse, and vigorous English. We will justify what we have said by two short passages from the Prometheus. The first is a part of a speech of Prometheus, commencing

ἐπεί με καὶ κασιγνήτου τύχαι, (l. 347.)

which we beg our classical readers to read first as a passage from an original poem, and then to compare it word by word with Æschylus.

"For, of a truth, my brother's weariful fate
Afflicts me; Atlas', who stands far i' the west,
And long hath stood, on his brawny shoulders broad
Propping the earthfast pillar of the skies,
Burden prodigious. Nor do I pity not,
Whom I saw once, the hostile giant grim,
The earthborn inmate of Kilikian caves,
The hundred-headed, violently quelled,
Impetuous Typhon. Against all the Gods
He stood defiant, from his terrible jaws
Hissing red slaughter, flashing from his eyes
The lurid glare of lightning, e'en as who
The realm of Zeus by force should overthrow.
But him erewhile the sleepless shaft of God,
The headlong thunderbolt outbreathing flame,
Overtook, and smote him sheer from his loud vaunts
Blasphemous. For, to his right mind scourged back
His might was thunderstruck and scorched to dust.
And now, a worthless and dishonored trunk,
Outstretched hard by the billowy strait he lies,

Crushed underneath the roots of Aitna old,
Where, sitting on the loftiest peaks sublime,
Hephaistos plies his stithy ; whence burst out
Rivers of fire sometime, with savage jaws
Devouring sweet Sikelia's lilied lawns.
With such fell vengeance Typhon still o'erboils,
And desolating storms of flame-breathed hate
Insatiate, although thunderstruck of Zeus.
But thou nor ignorant art, nor needest me
To teach thee. Save thyself as best thou canst ;
And I my present lot will bravely bear
Until the soul of Zeus from rage shall rest." pp. 31, 32.

And the second passage is the wild lyrical strain with which the Prometheus closes. We give in a note the parallel extract from Miss Barrett.*

" It is done ! For in deed, and no longer in word,
The firm earth is shaken.
Far crashes the roar of the bellowing thunder,
And forth flash the circlets of sulphurous fire,
And the eddying dust-clouds whirl higher and higher,
And the storm-winds leap out in their dreadful array,
Raving hoarse through the sky, and ocean and ether
Insanely together are hurled.
So surely, so fearlessly, launched from above
Comes the havoc of Zeus. O Glory, O Love,
Of my mother prophetic, — O liberal air,
That revolvest the light and the life of the world,
Behold how unjustly I bear !

Of the Agamemnon, at least nine or ten English translations have appeared within a few years. Like Goethe's Faust, it has been regarded as a problem for the solution of which all the resources of scholarship, the ingenuity of con-

* Miss Barrett has ruined the effect by substituting iambic for anapæstic rhythms.

" In deed — in word no more —
From her stillness earth is thrust !
And growls the thunder's echoed roar ;
And glares the lightning's eddied fire ;
And the whirlwinds wheel the dust ;
And blasts of every wind outleap,
Each to each with confluent ire ;
And air is mingled with the deep.
Such fearful curses visibly
Jove's right-hand impelleth hither.
O, my mother's pride ! — O, æther !
To all light-rolling ; dost thou see
How I suffer wrongfully ?

jecture, and the fire of poetical genius are to be called upon. And so indeed it is. While the great features of the play stand so prominently forward that we are overwhelmed with awe as we contemplate the all but unapproachable sublimity of the author's genius, there are many details in the filling up of the picture which perplex us in the extreme. We tremble at the mighty and inscrutable Destiny which overshadows the Atreidan house; the dark, mysterious forebodings of the chorus, that terrible woe is about to fall on the head of Agamemnon; the frightful vision that "hovers before the heart evermore, and the prophetic, unbidden, unhired strain" that haunts them; the gigantic guilt of Clytemnestra, which prepares for her returning lord the inextricable net; the unintelligible horrors which Cassandra, condemned by the angry god to predict the truth to those who understood it not, pours forth, as she beholds in frantic vision the ghosts of the children murdered for the Thyestean banquet; the tremendous scenes which shed a lurid light upon the enigmas inexplicable save by the event; — these and all the other great points in the tragedy we clearly comprehend. But sometimes a sentence is distorted beyond the hope of setting it right; sometimes the very elevation of the poet's thought seems to transcend his expressive power, and language falters under the oppressive weight of ideas too big for utterance, and of imagery too grand and lofty to be brought within the compass of clear and intelligible representation. So that, while we have, on the whole, an astonishingly impressive and vivid conception of a work which may be said to be not tragic, but tragedy itself, we find ourselves at times strangely bewildered by flashes of light in midnight darkness, when we attempt to thread the intricacies of thought and expression as they lay minutely traced in the poet's mind.

> *Τούτων ἄϊδρίς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων,*
> *Ἐκεῖνα δ' ἔγνων.*

However great the difficulty of translating the Prometheus, in the Agamemnon the difficulties multiply upon the translator's path at every step he takes. But these difficulties have been overcome by Mr. Herbert to a greater extent than by any previous translator. We have before us some half dozen versions of as many degrees of merit. The worst of them all, both as to inaccuracy and feebleness, is by T. Medwin, Esq., who

designates himself in the title-page, somewhat ambiguously, as "the *author* of the Conversations of Lord Byron." It is not worth while to dwell on this work a moment. Another and much superior work is the translation of this play by Mr. Harford, published in 1831, in a volume elegantly illustrated with designs from Greek vases and other works of art, and containing a valuable dissertation on Grecian Tragedy. Mr. Harford enters fully into the genius of the poet, and shows, by his artistic illustrations, a refined appreciation of the Hellenic spirit, but he is not equal to a uniformly vigorous handling of the work. A previous translation, that of Mr. Symmons, published in 1824, is in most respects admirable. Generally true to the sense of the original, it may be read as a grand original poem; and the critical scholar has occasion to find but few faults with the details of its execution. Last year, an edition was published by Mr. Conington, of University College, Oxford, on the same plan as that of Bœckh's Antigone, and Franz's Agamemnon, with the Greek text and an English version on the opposite page. It is accompanied with valuable notes, and must be considered an important contribution to the illustration of the play. Mr. Conington's version is not so poetical as either Herbert's or Symmons's; but it is very faithful to the original, and deserves on this account a high place among works of its class. These by no means comprise the whole of Agamemnonian literature, up to the present time. They are, however, sufficient to afford points of comparison by which to judge of Mr. Herbert's success. Here, too, as in the Prometheus, we think he has distanced all his competitors. We take, with no special reasons for selection, except that the shortness of the lines enables us to set the extracts side by side, the opening of the first chorus. The reader will notice in the two, the different degrees of condensation.

Herbert.

"Ten years have come, ten years have flown,
Since Priam's rivals twain,
The strong Atreidai, rushed amain,
King Menelaos, and his fere.
Great Agamemnon, heaven-endowed
With twofold sceptre, twofold throne.
Seaward, with martial rescue loud,
A thousand galleys in their train,
Fierce did they steer,
Shrieking their war-notes stern and dread,

Symmons.

"Nine years are past, and now the tenth
Rolls on apace,
Since the chiefs of Atreus' race,
Priam's antagonists,
Each with his sceptre graced, each on his throne
Seated by Jove, firm yoke of warrior kings,
Led from this shore their martial train,
A thousand ships, which spread the main,

Like eagles, o'er their wind-rocked bed
On oary pinions wheeling high,
Who hear their ravished nestlings cry,
Robbed of the fond domestic care
That linked them to their lofty lair.
But an avenger soon is found,
Who hears on high the piercing sound
Of parents wailing shrill and hollow;
Pan, or Zeus, or haply Apollo,
Who sends upon the sinner's track
The slow-foot fury never slack.
So Zeus, on guest-rites aye intent,
Forth the strong sons of Atreus sent,
On Paris to avenge his wrong,
And hers, the oft-espoused wife;
Preparing keen and deadly strife,
With javelins shattered in the thrust,
And stout knees wrestling in the dust,
For Greeks and Trojans both. But now
E'en as it is, it is; and fate is wroken."
pp. 83, 84.

The equipage and soldiery of Greece,
Clanging as they went afar
The loud embattled cry of war;
Like vultures, who have lost their cradled young,
The callow nurslings of their aerie steep,
In mazy melancholy sweep
With their wings' oary steerage, wheel around
Their desolated beds,
Mourning apart in deep untrodden glades:
But he who sits supreme,
Apollo, Pan, or Jove,
Lists to the wailing of the birds above,
Each piercing woful scream,
And sends Erinnys on the felon's heels,
The after-punisher of outrage past:
So Atreus' sons, 'gainst Alexander false,
Sends Jove the Hospitable, King of Kings,
Preparing store of struggles fierce
All along the tented field,
Fought for the fair twice-ravish'd maid:
Many a limb-relaxing stour
In battle's heavy noontide hour,
Limbs with labor overspent,
Staggering knees in conflict bent
On the dusty floor of Mars,
Onsets loud, and shiv'ring spears,
While Greeks alike and Trojans toil:
Now all this rage and fierce turmoil,
All goes e'en now by will of Destiny,
And Fate must end it, howsoe'er it be."
pp. 7–9.

We are tempted to present another passage from each; partly on account of its exquisitely tender and tragic beauty, and partly because the two translators adopt different interpretations of a single sentence; both, however, being supported by good authorities.

Herbert.

"Her piteous cries to a father's ear,
Her spotless maidenhood,
And youthful charms, at nought
They set, chiefs war-athirst;
And, the prayer o'er, that father dear
Bespake the priestly rout,
Downcast in all her soul, to lift her high,
Raised like a kid on the altar-stone to die,
Swathed with her robes about,
And gag with speechless force of curbs severe
Her lips love-breathing, that they find no tongue
Cursing her house the rights among.
Then, pouring o'er the plain her golden blood,

Symmons.

"Mailed chiefs, whose bosoms burn
For battle, heard in silence stern
Cries that call'd a father's name,
And set at naught pray'rs, cries, and tears,
And her sweet virgin life and blooming years.
Now when the solemn prayer was said,
The father gave the dire command
To the priestly band,
Men with strong hands and ruthless force,
To lift from earth that maiden fair,
Where she had sunk in dumb despair,
And lay with robes all cover'd round,

Fair as a pictured maid in beauty's prime,
She pierced each sacrificer's heart
With pity's dearest dart,
Shot from her sadly-supplicating eye,
Striving to speak, — as oft at banquets high,
In the guest-chambers of her father's hall,
She poured her voice;
All as she greeted with her fondest lays
Her dearest sire's thrice-honored happy days,
And bade his age rejoice."

pp. 90, 91.

Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground,
And bear her to the altar dread,
Like a young fawn or mountain kid:
Then round her beauteous mouth to tie
Dumb sullen bands to stop her cry,
Lest aught of an unholy sound
Be heard to breathe those altars round,
Which on the monarch's house might hang a deadly spell.
Now as she stood, and her descending veil,
Let down in clouds of saffron, touch'd the ground,
The priests, and all the sacrificers round,
All felt the melting beams that came,
With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely eyes.
Like some imagined pictured maid she stood,
So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would
Speak, yet still mute: though oft her father's halls
Magnificent among,
She, now so mute, had sung
Full many a lovely air,
In maiden beauty, fresh and fair;
And with the warbled music of her voice
Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice;
While feast, and sacrifice, and choral song,
Led the glad hours of lengthen'd day along."

pp. 22–24.

Clytemnestra's description of the signal fires from Troy has found several distinguished imitators, particularly Scott, in his Lay of the Last Minstrel and Macaulay, in his noble and stirring ballad on the Spanish Armada. It has been separately translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his History of Athens; but the effect is greatly injured by the substitution of lyrical rhythms for the iambics of dialogue. Mr. Herbert's version is as follows: —

"Hephaistos, forth from Ida sending light.
Thence beacon hitherward did beacon speed
From that fire-signal. Ida to the steep
Of Hermes' hill in Lemnos; from the isle
Zeus' height of Athos did in turn receive
The third great bale of flame. The vigorous glare
Of the fast-journeying pine-torch flared aloft,
Joy's harbinger, to skim the ridgy sea,
Sending its golden beams, even as the sun,
Up to Makistos' watch-towers. Nothing loath
Did he, nor basely overcome by sleep,
Perform his herald part. Afar the ray

Burst on Euripos' stream, its beaconed news
Telling the watchers on Messapion high.
They blazed in turn, and sent the tidings on,
Kindling with ruddy flame the heather gray.
Thence, nought obscured, went up the mighty glow,
And, like the smiling moon, Asopos' plain
O'erleaped, and on Kithairon's rock awoke
Another pile of telegraphic fire.
Nor did the watchmen there, with niggard hand,
Deny the torch, that blazed most bright of all.
Athwart the lake Gorgopis shot the gleam,
Stirring the guards on Aigiplanctos' hill,
Lest it should fail to shine, the appointed blaze.
Kindled with generous zeal, they sent aloft
The mighty beard of flame, that streamed so high
To flash beyond the towering heights which guard
The gulf Saronic. Thence it shot, — it reached
Arachne's cliff, the station next our town ;
Down darting thence to the Atreides' roof,
Child of that fire which dawned on Ida's hill.
Such was the order of the beaconed lights
Arranged before, and in succession swift
Each after each fulfilled. The first and last
I' the glittering race is victor. This the proof,
The signal which I tell ye, told to me
By my good lord from Troy."

We doubt not these translations will be warmly welcomed by those lovers of poetry who are classical scholars, and by those who are not. It is a matter of great interest to both alike, that the great writers of the ancient world should be faithfully represented in the literature of the mother tongue. Translation, on just principles, becomes a high art ; and the pleasure which the critical scholar takes in studying a fine version of a classical masterpiece, like this of the Agamemnon, is akin to the delight imparted by a finished production of the imitative arts. To the reader who is not a classical scholar, it opens a new world of beauty ; gives new means and fresh opportunities for æsthetic culture, and enlarges the field of intellectual enjoyment. We earnestly hope Mr. Herbert will be encouraged to proceed in his labor of love, and translate the remaining plays of Æschylus.

ART. VII. — *A Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior.* By CHARLES LANMAN, Author of Essays for Summer Hours, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 208.

A TRAVELLER is, in fact, a historian. His task may not equal in dignity that of Guizot and Macaulay; but when he undertakes to relate what he saw and heard, we look for sober and truthful statements. We read his book for information. A kind of poetical license, however, has been assumed by some tourists, which allows them to interweave a little fiction in order to heighten the interest of their personal adventures, and to excite the wonder of their readers. But an important question arises, *how far* this license ought to be exercised, and whether it is not time to define its limits. Shall we extend it so far, that books of travels in all parts of the world may be manufactured in London or New York, by persons who have never gone further than the suburbs of those cities? Or is the moral character of a tissue of falsehoods improved by uttering them in print instead of conversation, and thus deceiving a multitude instead of an individual?

The fabrication of travels is a practice at once so easy and so profitable, that we do not know whether bookmakers can be obliged to abandon it; but the case we have in hand is one of so gross a character, an imposition at once so weak and so bold, that we propose to offer it as a warning to the whole class of writers to which the author of it belongs. A book may be "a book, although there is nothing in it;" and if it apparently relates to scenes or incidents of some importance, it acquires a sort of dignity that justifies a critical examination of it; if it were not so, we might have some hesitation about reviewing "A Summer in the Wilderness." We were led to make this *post-mortem* examination of a book which has had but a short life in America, by observing that in England, if we may judge from a notice of it in one of the literary papers, it has gained considerable reputation for sprightliness and *veracity*.

Some imaginative minds cannot avoid a little exaggeration

in description, when the locality is one of great interest or beauty. The reader makes the proper deduction almost unconsciously, and the statement which is literally very incorrect may convey a faithful impression. But even this liberty is to be sparingly used. Mr. Lanman is fond of these fancy pictures; his pages are strewed with them, and though his style is too ambitious, and labored into a sort of painful prettiness, with a superabundance of fine sentiment, his sketches are often pleasing and effective. The following is a fair specimen of his manner, the "large herd of deer" and the "immense eagle" being necessary adjuncts of the scene as the writer conceived it, and are, therefore, to be regarded as a mere flourish of the pen.

"At my feet flowed the tranquil waters of the superb river, from whose very margin receded a perfectly level prairie, which soon lost itself, in a rolling country, whose motionless billows receded to the far horizon. On my extreme left lay a range of wood-crowned and dreary looking hills, and on my right a solitary bluff, which was as smooth on every side as the most highly cultivated lawn. The atmosphere was soft and of a rosy hue, and made me long for the wings of a dove, that I might float away upon its bosom in a dream of bliss. Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance were on every side; and the only sound that fell upon my ear was a hum of insect wings. On the bluffs already mentioned a large herd of deer were quietly cropping their food; and in the air, high towards the zenith, was floating in his pride of freedom, an immense eagle, the seeming monarch of the western world." p. 24.

Any one may bring together "wood-crowned and dreary-looking hills," flowers, insects, deer, and eagles, into an imaginary group, and we care not to ask whether he ever saw them all at one time and in one place. To deny the truth of the picture would be not so much to question the author's veracity as to censure his taste in composition. But he makes other statements about his adventures which we do not find it so easy to excuse as mere rhetorical flourishes. Direct evidence that they are untruthful is at hand; but we will first examine some of them upon the ground of their internal credibility alone. To those of our countrymen who are familiar with the country about the upper Mississippi and Lake Superior, the principal scene of our author's observations, any exposition of his blunders would be superfluous; but to foreigners, who,

like the editors of the London *Examiner*, undertake to speculate upon the condition of the Indian race and upon the conduct of our government towards them, taking the facts reported by this writer for the basis of their observations, such an exposition may afford a useful lesson. It may teach them to catechize their authorities in future with more severity. Writers of the Munchausen class are pretty sure to be detected when their reports are tried only by the test of common sense and common knowledge, and by their consistency with each other. We will first apply this Munchausen criterion to Mr. Lanman.

On page 38, Mr. Lanman describes his visit to the lodge of Winneshic, the old chief of the Winnebagoes. "With the language of my old friend," he says, "I was partially acquainted, and this, with my knowledge of the Indian character, enabled me to carry on a respectable conversation." We learn from another portion of his book, that the author is a *young* man from the interior of Michigan. What opportunities, then, he could have had for acquiring the Winnebago language, we can hardly imagine. This tribe, in 1832, was established on the banks of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, in Wisconsin, whence they were removed to the west of the Mississippi river, where Mr. Lanman found the old chief in 1846.

After leaving the Winnebago country, about one day's voyage in a steamer up the Mississippi brought the writer to lake Pepin, where he found a portion of the *Sioux* or Dahcotah tribe.

"Among the lodges which I visited was that of a woman ninety years of age and a widow. She looked exceedingly wretched, but was so intelligent and amiable that I almost fell in love with the old antediluvian. I cannot give the whole of her long story, but an idea of its character may be obtained from the following episode, which I listened to, seated by her side and that of her only descendant — a handsome boy. Her attention had been directed to our steamer, which lay moored a short distance off, when she suddenly broke out with the following: — 'How rapidly does time fly! A short time ago the light canoe was the only thing that glided upon this lake; but now we often hear the groaning of the great fire-vessel, as it sweeps along like an angry stag. The white man's conduct appears strange. I cannot understand its purpose. O, I am an old woman and a fool!'" pp. 47, 48.

We cannot quote the whole of this Indian rhapsody, of the genuineness of which our readers will form their own opinion. How a knowledge of the Sioux language was obtained in an interview of a few minutes, so that the "intelligent and amiable" old woman could make the long story of her grievances intelligible to her youthful admirer, we are not informed.

Proceeding still farther up the Mississippi, Mr. Lanman next visits the Chippeways, a nation living in the neighborhood of the Sioux, with whom they are continually at war.

"Among the stories which I heard at Lake Winnepeg, was the following, — given to me by an aged chief as a fact, but which I cannot consider in another light than as a legend. It illustrates, however, the influence of dreams upon the savage mind." p. 88.

No mention is made of interpreters in either case. The writer hears and repeats the long stories told him in the languages of these three tribes, showing a degree of proficiency as a linguist which would astonish Cardinal Mezzofanti himself.

In the tenth chapter is found a description of a ride, on the back of a pony, from St. Peter's to Crow-Wing river. The sun was within two hours of the meridian when Mr. Lanman left the former place, accompanied by a French guide. During the first few hours, no incident happened to enliven his journey; then the report of his companion's gun is heard, and "I saw a large buck make two frightful leaps, and then drop to the earth quite dead." The prairie being "perfectly alive with grouse," and the pony, according to our traveller's account, being a very good substitute for a pointer, Mr. Lanman had astonishing success as a sportsman. "I do not desire to tell an unreasonable story, ['Pon my life, it 's true,' says Major Longbow;] but I must say that at sunset I had, fastened to my saddle, *upwards of fifty* prairie birds." At dark, such was the speed of the pony, they caught a glimpse of the hut of a trader at Little Rock, "whose *nearest neighbor* was one hundred miles off." As they rode on during the night, a wolf came snuffing along the trail, (being wolf No. 5 of the journey,) and is shot dead by a simultaneous discharge from the two guns of the party. The riders now become more drowsy, and reel to and fro on their steeds; a whole herd of wolves gives chase to them, which causes a stampede of the ponies, and just as "the day was breaking" the ex-

hausted travellers arrive at Crow-Wing. The Frenchman had saved his venison, but Mr. Lanman had lost forty-five out of the fifty grouse that hung at his saddle bow.

For the information of those who have not travelled from St. Peter's to Crow-Wing river, we may mention, that the distance is about 120 miles; consequently, this equestrian feat, performed between 10 A. M. of one day and 3 or 4 A. M. of the next, deserves to be recorded on the same page with Col. Fremont's famous ride from Pueblo de los Angeles to San Francisco. It should be remembered, also, to the honor of the French pony, that he carried, in addition to the weight of a literary gentleman with his gun and accoutrements, until he was relieved one by one of those forty-five grouse, about two hundred pounds of prairie hens dangling at his saddle bow.

"During my sojourn here, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the Indian mode of swimming. To speak within bounds, there must be some sixty boys at Crow-Wing, who enjoy a swim about every hour. They are so expert in diving, that when a number are pursuing a particular individual, and that one happens to dive, the whole of them will follow after, and finally all come up a hundred yards off." p. 72.

It would be worth an annual journey to Crow-Wing to see these sixty boys swim 300 feet under water, in Indian file. The author speaks but modestly of his success as a sportsman at this place. "I have as yet accomplished but little in the way of hunting; that is, but little for this region." Let us see, then, how moderate his ideas were.

"On one occasion I killed seven fine *looking* ducks, which turned out, however, to be unfit to eat, as they were of the dipper species, and a little too fishy even for my taste; at one time I killed twenty-five pigeons; at another, about a dozen grouse; and last of all, a couple of young coons." p. 73.

What was most remarkable in this sport was not so much the quantity, as the peculiar kind, of game that our honest traveller bagged. The dippers can very seldom be shot; they are almost too quick for powder. They are solitary birds, and are not often seen in pairs, never in flocks. The marvel is, that there should have been no other ducks on the river that day, or that any one should be so expert a marksman

as to kill *seven* of these shy birds in one hunt. The coons we will allow; but in regard to the following *fish* stories, every one must form his own opinion.

"The largest and unquestionably the most abundant variety of fish found in the Lower Mississippi is the cat-fish, and here, I believe, they are found in the greatest perfection. They vary from one to six feet in length, and in weight, from three to one hundred and fifty pounds." p. 110.

"We landed, however, with a sufficient quantity of fish to supply the whole encampment of Indians for at least three days, and among them were seven specimens of the muskalounge, — the remainder being composed of small fry in general. On opening one of my prizes, an immense black snake was found in his bowels, from which time I date my antipathy to this fishy genus as an article of food." p. 114.

"My own occasional struggle with an immense fish, conspired to throw me into a nervous state of excitement which has not entirely left me at the present moment. I did think of mentioning the number of prizes that were taken on that memorable night, but my modesty forbids; I will only say that I saw extended on the shore a muskalounge that weighed *fifty-seven* pounds, and a pike that almost weighed *twenty-four*." p. 74.

What a picture! The eloquence — the modesty — the monster fish! Could any better apology be offered for a prolonged "nervous excitement?"

We are now about half way through the book, and we will here drop the *internal* evidences of its truthfulness. We may add, however, that from Rock island at Devonport, Iowa, it is stated that the journey was made up the Mississippi to its farthest source, including several days spent at St. Peter's, more than a week at Crow-Wing, and a visit made to Spirit Lake and Leech Lake, descending thence to the mouth of St. Louis river at Lake Superior, — all in the month of July, 1846. Sir George Simpson, the great fur-king, who makes a biennial journey around the northern hemisphere, travelling across the American continent in canoes from St. Mary's to Puget's Sound, would be very much obliged to Mr. Lanman for suggestions about the modes of rapid travelling. General Cass, Mr. Schoolcraft, Mr. Nicollet, and others, who have traversed the great swamp region about the sources of the Mississippi, are supposed to have shown activity and perseverance; but in their movements they appear like tortoises,

compared with the antelope swiftness of our summer traveller. The government of the United States ought to seek out such talents as those of Mr. Lanman, to take the place of snails like Emory and Fremont. We shall hereafter explain, by evidence extraneous to the narrative itself, how this great velocity was attained. It will then be seen, that nothing could be more rapid than our author's transition from place to place, except the pulsations of the magnetic telegraph. Meanwhile, the following agreeable specimen of our author's fancy pieces may be a pleasing relief to the reader, and explain in part his peculiar mode of visiting places very remote from each other in extremely short spaces of time.

"Weary with the hunt, I lately sought the shady side of a gentle hill, and extending my limbs upon the green sward, amused myself by watching the sky. I gazed upon the blue canopy, and fancied it to be an ocean, beyond which the broad and beautiful fields of heaven were basking beneath the smiles of God. A few white feather-clouds were floating there, and they seemed to me to be a fleet returning from their home of peace. In the dark regions of night they had fought and conquered the enemy, and now, laden with redeemed souls, were hastening to the haven of eternal rest. Fancy, which had pictured this image, was gone; I saw nothing save an eagle playing above the trees of the forest, and in a moment I was a dreamer.

"It seemed to me that I entered the forest just as the glorious summer sun was sinking to his repose. The evening star rose in the west, and in a little while, from the zenith, a thousand other bright constellations looked smilingly down upon the earth. Something whispered me that I must spend the long watches of that night in wandering in the wilderness; and I departed with the silence of a shadow, and the speed of an antelope. Strange, and wild, and beautiful, were the scenes I beheld." p. 202.

The images here suggested are rather pretty, and the language on the whole would do credit to a promising Sophomore. But to the reader of the book the passage would be far more touching, if it were not about the fifteenth or twentieth sunset and star-rising rhapsody recorded in a little duodecimo of about 200 pages.

To have an adequate idea of a book of travels, we must know not only what interesting matter can be found in it, but what it does *not* contain. We turned over the leaves of Mr. Lanman's volume for some account of the great geographical

features of the region which he professes to have traversed; we found little or none. We looked for some estimate of the capacities of this wild and broad country, embraced in the arms of the upper Mississippi, for agriculture and population; no important data are furnished. In respect to the Indian tribes, whose languages can be acquired with so great facility, we wish to know how numerous they now are, how they are occupied, and what progress, if any, they have made in civilization; Mr. Lanman tells us nothing. Some few departures from the truth in minor matters, in the recital of personal adventures, for instance, might have been pardoned if there had been even a show of useful information. But the writer appropriates to himself, not only the incidents that happened to others, their exposures and escapes, but their observations, and the scenes which they had witnessed, coolly representing himself as the observer or original witness. What little valuable information the book affords appears to have been gained in this way; and the account is so perverted and mingled with gross fabrications, that its value is wholly destroyed. As a specimen of Mr. Lanman's facility in making such appropriations, we will quote his account of a dog-feast, which he says he witnessed at Fort Snelling, in July, 1846.

"Here it was that I first saw an extensive encampment of Sioux or Dahcotah Indians, who had, within six miles of the Fort, no less than three large villages. This, as is well known, is one of the most peculiar and savage tribes of the Northwest, and as I happen to be here during their gala season, I have had an opportunity of being present at some of their feasts and games.

"On one occasion it was announced throughout the village that the Indians were to have a Dog-feast, in which none but the bravest and most distinguished of the warriors are allowed to participate. The idea that lies at the bottom of this rite is, that by eating of a dog's liver the heart is made strong. The feast took place on the open prairie, in the afternoon, and was attended by about one hundred men, while there must have been a thousand spectators. The first step in the ceremony was for the Indians to seat themselves in a circle around a large pole, and devote a few moments to smoking. Their only article of clothing was the clout, and their only weapon a long knife, while their heads were decorated with death-trophies, and their bodies encircled by a belt from which hung all the scalps the wearers had taken. Suddenly a whoop was given, and the whole party commenced dancing to

the monotonous music of a drum. Then broke upon the ear the howl, and in a moment more the dying groan of a dog from without the circle of dancers." pp. 56, 57.

We prefer to end the quotation here, as the rite is less curious than disgusting. Mr. Lanman closes his account of it with this fine and pathetic remark: — "All the while, the river flowed peacefully onward, and the mellow sunlight bathed in its own gorgeous hues the illimitable prairie. I have *also* had an opportunity of witnessing in this place the Indian mode of playing ball."

The chief error in this account consists in substituting Mr. Lanman for Capt. Seth Eastman, of the 6th Infantry, and 1846 for 1843. When the "Summer in the Wilderness" made its way up the Mississippi, and appeared in the post library at Fort Snelling, the officers there, who had never seen a dog-dance, and the agents and missionaries who had lived several years among the Sioux, and had been equally unfortunate, began to inquire at what particular time and place in 1846, this rite had been performed; no one had seen it, no one had heard of it, except Mr. Lanman. At last, it was ascertained that Capt. Eastman had been present at a dog-dance three years before. The ceremony is not one that the Indians themselves relish, and it is performed only at long intervals, and for unusual occurrences. A peace having at last been concluded between the Sioux and the Chippeways, the former, to commemorate an event so important and desirable, determined to undergo the feast of dogs' livers. Capt. Eastman, who had executed some fine drawings of the scenery in that region, and his accomplished wife, who had assisted her husband in making copious notes to illustrate the history and character, the manners and ceremonies, of the Sioux, have just published an interesting volume,* to which we refer our readers for an authentic account of this dog-feast. In the introduction to this book, Mrs. Eastman says, "the dog-dance is held by the Sioux in great reverence; and the first time it has been celebrated near the fort, for many years, was about five summers ago." On this occasion, instead of ten dogs,

* *Dahcotah; or Life and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling.* By Mrs. Mary Eastman. *With a Preface,* by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. *Illustrated with drawings,* by Captain Eastman. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 268.

the Indians killed but three; and when a fourth was brought and presented to them for the purpose of continuing the ceremony, most of them were compelled to refuse the nauseous morsel. The Chippeways were disgusted, and refused to partake at all. Captain Eastman showed his notes to Mr. Lanman, and the latter appropriated to himself the story, merely altering the date.

Several of the chapters in this volume are dated with a flourish, "In *my* Canoe, July, 1846." From St. Peter's to Crow-Wing, he says, "my mode of travelling" was on horseback, having purchased his remarkable pony of a Frenchman, who accompanied him as guide. At Crow-Wing, he became acquainted with "the trader Morrison, whose reputation as an upright, intelligent, and noble-hearted man is coextensive with the entire wilderness of the Northwest." At this place, he remarks, "I am to embark in a canoe, during my summer tour with Morrison, *who is to be my guide*, counsellor, and friend, while I wander, *according to my own free will*, over the lake region of the extreme Upper Mississippi."

"The same canoe in which I explored the upper thousand miles of the Mississippi, also bore me in safety around the shores of Lake Superior: first, eastward, along the northern shore, then back again to Fon [Fond] du Lac, and afterwards along the southern shore to the Apostle Islands. Delighted as I was with my canoe wanderings on the head waters of the Mighty River, I am constrained to yield the palm to Superior. *For weeks* did I explore its picturesque bays and extended sweeps of shore, *following the promptings of my wayward will.*" p. 148.

At Sault St. Marie, he writes, "I have finished my pilgrimage around the shores of Lake Superior, *given away my birchen canoe*, and parted with my Indian guides and fellow voyagers." This letter is dated in August, at the Sault, and as we have seen how busily he was occupied through the month of July before reaching the shores of the great lake, we may already conjecture what his pilgrimage "for weeks" around those shores amounted to, and there will be some positive evidence to offer on this point. But our present purpose in making these extracts is only to call attention to the manner in which Mr. Lanman speaks of "*my* mode of travelling," *my* horse, *my* guide, and *my* canoe. It will call no blush to

his cheek, though it may occasion some surprise to his admiring readers, to inform them, on the authority of the agents of the Fur Company, that Mr. Lanman, having letters "from below," was treated by them as *a guest;* was despatched in *their* canoes, upon *their* horses, with *their* guides, from St. Peter's, by way of Crow-Wing and Sandy Lake, to Fond du Lac, and thence to La Pointe, *without charge.* Mr. Morrison has the letter of the agent, requesting him, on the canoe journey from Crow-Wing to La Pointe, to give Mr. Lanman all the accommodation and information which a literary gentleman, visiting this wild district, would naturally desire and appreciate. The old and intelligent trader, to whom this letter was addressed, found a ready listener in his guest, and whiled away the tedious hours, which must be passed in the bottom of a birch canoe, by relating anecdotes about his long residence in the wilderness and his intercourse with the Chippeways. How these were metamorphosed into what "I saw" and "I heard," *à la* dog-feast, any reader of the volume can judge for himself.

This aged and highly respectable person did not esteem it a great compliment to be represented as "a guide" of the young man whom he so liberally entertained. He states, that the journey from the mouth of St. Louis river, along the south shore of Lake Superior, 90 miles, in *his* canoe, was all the voyage around the shores of this great lake which Lanman performed. "The promptings" of the latter's "wayward will" were simply the excursions of his vagrant imagination; and his 23d chapter, containing his description of the Canadian shore of Lake Superior, with frequent mention of what "I visited," and what "I took a drawing of," is an impudent fabrication from beginning to end. The inhabitants of La Pointe affirm, that soon after Mr. Morrison landed this hopeful narrator at the Apostle Islands, (which are about *twenty* in number, though Lanman says there are but *three,*) he took ship direct for Sault St. Marie. His whole account of Thunder Cape upon the northern shore, which he says is "about fourteen hundred feet high," and "frowns upon the waste of waters like a crouching lion," and "looms against the sky in awful grandeur," is an imagination or — something else.

Our readers are by this time prepared for an account of

"the falls of the river St. Louis," which Mr. Lanman "claims the privilege" of naming Chippeway Falls, as "*I am the first traveller* from the States who has ever taken the trouble actually to visit these cataracts." We have room but for a portion of his magniloquent description of them.

"The width of the river may be from three to four hundred yards. At this point (just above Fon du Lac) are three nameless waterfalls, whose dimensions are indeed stupendous: they are said to be the largest in the Northwest. The water of the first tumbles over a pile of pointed rocks, and after twisting itself into every possible variety of chutes and foaming streams, finally murmurs itself to sleep in a pool eighty feet below the summit whence it takes its first leap.

"The second fall, or rather cataract, is about one hundred and forty feet high, nearly perpendicular, and the water rushes over almost in a solid and unbroken body.

"The walls of slate on either side are lofty, and 'crowned with a peculiar diadem of trees;' and as the roaring of the fall is perfectly deafening, its effect upon me was allied to that of Niagara. The pools at the bottom appeared to be black and fathomless, but the spray was whiter than snow, and the rainbows beautiful beyond comparison. When I gazed upon the features of this superb water-wonder, united as they were in one complete picture; when *I listened to the scream of an hundred eagles* mingling with its roar, and thought of the uninhabited wilderness in every direction around me, I was most deeply impressed with the power of the Omnipotent.

"I visited this cataract accompanied by a party of Indians, and owing to the length of time it took us to reach it, we were compelled to spend the night in its immediate vicinity. And then it was that the effect of this cataract upon my mind was so impressive as actually, at times, to be exceedingly painful. We built our watch-fire on the southern shore, in a sheltering bay, about one hundred yards from the fall, and on a spot where we could command a complete view of the superb picture." . . . . .

"I ordered more wood to be placed on the fire, and leaving the others to take care of themselves, rolled myself up in my blanket, and was soon asleep. I was awakened only once during the night, and that was by the distant howl of a wolf, mingling with the solemn anthem of the cataract. I sat up for a moment to look upon the scene, but the sky was covered with clouds, and it was exceedingly dark. Even the embers of our watch-fire had ceased blazing. Around me lay my companions in a deep sleep.

Once more did I listen to that dreadful howl, and that Godlike voice of many waters, until, like a frightened child, I hastily covered my head, and wept myself to sleep." pp. 122 – 124.

Now all this is what Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was accustomed to call "a special lie with circumstances." If the united testimony of several respectable persons can be credited, Mr. Lanman *never saw* these falls, and was never nearer than two miles from them. They have been visited by very few; it is a hard day's work to get to them, not in canoes, but clambering on foot over rocks and precipices; and even this is hardly practicable but when the river is very low. To the inhabitants of Fond du Lac, Lanman's story has been a source of much merriment. The *voyageurs* who were with Morrison affirm that our author passed over the usual "portage," which approaches the highest *chute* of the St. Louis no nearer than a distance of two miles and a half. The missionary with whom he spent "a pleasant afternoon," rambling over Morrison's hill, states that his stay at Fond du Lac did not exceed half an hour. It is a pity to spoil so pretty a story; but the lovers of nature, who, attracted by this glowing description, intend visiting the spot, must lower their conceptions of a fall from "one hundred and forty feet, nearly perpendicular," to a romantic *chute* of about forty feet; must reduce the "eighty feet" tumble in the same proportion; and must dismiss the beautiful idea of floating about "with birchen torches in a canoe" altogether, for no canoe ever came near the principal fall, unless carried thither over land to no purpose. The wolves, deer, and eagles must be left out, as they are all extremely rare in that region; and the traveller is likely to hear nothing more romantic than the rush of the water, and the occasional hoot of an owl. The portage is nine miles in length across a tortuous winding of the river, which is probably twenty miles in development. The fall is given by Nicollet at about 340 feet for the whole distance, being a continuous, and in high water most magnificent, succession of *chutes*, respectively from two to forty feet in height.

"In making the Grand Portage in the Saint Louis, owing to the rugged character of the country, it is necessary to land your canoes only a few yards above a succession of falls that descend into a pool thirty feet below. Owing to the thoughtlessness of

our pilot, our canoe was suffered to go nearer than was customary, when Morrison uttered a most fearful shout, and said that we were within the charmed circle, and unless we strained every nerve to the utmost, we must surely perish. By that time we were on the very verge of the cataract, but we sprang to the paddles with all our might, and 'the boldest held his breath.' The agony that we suffered cannot be expressed; — it lasted, however, only for a moment; we soon succeeded in reaching the shore, but our brows were heavily beaded, and we threw ourselves upon the greensward, actually trembling with excessive feebleness. As may be supposed, the remainder of that day was solemnly spent, for our minds were continually haunted by the grim visage of death." p. 146.

Passing that way in 1848, while halting at the head of the "Knife Rapids," about three miles above the head of the Grand Portage, at a portage one mile and a half in length, which Mr. Lanman makes out to be *twelve* miles, we heard a story from a half-breed negro, "Jack," which corresponds marvellously with this "attempt at the terrific" by Mr. Lanman. Jack says he was with Mr. Morrison in a trip down the St. Louis in the spring of 1838, when the river was from 18 to 20 feet above its usual level, and rushed over the slate beds that cross its channel with frightful rapidity. The current proved stronger than they had expected, and the steersman saw that they were in danger of going over a *chute* of about twelve feet, succeeded by others for a distance of three miles. Morrison's presence of mind, and the courage and strength of the men, enabled them to run the canoe among the branches of some trees at the head of the *chute*, — which Jack, raising himself in the midst of his enthusiastic description, could now barely touch with his setting-pole, — and they were saved. No such incident occurred during the canoe journey of Mr. Lanman; the "agony" that "we" endured, the "fearful shout," and the "charmed circle," are all the graftings of our tourist's fancy on the story of honest Jack. Our summer traveller, indeed, seems to have very delicate nerves; on three occasions, objects no more formidable than a "red deer," a drunken Indian, and a supposed bear, nearly frightened him out of his wits. But the hardy *voyageur* of the Northwest is noted for his steadiness, bravery, and self-possession in the midst of peril; in terrific river gorges, where the deflection of a hand's breadth

to either side would be destruction, he guides his slight canoe with an unerring eye and a firm hand.

We pass to a further examination of the supposed extent of our author's summer tour. The trip from Rock Island to St. Peter's would occupy, in a good boating season, and with the best of luck, at least three days. Mr. Lanman speaks of his "sojourn" at the latter place, which must have lasted three or four days, in the course of which he *witnessed* the dog-feast. He flew to Crow-Wing in a day, and remained there ten days. Thence to Sandy Lake, against the current of the Mississippi, five days would be a quick trip; and the passage to Pokegoma Falls would require six or eight days more. Three days would be needed to go to Red Cedar Lake, through Winnipeg; and the trip thence to the source of the Mississippi, at Elk or Itasca Lake, occupied Mr. Nicollet and Mr. Schoolcraft several days. Altogether, the upward trip alone would consume full thirty days; and to return by way of Leech Lake, where Mr. Lanman professes to have been, to Fond du Lac would require, if the river were high enough, and the tourist lost no time, about a fortnight more. Our veracious traveller pretends to have accomplished the whole, in addition to a side excursion to Spirit Lake, and to long stoppages at various points on the route, in the month of July, 1846! Even without the external testimony, therefore, that we have already cited from Mr. Morrison and others, we could reduce the "Summer in the Wilderness" to its true dimensions; it becomes a journey from a steamboat at St. Peter's to another steamboat or sailing vessel at La Pointe, over the usually travelled route, that generally occupies from fifteen to twenty days. This easy and comparatively familiar journey, he was enabled, by the kindness or charity of the Fur Company, to take in *their* conveyances; the expedition "in *my* canoe" to Winnipeg and Red Cedar Lake, to the source of the Mississippi, to Leech Lake and Spirit Lake, and afterwards round *both* shores of Lake Superior, is a mere figment of the brain.

The descriptions that are given of these places, a chapter or two being usually allotted to each lake, are very much alike, and might be made up with little trouble by consulting Nicollet, Schoolcraft, and Allen. These lakes have so much of a family likeness, that a vague account of them might be

manufactured without essential error in the publisher's office at New York, as well as "in my canoe." They all have sandy bottoms, islands, rocks, and fish; trees grow on their borders, and there are usually hills somewhere near them. There would be no great harm, perhaps, in compiling from known and accredited works of travellers a general description of the lake country round the Upper Mississippi, giving due credit to the authorities used, and adorning the whole with some flights of fancy and rhetoric. But our author takes good care to interlard his description with direct and repeated assertions that *he* had been there, *he* saw, *he* observed, &c. We will bring together a few of these audacious statements.

First, as to the source of the Mississippi: — "I have sailed," he says, p. 20, "all the way up to the little Lake which gives it existence." In the 16th chapter, which contains his account of this fountain head, called Elk or Itasca Lake, of the great river, he notices "a ridge of wood-crowned hills" (all his hills are "wood-crowned,") on the south side of it, and says, p. 100, "On the summits of these hills *I spent a number of days*, pondering upon the strange, wild scenery which surrounded me."

"The only inhabitants that we found on the shores of *Winnipeg*, were three bands of Chippeways, numbering in all about one thousand souls. We pitched our tent in the midst of their encampment, or village, and managed, so far as I was concerned, to spend a day and night among them quite pleasantly." p. 86.

A bear-hunt was held on this lake, and Mr. Lanman gives a minute account of the manner in which he, aided by two Indians, *killed the bear*, and how he witnessed the Indian ceremony which invariably follows such success.

Of Red Cedar Lake he says: —

"The shores of this lake are gently undulating, and must have been originally quite beautiful; but *when I was there* it was almost without inhabitants, and the places where once stood large clusters of wigwams, were covered with bare poles and ashes, and presented a most desolate appearance." p. 91.

Here he met a poor widow, and he repeats "the story which she told me." The language which follows is charac-

teristic of Mr. Lanman's coolness in making up his fabrications; the word *facts* is Italicized by himself.

"I spent my only evening there, listening to the desultory conversation of my friend Morrison. The *facts* which I then gathered are now subjoined." p. 92.

From his description of Spirit Lake, or Mille Lac, which he corrupts into Mill Lac, we extract this paragraph: —

"The ruling chief of Spirit Lake, at the present time, is Naguanabic, or Outside Feather. He is said to be the most worthy, intelligent, and influential of all the Chippeway chiefs. *I spent many agreeable and instructive hours in his lodge*, and among my Indian curiosities there is nothing that I value more highly than the presents I received from him. *It does my heart good to remember the old man, and the beautiful lake which is his home.*" p. 83.

There is nothing so pathetic as this in his account of Leech Lake; but he had excellent opportunities on its shores for observing the manners and ceremonies of the Indians, which he describes at length.

"During my stay at Leech Lake I had an opportunity of witnessing a Medicine Dance, and of obtaining some information with regard to the Medicine Society.

"I also witnessed while at Leech Lake the *conclusion* of a ceremony that was commenced some weeks before. There had been a Virgin Dance, the prominent features of which are as follows." pp. 105, 106.

As our readers now have proof enough, that Mr. Lanman *never saw one of these five lakes*, these extracts are sufficiently illustrative of his notions of veracity. Those which follow are intended to show his gratitude to the American Fur Company and its agents, who treated him with so much kindness and liberality. The pious tone which he here assumes is very edifying.

"A division took place in the American Fur Company a few years ago, and while one party was headed by Pierre Choteau, and traded on the Missouri, the other remained under the guiding hand of Ramsey Crook, and confined its operations to the region of the Great Lakes. The principal men in this fur trade, before and since the family division, succeeded in accumulating large fortunes; but both of the companies, which retain the original name, are supposed to be, at any rate, no better off than they

should be. For my part I am not surprised at this result, when I know the overbearing and monopolizing character of these companies, and when I believe in the theory that iniquity has its reward even in this world.

"When I am told that the beaver and the otter and other valuable animals are rapidly becoming extinct, and that the glory of the American Fur Company is forever departed, I cannot but believe that there is a wise and just Providence, who holdeth the world in the hollow of his hands." pp. 78, 79.

"The agent of the Fur Company and his assistants are half-breeds, and a most godless set of people they are. It is a general rendezvous for several Indian tribes, and when I was there was quite crowded with the barbarians." p. 125.

The business of the Fur Company is not the only thing which shocks the moral sensibilities of this excellent tourist. He is deeply grieved at the condition of the aborigines of this continent, and moralizes upon the iniquities of Indian warfare and the battle of the Bad Axe, in a way which moved the sympathies of his English critic to an extraordinary degree, and excited great indignation at the conduct of our government. We shall not dwell upon this portion of his work, as we have not room to discuss the difficult question of the responsibility of our countrymen for the degradation and misery of the race which they have supplanted in the possession of this continent; and we borrow but two sentences to show how able and eloquent an advocate this race has found in Mr. Lanman.

"And this is a portion of the payment that our government has ever been in the habit of awarding to the poor Indian, for the splendid territories which were his only inheritance. . . . .

"And yet the white man who was the author of all this misery counts his gold, and congratulates himself with the idea that he is a Christian." pp. 37, 38.

A writer who can deliberately adopt this sanctimonious tone in a work of such a character as this "Sumner in the Wilderness," has no claim to lenient consideration; he must expect that when his blunders and fabrications are detected, they will be exposed with unsparing severity. It gives us no pleasure to break a fly upon the wheel; but a regard for truth and justice will not allow so flagrant a violation of both in a book of some literary pretensions to escape unpunished.

The copious extracts given in this article are enough to show what these pretensions are worth. The forgeries of Lander, Ireland, and George Psalmanazar, however flagitious in design, were executed with so much spirit, learning, and imagination, that they have secured for themselves a place, though not an enviable one, in literary history. But this fabrication by Mr. Lanman, while it equals theirs in audacity, is so feeble and puerile, that our notice of it can but create a brief delay in its speedy passage to oblivion. There was a risk, however, that it might be fished up at a future day by some mousing historian, and quoted as the evidence of an eye-witness in relation to the aspect of the country, the condition of the Indians, and the conduct of the white traders at the present time in the region about the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior. This danger, we think, is now sufficiently obviated.

Art. VIII. — *Considerations upon the Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions.* By Frederick Grimke. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 544.

This work is from the pen of Judge Grimke, late of the Supreme Court of Ohio. It is a work full of thought, fair, tolerant, and based on much study; as we hope to show our readers by the extracts which we shall presently offer. But at the outset, we must present several objections to its outward intellectual form, — if such a phrase is intelligible. It has, for example, no Index, and nothing that deserves to be called a Table of Contents; the headings of the various Chapters but very imperfectly suggest the topics discussed in them; and no analysis, at the commencement or close of the work, lays open to us the plan of arrangement which existed in the author's mind. Nay, a complete perusal of the volume fails to make us acquainted with this plan. There is no mathematical character to the book; no theorems are demonstrated, no problems presented and solved. It is a series of sensible, deeply meditated essays, well worth reading, but which would have been far more satisfactory if brought

before us as parts of a great whole. It is a quarry of thought, not a temple; a wheat-stack, not a loaf of bread; — we may doubtless exercise ourselves to good purpose in arranging the blocks, or winnowing and grinding the grain; but most readers, alas! are too lazy.

And yet beyond this, there is a want in the work. It is a treatise on "the nature of Free Institutions;" but nowhere in it are we told what constitutes the essence of such institutions. Mr. Grimke skips the definitions and axioms of his science. Yet, we believe, one-half the world are puzzled by political views because they have never been led to examine the self-evident, commonplace truths on which the science of the statesman, like that of the astronomer, rests.

One such truth we take to be this; — that by Free Institutions we are to understand, not those of a Representative Democracy and no others, but whatever institutions are best suited to secure freedom to any given nation. A constitution like that of the United States, if given to Russia, would cease to be free in its character, because it would, (at least in all probability,) lead to utter anarchy, and consequent individual slavery of mind, and heart, and soul. The institutions of England, for England, are in the main as truly free, as those of our land are for us. The representative democracy of France at this moment secures less freedom than the aristocratic monarchy of Great Britain.

Again; the whole subject of Freedom and Free Institutions is too commonly regarded entirely from an Athenian or Roman point of view, — not from that which Christianity offers to us. Our speculations are Pagan in their basis, and Pagan in their results. It is generally the aim of our efforts for freedom to secure our own rights, but not so to place ourselves as to be able to secure the rights of all, and do our own duty to all. The great Christian doctrine, that liberty comes through obedience, that the whole value of liberty lies in its enabling us to be more and more obedient, and that whatever institutions favor the growth of a spirit of obedience to God are most truly free, — this great doctrine is unheeded, or denounced as slavish and degrading.

Whence came that pithy motto which has been so often dwelt upon of late years, "Our country right or wrong!" It came from Pagan patriotism. It was the very essence of

Spartan and Roman virtue. But such patriotism is not farther removed from Christianity than is the intense individualism which asks at every moment, — What are my rights? and seldom or never, — What are the rights of my neighbor? And yet, by Free Institutions most men understand such as will give this very spirit of selfishness the fullest play, and count whatever would lead or would compel them to respect the claims of other men, as so much liberty lost, so much Conservatism and Toryism left amid the Freedom they enjoy. How can we explain the Red Republicanism of educated men in France? How the strong reactionary spirit? They are both, we believe, born of the same practical infidelity, — twins of February, 1848. France, with all her Pope-restoring, is torn and ruled by those who are filled with Heathen ideas; and hence the danger of her position, the impossibility of solving the problem of her politics.

Nor is it far different, we fear, in Germany or Italy. The monarchs of Prussia, Austria, and Naples, in their vacillating careers, have been moved by no spirit of love for their subjects, no thought of the rights of the people over whom God has placed them; neither have those people, burgesses or proletaries, been more considerate of the claims of their sovereigns, or those of their fellow subjects. The spirit which was present to so great an extent in the leaders of our Revolution, in Washington, Jay, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, — the spirit of Christian justice, the spirit which urged them to seek the good of all, to secure the rights of all, — is unknown, it would seem, in these European revolutions. That spirit has enabled us to approach true freedom; without it, we could never have done so. When our Revolution was in progress, the problem of our future was comparatively simple, because God's truth was in the midst of its movers; the problem offered by Europe is complicated and dark beyond expression, because in its heart are working human selfishness and human passion, and not God's truth.

At the outset, then, of an inquiry into the nature of Free Institutions, we should call to mind these old truths: — that those governments are truly free which secure the freedom of the people living under them; — that freedom lies, not in the absence of restraint, but in the power of obedience to God, in the power of doing our duty toward all men, and granting

their just claims; — and that free institutions are impossible among a Heathen people, so that liberty in Rome now, if Rome be practically Pagan, is as much out of the question as it was in the time of Tully.

These, we say, are old truths, and yet we well know that many will not admit them. At the risk of being very tedious, therefore, we offer a few illustrations.

When we speak of civil freedom, and free governments, it is always understood that we speak of something to be desired. But the liberty which is desirable for any man, really good for him, is not absolute liberty, freedom from all law, human and divine; — it is, plainly, relative liberty, freedom from all that cripples him, hinders his true growth, from all that keeps him down or drags him down. But the amount of freedom which is good for the man is bad for the boy; that which helps the Briton may prove the ruin of the Spaniard or the Sicilian. What is true liberty for one people, therefore, may be licentiousness for another; and those institutions which are the source of life to the former, may be the means of bringing death to the latter. But if by free institutions we mean something desirable, and if no institutions can be absolutely free, how can we hesitate to give the title to those which best secure the liberties of the nation to which they belong, and to refuse it to such as lead to popular tyranny, the despotism of a demagogue, the dragging down and holding down of countless human souls, even though these things be done by a representative democracy, or a democracy pure and direct?

But if the only freedom worth having or talking about is that relative liberty which is befitting the condition of the person, or the nation; — if we are none the less free, when fetterless and at large, because the might of gravity binds us to the earth, and by its very bond enables us to move, to turn, to stand, to be free, instead of driving like leaves before the wind, slaves to the mightiest impulse; — is it not clear, that the highest freedom we can attain to is obedience to God's will, obedience to the centre of spiritual gravitation?

What is the essence of slavery? Is it not the power of a fellow man over us, by which our intellectual and spiritual progress is deadened or destroyed? Let us be satisfied, that to be absolutely under another's bidding will secure our pro-

gress most effectually in every thing that belongs to mind, heart, and soul, in all that links us to Eternity, — and such submission would cease to be slavery, or slavery would cease to be hateful. But no progress is possible without submission to the Infinite One; in obedience to Him lies the source of all growth; His "service," therefore, in the beautiful language of the English Church, "is perfect freedom." * But we cannot serve God if we fail to fulfil our duty towards all men, and their just claims on us. These things granted, — and they are but Christian truisms, — it is the simplest corollary that freedom and free institutions are impossible where Paganism rules, even though it be in the capital of Christendom itself.

But these commonplaces are not the only ones which lie at the foundation of a just understanding of the nature of Free Institutions, and a neglect of which, because so simple and self-evident, hinders, or makes useless all our inquiries. It is never to be forgotten, for example, that governments, that political systems, are powerless by themselves to set a people free, or even to secure freedom when it has been obtained; but that in conjunction with social arrangements, educational and religious institutions, and the inborn character of a people, governments become of immense importance; all the other agents being comparatively uninfluential so long as the political system is adverse to Christian liberty. A just estimate of this mutual support which social institutions lend to political, and political to social, would prevent the exaggerations of the Associationists on the one side, and those of their blind opponents on the other. No representative democracy could enable a nation to live in freedom if the family were abolished, property made insecure, or religion utterly neglected by the State. But the home may remain unviolated, the earnings of the citizen untouched, and Heaven be appealed to hourly, and yet the influence of a despotism like that of Turkey or Russia shall prove fatal in countless ways to the true liberty of heart and soul. Nay, it is not despotism alone which may prove thus fatal. The aristocratic spirit of England exerts upon thousands an enslaving power; the ultra-democracy of Athens was as deadly

* Collect for Peace, Morning Service.

as the tyranny of the Cæsars ; and even in our own pattern land, and with a government which, for us, and upon the whole, is as good as man has yet attained, — even with us, despite of homes, and property, and religion, the popular element of our political condition, acting through the press and public opinion, strips multitudes of the freedom which they nominally enjoy.

True views in relation to the connection which exists between social and political arrangements are, in our day, peculiarly needed. The masses of men have never sufficiently understood the worthlessness of laws and rulers to secure freedom when the system of society was adverse to its existence. Even now, the suffering millions of the British empire look to Parliament for that which Parliament can never bestow ; trust to free trade as in itself a specific for the evils which spring from ignorance, vice, and selfishness ; and almost hope to put an end to the potato-rot by the ballot-box. How constant is the outcry against the English government because it does not destroy the miseries of Ireland ; and yet, the main portion of those miseries England can no more do away by legislation, than she can legislate away the clouds which so often threaten her harvests. In our own country, even with the wide diffusion of knowledge which has taken place, and which has turned countless minds to the influence of social arrangements without making them converts to any of the schools of reform, — even in these United States, men look to the election of a President or a Senator with a vague hope that the triumph of one party or the other, as their own views incline, will bring about results which can follow only upon social changes. The poor but ambitious mechanic, galled by the undue influence of wealth, trusts that the success of some anti-bank candidate will do away the inequality which poisons his life, and turns with contempt from the Christian who would bring all classes together without regard to property, upon the ground of equal excellence and intelligence, as from an ineffectual dreamer, whose impracticable schemes will never remove the mischief they aim to destroy.

But while, on the one hand, the multitude have too little comprehended the vast influence of social institutions upon politics and individual freedom, there is, on the other side, a growing body of thinking and enthusiastic men who are dis-

posed to underrate the power of political systems, and care too little for the machinery of government. To them the limits of the veto power, the theory of representation, the tenure of judicial offices, the mode of choosing judges, and a hundred similar questions, are matters of no moment. Social reform, land reform, absorb all their energies. They are not, what we wish the ultraists on either side would become, at once men of to-day and of the future; advocates for some small, but most needful reformation, and at the same time prophets of, and pleaders for, a reformation which shall go to the root of existing evils, and prepare the way for the second coming of our Lord.

At the threshold, then, of our inquiry, we would keep clearly in mind, first, that those are free governments which secure the whole spiritual freedom of the persons living under them; secondly, that the essence of freedom is a complete capability of serving God and man; thirdly, that free institutions must rest on Christian, and not Pagan, ideas of liberty; fourthly, that no political institutions of themselves, unconnected with social, educational, and religious appliances, can regenerate a State; and fifthly, that no social, educational, and religious changes, of themselves, unconnected with political reforms, are able to accomplish what is desired by us all.

There is another thought, almost as simple and self-evident as the above, which meets us at the outset of our examination. It is, that true freedom, being the capability of serving God and man, is not a mere negative thing, the absence of slavery. Most men regard the perfection of free institutions as lying in the fact that they leave every man in a great measure to do as he pleases; they neither hinder him, nor help him; they are free institutions because they are, practically, no institutions at all. But to us it seems that a truly free government will have its positive, as well as its negative side. It not only will not hinder, but it will help. It is not freedom to be let alone; *laissez faire* is not the motto of Christian liberty. The common saying, that the best government is that in which there is the least legislation, appears to us an entire fallacy. We do not want bad laws, despotic whims, or popular caprices; but we do need an abundance of good laws, whereby those things may be done which can be done only

by a nation; laws to secure the advance of the higher and less material interests which the individual in his selfishness so constantly neglects. We may trust every man to manage in a great degree his own commercial, agricultural, worldly matters; the *laissez faire* of the French merchants was sensible advice, for the children of this world are wise in their generation. But Art, Science, Literature, Education, Religion, — these things need constant aid, countenance, support from the nation. There are then, when we come to discuss Free Institutions, these two questions; —What will hinder true freedom? What will advance and increase it? In the discussion of these two inquiries, were they dealt with in an exhaustive manner, every topic, we conceive, would be taken up which Grimke, Brougham, De Tocqueville, or any other writer, has considered, and taken up under relations that would make it far more intelligible than it can be when out of its natural and vital connection, just where chance brings us upon it.

We have neither space nor inclination to pursue the consideration of these queries; but is it not plain that, with the Christian idea of freedom before us, we at once dispose of the first topic which suggests itself; namely, what are the adverse influences of Despotism, Constitutional Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy, and Anarchy? Dispose of it, we mean, by instantly rejecting the Despotism and the Anarchy, as being deadly to "the complete capability of serving God and man," which we have assumed as the essence of freedom; and by accepting Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, as being, — each for some state of society, some point of national progress,— fitted to help, not deaden, this service of our Maker and our brother. If we are asked, why accept them? we answer, because in England, as she has been and is, and in these United States, we see these three institutions upholding, securing, and forwarding the freedom that comes from on High.

And now we draw near to Mr. Grimke, who means by Free Institutions, (as we gather from the work, for he nowhere defines his meaning,) those of a Representative Democracy. His "Considerations" are truly upon the nature and tendency of the institutions of a Representative Democracy, and especially of that embodied in our land. He nowhere presents

the arguments which may be used in favor of an Aristocracy, for instance, in certain stages of social progress. To be sure, there is a chapter on "Aristocratical Institutions," (Book III. Chap. V.); but it treats of any thing rather than that which we speak of; presenting mainly the objections to an Aristocracy, its want of adaptation to the United States, and other points of the kind. With our views, therefore, we cannot regard Mr. Grimke's volume as treating, truly, of "free" institutions; but as treating of one class of such, — namely, of those which belong to our own system, those of a Representative Democracy. With this understanding, we enter upon a more particular notice of his work.

He treats, first, of the science of government, which, he remarks, has remained nearly stationary during the last two hundred years. Is this true? Did our revolutionary forefathers do nothing for the philosophy of government? Did not those who wrought the English Revolution of 1688 do any thing for it? Has the whole progress, — (for it must have been progress, if it has not been regress, — no man or nation stands still, — to Heaven or Hell is the inevitable law,) — has the whole progress, we would ask, of England, France, and America, to go no farther, since 1648, since the peace of Westphalia and the death of Charles on the scaffold,— done nothing to aid Hungary in her struggle, or to save Germany from lawlessness? Are books the sole things which carry forward science? Are political writers any thing more than the recorders of what statesmen prove to be true, or, at most, the suggesters of what statesmen may try, but which, till tried, is worthless? In his whole work there is no paragraph from which we so entirely dissent as that with which our author opens his essay. Within the last two hundred years, we believe, as much comparative progress has been made in the science of government as in that of chemistry. The old dreams of alchemy were scarcely more worthless and false than were those of the combatants in the time of Cromwell; — there was a purpose and a spirit of truth in both, and in both an utter falsity of means and appliances. Think of it; but two hundred years ago, in other sciences than politics, there were Bacon, (1626,)* Galileo, (1642,)

* We give the date of death.

Harvey, (1657,) Napier, (1614,) and countless others of almost equal notoriety. Has physical science gained so much since their day, and has political science gained nothing?

Having assigned the causes for this supposed absence of progress in political science, our author next goes on to develop his views in relation to the various classes of governments; — which he finds to be but two in number, natural and artificial, "a representative republic" being the only example of the former. Next follows a Chapter upon the foundation of government and the right of the majority to rule. In the course of his discussion of these matters, Mr. Grimke makes the following remarks, which are indeed eminently true, and which refer to facts that may well lead us to hope for our country and its liberties; the spirit of loyalty is not dead within us while our constitutions are respected by the masses of the people.

"During the last twenty-five years, we have witnessed repeated attempts, by the legislatures of several of the American States, to violate their respective constitutions, and sometimes even that of the federal government. In every instance the attempt has been abortive. So many of the people have abandoned the party in power, that it became utterly powerless in the accomplishment of its plans; and, after a time, the whole community returned with renewed satisfaction to the wise and salutary maxims which had been handed down to them by their fathers.

"The constitution of Ohio was framed in 1802, when the population was a handful. It has now become a populous and powerful community; so that it has outgrown its constitution, as the man outgrows the clothes which he wore when a boy. Great inconvenience has been experienced in consequence of some of the provisions of that constitution; yet the people have submitted patiently to them, because, although a majority has constantly during the last twenty years been in favor of an alteration, yet the time has not arrived when the constitutional majority of two-thirds could be obtained." p. 23.

In the course of his third chapter, our author presents, though somewhat vaguely, his views in reference to a most important topic; the connection, namely, between the representative and his constituents. We extract what he says.

"It is time now to direct the attention of the reader to a very material distinction, already hinted at, between a representative

republic and the artificial forms of government. In the first, the political authority of the community is divided into three classes: the powers which are exercised by the government, those exercised by the people, and those reserved to the people. In pure monarchy, and aristocracy, there is but one class. The whole power is centered in the government. In the United States, it is common to make two classes only; the second is left out. All the active power of the community is supposed to be conferred upon the government, and all its latent power to be lodged with the people; liable to be roused to activity whenever a convention is assembled for the purpose of forming a new constitution. But this is a very imperfect view of the structure of the American government. The powers actually exercised by the people are numerous, and of great importance. I have no reference now to the distribution of authority between the federal and state governments. That does in reality give rise to a fourth class, which it is not now necessary to notice.

"First, if we could consider the various persons who are chosen to perform the duties of the great number of offices which exist in representative government, as naked instruments, mere conduit pipes, to convey the opinions, and to give an audible expression to the interests, of the people, the truth of the observation would be clear. The conduct of the representative would then be invariably determined by the will of his constituents. It might even be doubtful, whether the latter did not exercise all political power not reserved. If, on the other hand, there is a considerable approach to that scheme, or arrangement, the truth of the proposition will be still more manifest. The active power of the community will be partitioned between the government and the people. The arm is the mere servant of the will. If an individual had no immediate power in moving it, but was able to exercise an intermediate control, which might be relied upon as certain, in the great majority of instances, it would still be correct to say, that he exercised an important agency in determining its movements.

"The physician who is employed to cure disease, or the lawyer who is engaged to prosecute a suit, are the agents in either case of those who apply to them. Yet the connection is not as strict, as between the elector and the representative: because in the case of the physician and lawyer, the skill demanded of them depends upon a body of scientific knowledge, an acquaintance with which is impossible for those who have not made it a special study. More strictly is he denominated an agent, who is selected to transact the private business of an individual. And, although this trust will require judgment, sagacity, and industry; that is, the exercise of qualities which belong properly to the agent, yet

his conduct, so far as concerns the substantial interests of the principal, will, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, be determined by the last.

"There is this difference, however, between the two cases; that where one man employs another to transact his private affairs, there is a singleness, an unity of purpose, which it is easy to impress upon the agent, but which cannot be exactly imitated, where, instead of one agent, there are hundreds, and instead of one principal, there are thousands. The distinction is one of great consequence; and yet, it does not detract from the truth of the observation, that the active political power which exists in a republic is partitioned between the public officers and their constituents. But the distinction points to a very important end which representative government is adapted to accomplish.

"For, as in order to execute the joint will of a very numerous society, it is indispensable that agents should be employed; these agents, whose number is very small when compared with the whole population, act as convenient instruments for separating the more prominent interests of society from those which are of less moment. Their commanding position naturally leads them, amid the great variety of discordant opinions which are afloat, even in a small section of the country, to distinguish between those which are of vital and general importance, and those which are the offspring of temporary prejudices, and local feelings. In this way, the multifarious business of an extensive community is brought under some systematic rules, and a character of oneness and uniformity is impressed upon the movements of the government.

"But there are instances in which the relation of principal and agent exists in its utmost strictness. The opinion and views which the representative is appointed to carry out, are not all of the same kind. Some are very complex; that is, they require a great many acts to be done, and a variety of unforeseen circumstances to be taken into account; and there are others, pointing to a single end, which cannot be mistaken. In the last, the will of the constituent may be impressed upon the deputy as completely as the stamp impresses its image upon wax.

"The election of president of the United States is a remarkable example of this. On that occasion, a greater number of electors than ever was known in christendom are assembled, and although an intermediate body is chosen by them, for the purpose of making the election, yet those secondary electors invariably vote for the person who has been designated for the office by the primary electors. The result is reduced to absolute certainty, before the colleges of electors meet. Thus, in a case where the electors are most numerous, and where it was supposed impossible to produce any thing like harmony of opinion, the agreement is most com-

plete. And what is of still more importance, where the public officer is elected to preside over the whole population, and to embrace the greatest diversity of views, a character of unity is most effectually impressed upon him. As the extent of country, and the great number of the electors, remove him to a great distance from the people, and tend to weaken his responsibility, it is of great consequence to exhibit before his eyes an example of the facility with which public sentiment can be united to all leading public measures, and of the equal facility with which he can either be made, or unmade.

"In order to determine, with something like exactness, the closeness of the relation which exists between the representative and the constituent, where the duties to be performed involve a multitude of acts, the most satisfactory method would be to ascertain what proportion of the laws enacted have afterwards been repealed; distinguishing between those cases where the repeal has taken place, in consequence of the representatives having gone counter to the will of their constituents, from those where it has been brought about by a change of opinion on the part of the people themselves. And I apprehend that cases falling under the first class would be found to be exceedingly rare. A repeal effected by a change in public sentiment, is obviously an example of the strictness of the relation." pp. 37 – 40.

There can be no question that Mr. Grimke is perfectly correct as to the fact that the people of the United States do exercise a direct power through the almost universal reception of the doctrine that the representative is bound by the instructions of his constituents. But it is a most vital question, whether such a power ought to be recognized by a statesman, or approved by a political philosopher. Out of fashion as it is, we believe in the view which makes the representative something much more than an agent. The essence of representation, to our minds, lies not in its convenience, — in the fact that, while all the millions of a land cannot meet and deliberate, some hundreds, who shall be the channels through which the wishes of the millions may pass, can so come together; but it lies in this, that the people of a neighborhood can select their wisest and best man, and do it with great certainty, while they cannot judge of details of statesmanship with any certainty at all. The wise and good man, being chosen, becomes, not the agent of those who chose him, but their representative; he stands in their place, and is independent of them and of the world. We may be told

that good and wise men are not selected, but violent, noisy partisans; and why? Because of this very doctrine of instructions; or rather, because of that overruling vanity and folly from which this doctrine springs. "Measures, not men," has become in practice the American motto, and no one can estimate the evil that has followed its adoption. Were the directly opposite assumed, it would be far wiser; to think *only* of the men we elect, and nothing of the questions they are to determine. But this, we know, cannot be done. Into the ground of our estimate of a man's wisdom and capacity enters our knowledge of his views on certain great subjects; and we reject him as a representative, if he vitally differs from ourselves upon them. But this is a wholly different thing from dictating to him, after he is chosen, how he shall vote on the points in reference to which he, in all human probability, knows a hundred times more than any member of the majority that undertakes to instruct him. The idea that the law maker is to obey orders causes us to send blockheads to our legislatures; and having blockheads, instruction, indeed, becomes needful. Could we return to the doctrine of those who wrote the Federalist; could we make our public men leaders, instead of servants, of the people, we should have more heroes, and fewer demagogues and flunkies, among the Honorables of the land.

The "divine right" of the man of vast intellect and upright character to rule us is too little recognized. A Washington, a Jay, a Marshall, has a God-given power to claim our obedience. Carlyle's principle of hero-worship, within limits revealed to every man's conscience, we believe in, though we cannot accept *his* heroes. But the opposite principle, of worshipping the most available, moulding the common clay into an idol and bowing down to it, we utterly detest. We can sympathize, with all our dislike of his principles, in the election of a Jackson, but never in that of a Polk.

Our author next goes on to examine the principle of equality and its limits; the electoral franchise; the "election of the public officers;" and, in his seventh chapter, he treats of the effect of political parties in a republic. From this last essay we propose to make a considerable extract; but, before doing so, we would for a moment illustrate,

from that headed "The election of the Public Officers," what we said at the commencement of our article, in reference to the difficulty of learning from the headings of the chapters what subjects were spoken of in them. The Chapter in question (Book I. Chap. VI.) is headed as stated above in the body of the work; and in the Table of Contents, it is described by the words, "The mode of electing the public officers." Let us now look into it and analyze what it contains. The following topics in succession come up: —

1. The influence of office-holding on the officer in a representative government.
2. Representation unknown to the ancients.
3. Different applications of the elective principle by Ancients and Moderns.
4. A property qualification for office-holders.
5. Duration of term of office.
6. Compensation of public officers.
7. Number of offices in a republic, and subdivisions of a country with a view to offices.
8. Federal and State governments in the United States.
9. Legislation in the United States.
10. American contrasted with European system.
11. Local jurisdictions and elections.
12. Modes of election by the whole nation; by divisions; by subdivisions, each sending one representative.

In reference to parties, we make the following extract:—

"It is curious to notice the manner in which parties deal with each other, and to watch the process by which opinions are communicated from one to the other. For parties would be without meaning and without utility, if they were eternally to battle with each other with no other result than the alternate loss and acquisition of power. The desire to obtain the ascendency may be the moving spring which actuates each; but fortunately this spring cannot be set in motion in a country of free institutions, without rousing a prodigious amount of reflection among a very large portion of the population. Doubtless the true use of parties is very far from being to administer provocatives to demagogues to gratify their private ambition. Their selfish views may be necessary in order to animate them in the pursuit of certain opinions. But the moment these opinions are promulgated they are subjected to a searching examination in all parts of society, because they are felt to have a practical bearing upon the substantial interests

of all. The true office of parties, then, is to elicit and make manifest the amount of truth which belongs to the tenets of each; so that the great body of the people, who belong to no party save the party of their country, may be both easily and understandingly guided in the path they pursue.

"In the progress of the struggle which takes place between parties, they will often be very equally balanced, and each will, for a time, alternately acquire the ascendency. The first time that the party, which before had been habitually in the minority, attains a decided preponderance, is felt as a presage of permanent success. The new opinions are then deemed to be practicable. Old associations are broken, and a new impulse is given to the new party. The party which had been accustomed to carry every thing, falls back into the minority; and this example of the instability of power sets every one a thinking, and even amid the strife of politics, produces more prudence and moderation. The party in the minority, and now discarded from power, is at first disposed to cling to its most extreme opinions. Its pride has been wounded, and its ambition disappointed. It has no idea of turning to any set of opinions upon compulsion. But a popular party contains a vast number of individuals whose temperaments, modes of thinking, and opportunities of information, are often exceedingly different, and whom it is impossible to fashion as you would a close body into one unalterable form. Reflection sooner or later takes the place of passion. And as the attachment of individuals to their own independent opinions is often much stronger than to the opinions of a party, every assurance is afforded that the new and enlightened opinions which have been introduced into the public administration will not only be the rule for the party in power, but that they will spread their influence more or less over the men of all parties. Every one soon sees that there is really no such thing as compulsion in representative government; and that if a system of policy has fairly won over a majority of the suffrages of twenty millions of people, a very considerable portion of truth, to say the least, must belong to that system. They recollect that as no one man can represent the whole of humanity, so no one party can represent the whole truth in politics. Thus the minds of many, who were most obstinately set in the opposite direction, are gradually opened to the reception of new opinions. They begin to declare, for the first time, that some very important changes were necessary to secure the well being of the state. Great numbers openly go over to the opposite party; some from settled conviction, others from a sort of instinctive feeling that all was not right before. This gives additional strength to the majority, which, when it does not advance merely novel opinions, but appeals to truth and to the judgment

of mankind, is sure to retain the supremacy for a considerable period. Every thing then becomes fixed and settled.

"But this very fixation of every thing, so delightful to those who have been tormented by anxiety, and tossed by contrary hopes and fears, is not to last forever. This state of repose is often as fatal to the maintenance of free institutions, as the ill-regulated ambition of parties. Prosperity corrupts parties, as well as individuals. The long enjoyment of power persuades those who have possessed it, that it can never be wrested from them. Abuses, though not perhaps of the same kind, break out again. These abuses gain strength gradually. They are fortified by the prejudices which the prescription of time creates, as well as by the self-interest and cupidity of the leaders of party. Any attempt to root them up is regarded as before as an attempt to change fundamental usages, and to tamper with the vital interests of the community. Then commences a new struggle, very much resembling the former; the same circle of opinions will be described as in the former revolution. Every thing will again be set right, without shedding one drop of blood, without the employment of any other instrumentality than the simple dropping of the ballot. But it may happen that the new opinions which now spring up will not be entitled to as entire confidence as in the former revolution. In the progress of the controversy, each party will cause some portion of its own opinions to be adopted. The issue will not be so decisive. A new party, or probably an old party, with views greatly modified, will succeed to power, and will preside for another term of years. It is in this way, that all parties find themselves, somehow or other, represented in the state, — some virtually, others potentially; and although the government is frequently exposed to the most formidable power by which it can be assailed, that power is exercised so steadily, and yet so silently, as to overturn nothing, and yet to revolutionize every thing." pp. 98 – 100.

The necessity for parties in a free government is not to be questioned; they follow upon freedom as the operation of opposing motives follows upon free will in the individual heart. Sects and parties are inseparable from religious and civil liberty; all know this, and yet all feel that there is in sectarianism and partisanship a poison, a wrong. How is this? Unless we err, sects and parties, growing out of differences of opinion, are nowise wrong, but healthful and of God's appointment; and yet, as so many things which God has made for health and human food become poison through the presence of decay, — so do parties of all kinds, when

filled with that spirit which ascribes a different conviction from our own to a bad or dishonest heart, instead of an ignorant or misinformed judgment, become instruments of death. When the Calvinist says to the Arminian, "you err because you are evil;" when the latter replies, "you condemn me because your own soul is darkened by sin and spiritual pride;" when Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, infer from real or supposed error in the opposing party, bad motives and spiritual corruption, then, indeed, has the wholesome struggle become a fight of envenomed arrows; the wrestler has seized the bowie-knife; and what ought to have made stronger the powers of life has degenerated into a contest that seeks to destroy life.

Mr. Grimke's second book contains seven chapters, on the following points: —

1. Written constitutions.
2. That in a republic the governors and governed are identical and different.
3. Sovereignty of the people.
4. Political toleration, is it practicable?
5. Monarchical government.
6. Notice of the English Constitution.
7. The legislative power.

These titles, however, give one a most imperfect idea of the topics which are discussed, suggested, and hinted at in the 118 pages filled by this book. It is not in our power to analyze the mass, however; we have neither time nor space.

The third book gives us the author's views on Religious, Educational, and Military institutions, on the Press, Aristocratical institutions, Slavery, and the Judiciary. On each of these points we should like to give extracts as well as to express our own views. We can, however, select but two or three passages from the volume we are considering, and must confine ourselves to a very few observations of our own.

Mr. Grimke regards the experience of the United States as settling the question as to the necessity for a connection between government and the Christian church. We will grant that it does so, at least for our existing state of society. But there is a point which our author has not noticed, and which is very commonly forgotten when we estimate the relations of religion to the state. We refer to the constant recogni-

tion, not only of religion, but of Christianity, by our Federal and State governments. They recognize it in the observance of Sunday by courts and legislatures; in the passage of laws to enforce the observance of that day by individuals; in the laws punishing profanity; in the prohibition of bigamy; in the prevailing tenor of all laws that touch upon morals and religion. This nation is Christian, not Jewish, Mohammedan, or Infidel. Now, we may ask, how far does this recognition of Christianity by the State aid its progress? Should we not feel, if the laws took no notice of the Christian Sabbath, of blasphemy, of polygamy, — if they never recommended a thanksgiving or called for a fast, — that one great influence bearing upon individual souls was gone, and that our faith had lost one of its main and most natural supports? Christianity does not ask of the State an establishment, a State-paid ministry, or any aid of the kind; but it does ask that national acknowledgment, that bowing down of the whole people, which many in our day would persuade us is inconsistent with republicanism, or is narrow, bigoted, and behind the age. From all such liberality and progress we dissent. It is the child of the spirit of Pagan democracy. We believe that every year in which true ideas of freedom spread abroad will bring us nearer to the time when, with perfect distinctness, we shall recognize ourselves as a Christian people. Should such ideas fail to spread, should our nation become neutral in reference to God's revelations, and the words and life of Jesus cease to be, at least, the theoretic guides of our lawgivers and rulers, — then will the demon, that has mocked the struggles of France, and made vain the efforts of Italy, rob us of our inheritance; under the guise of liberality, full of life, strength, and beauty, we shall embrace that spirit of faithlessness, which is, when we draw near it, a naked and hideous skeleton.

In relation to the press in the United States, our author has the following passage.

"The political press in the United States has a different character from what it has anywhere else. As there are no privileged classes, it is emphatically the organ of popular opinion. Society is divided into parties, but they are all parties of the people. The moment the people drew to themselves the whole political power, public disputes began to wear a new aspect.

They ceased to be the feuds of distinct orders of men, and became the quarrels of members of one and the same family. And it is needless to add, that this was not calculated to lessen the acrimony of political dissensions; on the contrary, it has greatly increased it. But there is this compensation for the mischief: that instead of the terrific assaults of two hostile combatants upon one another, the power of the press is broken up into small fragments and we have only a war of skirmishes.

"The journals of no country surpass those of the United States in ribaldry and abuse. But a great part of what we term public discontent, is in reality only private discontent in disguise. Our private troubles we do not care to divulge, because hardly any one can take an interest in them; they are deposited among the secrets of the human heart. But the burden is too great, and every one endeavors to find out some circuitous means of giving vent to them. As soon, therefore, as the exciting topics of political controversy begin to agitate the public, the fiery elements of the character are seen to burst forth. All those private discontents which originated in envy, personal animosity, neighborhood bickerings, the finding one's self placed in a false position to the rest of society, in fortune, reputation, or understanding, immediately disclose themselves, and give a bitterness and vulgarity to public disputes which do not properly belong to them. Men throw the mantle of politics over their faces, and fight each other in masks. The consequence of this state of things is, that private character and personal conduct of almost every kind, are the subject of attack, beyond any thing which is known elsewhere.

"So long as legislators are reduced to the necessity of governing by general rules, society must in part be regulated by the rival passions and propensities of individuals. They who narrowly scan American society may believe that it is in danger of being universally overrun by backbiting; and what in its vulgar form is party politics, but backbiting reduced to system?

"But this melancholy infirmity, like many other defects, is designed to have a salutary influence. In private life it assumes the character of a regulative principle, by which, in the absence of any better corrective, men succeed in keeping each other in order. Nor is its influence in public life less conspicuous; for there also it contributes to put every one upon his good behavior. If the American journals were exclusively the organ of the refined and educated, their tone would undoubtedly be more elevated. But it must be recollected, that the groundwork of the human character is pretty much the same in all classes. People living in polished society have passions and propensities as well as the common people; only, in the former case, they

are not put forth with so much nakedness. It may then be inquired, whether it is not one capital object of all institutions, whether in private or public life, to draw a veil over the bad side of human nature, so as to hide from view the selfishness and deformities of the character. And the answer is plain: such is the object, wherever the concealment does not have the effect of protecting from censure and rebuke the vices which are in disguise.

"As all the parties which exist in the American republic originate among the people, and are essentially popular parties, it follows that the press is a censorship over the people; and yet a censorship created by the people. There would, consequently, be no meaning in the office of a censor appointed by the government. The institution is superseded by the very nature of the American press. Where a censorship is established by the political authority of the state, it is applied to restrain one class of publications only. No one ever heard, in monarchical or aristocratical government, of any attempt to forbid the circulation of writings, which were calculated to increase the influence of the prince and nobility. The utmost indulgence is extended to them; while a rigorous control is exercised over every appeal in behalf of popular rights. Popular licentiousness is bridled; but there is no restraint upon the licentiousness of men in power. There is but one way of remedying the defect, and that is by causing the press itself to perform the office of censor: in other words, to grant such absolute freedom to all the political journals, that each shall be active and interested in detecting the misrepresentations and impostures of the others. There is a real and formidable censorship of the press in America, but the institution is in and not out of the press. The consequence is, that the efforts of all parties are more vehement and untiring, and yet more harmless and pacific, than in any other country.

"I shall conclude this chapter with two reflections. The first is a very obvious one: it is that the existence of a free press is not alone sufficient to inspire a people with a just sense of liberty; and to cultivate in them those qualities which are necessary to the establishment and maintenance of free institutions. The press was free in Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, until very modern times. It is nearly so in China. But in all these countries the moral power to set in motion this vast engine is wanting. The Prussian and Danish youth may be as well educated as the American, but the Prussian citizen is not half so well educated as the American citizen.

"The second reflection is, that the press must not be regarded merely as the representative of political opinions. The dissemination of information in the daily journals, in magazines, pam-

phlets, and books, on a variety of subjects interesting to the popular mind, withdraws the attention of the people from a too intense devotion to party politics, and educates them to be both men and citizens." pp. 302–305.

In his views of slavery Mr. Grimke by no means belongs to the leading philanthropists, and his views will find but little favor, we fear, among those who think and talk the most of this complicated and difficult problem. He has, however, many opinions in which numbers will coincide; among these are the following: —

"I differ with those who suppose that the worst effects of emancipation will be disclosed immediately. On the contrary, I believe that they will be developed very gradually, and that the impediments to the introduction of order and industry among the blacks will become more instead of less formidable, with the progress of time. On the establishment of the new system, in the British West Indies, the novelty of the situation in which the blacks found themselves placed, infused for a time an unwonted ardor and alacrity into their exertions. But this soon died away. They have fallen back into their natural apathy. It is impossible to induce a race to make strenuous exertions to better their condition, when they are satisfied with a mere garden patch to sustain animal life. In the small islands of Barbadoes, and Antigua, where there is hardly a foot of uncultivated land, they have been obliged to labor. But in Jamaica, where a great proportion of the soil is still uncleared, and where consequently it has been an easy matter for the negroes to obtain one or two acres apiece, they manifest the same disposition as in Hayti, to squat themselves down, and to drag out a mere animal existence. It is no wonder, therefore, that the plan of importing laborers from abroad was at one time seriously agitated in Great Britain, nay, carried into effect; nor that after being abandoned it should again be revived at the present moment. The experiment so far has been any thing but successful. It seems to be impossible to train this emasculated race to the hardy and vigorous industry of the white man. To have made slaves of them originally, was a deep injustice. To introduce them into the society of whites, and leave them to contend with beings so greatly their superiors, is a still more flagrant injustice. Even if there were not an incontestable distinction between the two races, still if there is a total defect of sympathy, arising from causes which it is impossible to remove, all efforts to melt them into one people must fail. . . . .

"There is one circumstance, however, which at this period is calculated to have great influence upon the existence of the insti-

tution. The present is beyond all comparison the most commercial age which has been known. Nations do not live within themselves as formerly. Each is striving to produce as large an amount of surplus commodities as possible, in order to exchange them for the superfluity of other nations. And as there is no doubt but what the labor of the freeman is, as a general rule, more efficient than that of the slave, a nation which employs slave labor will labor under great disadvantages when it goes into the market of the world, and finds that the price of every species of produce, which is not a monopoly one, is regulated by the supply of those nations which obtain it at the least cost. The nation which employs the cheapest labor will command the market. It may be true, therefore, as applicable to the present state of the world, that when the population of the southern states of America has acquired a certain density, the labor of slaves will be less profitable than that of freemen. And when this is the case it would seem, still proceeding upon general principles, that the slave holders will be the persons who are chiefly instrumental in effecting the abolition of the institution.

"But lest we should proceed too fast, there are here a good many things which must be taken into consideration. When we talk of the density of the population, in a region where slaves already constitute a great proportion of the laborers, we must mean a density occasioned by the multiplication of the whole people, and not merely of the freemen. Our calculations, therefore, must be founded upon the supposition that the community will be able to avail itself of the labor of those who have been emancipated, to the same extent as before, and with the additional advantage of finding their exertions more strenuous and effective than ever. This at once lays open the source of all the difficulties which attend the abolition of slavery in the United States. For is it quite certain that the labor of the free black will be more, or even as productive as the black when a slave? I imagine that the reverse is the case: and that although the labor of the white man, when free, is altogether more efficient than when he is a slave, precisely the contrary is the case with the negro. None of these difficulties attended the abolition of slavery in Europe. Freemen and slaves were of the same race; and the last, after they were emancipated, slid by an easy process into the position of the first." pp. 330–334.

Many, we think, will coincide in these opinions, but in the conclusion to which Mr. Grimke comes, how few will agree; and yet who can point out the flaw in his argument? Assume that the whites and blacks cannot unite; that no previous discipline can fit the black for emancipation, by enabling

him to use freedom aright; and that colonization on a scale equal to our relief from the negro race is impossible; — and what remains for us but perpetual bondage? But listen to the words of our author, a thoughtful, calm, dispassionate man.

"If then it is impossible to melt the two races into one; if to transport one of them is impracticable, and to emancipate it would be an act of injustice and inhumanity, there is but one alternative: to retain the institution of slavery. We are never masters of the circumstances under which we were born. We may desire a change in every one of them. But the wise and inscrutable decrees of Providence have ordered otherwise, and we can in no way fall in with its designs so completely, as by accommodating ourselves to difficulties which cannot be surmounted; in other words, by acting up to the rule of right, in every situation in which we may be placed, and this not merely where our duties are plain, but where they lead us over a dark and difficult way. To attempt to beat down an institution, because we were not consulted as to its establishment, is to arrogate an authority which does not belong to us. But we may convert that institution into an instrument of good. We may apply to it the same rules of justice and humanity which are applicable to every other part of the economy of society.

"The men of the south find themselves born under an institution which they had no hand in creating — which their fathers did not assist in building up, but vehemently protested against when it was introduced by the mother country. Their course is plain. If it cannot be removed, to employ the same judgment and discretion in the management of it, as are due to every other institution which is placed beyond their control. The relation of parent and child is the most extensive and important which exists. The relation is different in degree, but not in kind, from that of master and slave. Parents by harshness and severity may, and probably in great numbers of instances actually do, cause the fairest and gentlest virtues to wither in the blossom, when, by tender and judicious treatment, they may have reared men and women, who would have been ornaments to society. And although all our exertions to produce a different conduct may be of no avail, although we may not even have the right to intermeddle with the private relations of others, yet the duty of parents to act otherwise, stands as firm and unalterable as ever, and this notwithstanding the innumerable crosses to which they are subject in the management of their household. Precisely the same is the case with the master. Great numbers of parents, in all parts of the world, are compelled to make use of the labor of their child-

ren, in tillage, in manufactures, in every species of employment. A very large proportion, in densely peopled countries, do actually task them to occupations, the recital of which makes us shudder. And if this be an evil inseparable from the density of the population, so that all efforts to extirpate it will be ineffectual, it affords another example of those uncontrollable circumstances under which we were involuntarily born; but one which far surpasses in magnitude the institution of slavery as it has hitherto existed in the United States." pp. 339, 340.

In this conclusion we do not by any means coincide; not because it is illogical, but because among its premises there is a vital error. If we should grant the impossibility of amalgamation; the radical differences of the two races; the hopelessness of colonization as a means of ridding us of the negroes; still, we could not grant the impossibility of fitting the black for freedom, of making him a good laborer, an ambitious and progressive human being. The instances of Hayti and the British West Indies, even if we knew just what those instances amount to, would no more justify us in regarding the black as incapable of obtaining social and moral position, than the instances of France, Mexico, and South America would authorize the philosophers of Timbuctoo in concluding that the whites are incapable of self-government, and that the "tendency of free institutions" among Europeans is to produce anarchy, bloodshed, and evil. If we go beyond the imperfect and unfair experiments of St. Domingo and Jamaica, and look into the private history of individual plantations, towns, and cities, we shall learn (at least such is our conviction,) that the negro by proper appliances can be made something more than a two-legged brute; that, although he has not that intense selfishness which gives point and impetus to every Anglo-Saxon movement, every Caucasian movement, he is yet capable of indefinite advancement; and that it would be as philosophical and as just to keep the boy ten years old in swaddling-clothes because he is not a man, as to keep the negro in slavery because he is, in energy, activity, and selfish intelligence, not equal to a full-blooded, restless Yankee, or even to an easy, siesta-loving Spaniard, or Italian.

In his chapter upon the Judiciary, Mr. Grimke argues, and not without some force, in favor of the periodical election of

judges, either by the people or the legislature; and is in favor of that by the people. The plan of having them appointed for life or good conduct, he believes fraught with more evils than the one he advocates. We cannot give his whole argument, and rather than mutilate it, we will refer our readers to the passage in his book beginning at page 351. To many of the considerations there stated we cordially assent, and yet we believe in the old Federal doctrine of Judges for life. But these judges should not be chosen by the Legislature; nor appointed by the Governor and his Council, or Senate; nor elected by the people. All should unite in the choice; People, Legislature, and Executive. We know not how else to avoid the ignorance of the masses in relation to judicial qualification; the disposition of legislators to bargain away the bench for the United States Senate or some other equivalent; and the party bias of an Executive. Let every judge hold office till his successor is chosen, if the appointment is not for life; or, rather, let the appointment be for life, and a successor be chosen while the incumbent is still alive. Let him be proposed by the Executive; confirmed by the Legislature, and accepted by the People. He that shall be thus designated, and who shall look forward to a seat in the courts of his country, will assuredly be an able, just, and true man, and will have every inducement to prepare himself for his place. If this scheme is impracticable, and we fear it is, we have to decide which is the least of the three evils that we have enumerated as attendant respectively on the three forms of election; and this decision, till we have more experience to guide us, is obviously a very difficult one.

Mr. Grimke's closing book treats of

1. Nullification, or "The veto power of the States."
2. The Executive power.
3. The Classes of Society.
4. The French Constitution, (that is, before 1848.)
5. "Is the American Government a balanced one?"
6. The influence of America upon Europe.

As we have already been quite liberal in making extracts, the only selection which we shall offer from this portion of the volume relates to the great question of the coming half-century, "the struggle between capital and labor," as Mr. Grimke names it; to our mind, the question would be more

fairly denominated, "What are the relations which, in the light of Christianity, capital should bear to labor?"

"Capital and labor give rise to another division in society, not materially different from the classification into the higher and lower orders, but pointing more directly to the causes which, in a thriving and industrious community, lead to the distribution. The relation of lord and serf at one time swallowed up all other distinctions, and paved the way everywhere for the establishment of aristocratical or monarchical government. On the other hand, the existence of the two great classes of capitalists and laborers, is an infallible indication of a tendency toward an improved condition of society. In the United States, these two classes not only compose the population of the towns — they compose also the population of the country. Agriculture, in that community, has become a great trade. The division of the soil, while it is unfavorable to the acquisition of political power by a few, procures independence to a very large number. The proportion between laborers and capitalists is, as everywhere else, determined by the principle of supply and demand; but the condition of the two classes is greatly modified by the influence of free institutions.

"The struggle between capital and labor is one of the most striking facts in the history of modern communities. The forces of society seem to have taken an entirely new direction. Instead of efforts to acquire political power, which must necessarily be confined to a few, the great effort of every one now seems to be to acquire property. Two good effects flow from this: 1st, the political institutions enjoy more repose, — the government is not so much endangered by the cabals and conspiracies of the few, as was formerly the case; 2d, by interesting so great a number in the acquisition of property, the value of property is generally felt, and the population are insensibly trained to habits which best fit them for self-government.

"In the United States, the struggle between capital and labor presents a much more difficult problem than it does anywhere else. For, if the class of laborers outnumbers that of capitalists, and the present system of nearly universal suffrage prevails, may not the public tranquillity — nay, the very being of government, be endangered?

"The struggle may be harmless, so long as the reward of industry is so liberal as to allow a competent share to both classes. But when the population has doubled and trebled, the condition of the laborer will no longer be so fortunate; for although capital will also have accumulated, yet the objects upon which it can be employed will not have increased in the same proportion, and the double effect of an augmented competition among both capitalists

and laborers, will necessarily reduce the amount of the products of industry, and cause a much less quantity to be partitioned among the two classes. The condition of both will be altered for the worse; but that of laborers much more so than that of capitalists. The last may be able to live in comfort, while the first may be reduced to a mere subsistence. The struggle will then become infinitely more intense than it has yet been. It may give rise to formidable associations among laborers to raise their wages, and if these efforts are not successful, it may lead to serious riots and insurrections, or the ballot box may be resorted to as a more peaceful and effectual means of curing the supposed evil. Laborers may outnumber all other classes, and by the simple exercise of the right of suffrage, may cause the laws to be shaped to suit their own wishes. This is presenting the dark side of the picture, and it is necessary to view a question of so much interest and magnitude, in every possible aspect, so as to form some reliable opinion of what is to be the future destiny of a country hitherto so fortunate in its career, and to find out if certain evils are necessarily incident to a state in which free institutions are established; whether there may not be some way of alleviating them — whether they are not attended with many compensations — whether, in short, they may not be turned into advantages.

"I am very far from regarding the struggle between capital and labor as of ill omen to the future prosperity and well-being of a country. It is a pretty sure indication that the laborious classes have risen in intelligence and importance, and that they, as well as capitalists, are enabled to exercise some judgment as to the standard of comfort which befits them. It is this very struggle which permits the former to maintain something like a respectable and independent station. The man, distracted by poverty, has no time to look beyond his mere animal wants; the man who obtains due wages, feels his faculties unbound. He can look around him, and gather up some of the information which is scattered about. He feels new motives to a regular and virtuous conduct, and is rendered an active and useful citizen, instead of being a brute machine. If this introduces a new element into every calculation which has for its object the determining the proper amount of wages due to the laborer, so much the better. It cannot be doubted, that capitalists enjoy a great advantage in this respect, in consequence of their superior intelligence: that this intelligence does count for something, and although the relation between the supply and the demand of labor, is the overruling principle, yet that like all other general principles, it is capable of being greatly modified in practice. There is every reason, therefore, why, if the class of capitalists are raised in the scale of intelligence, the class of laborers should be also. For

when we speak of the struggle between capital and labor, we necessarily intend something more than the mere fortuitous or customary adjustment of the two, by causes independent of any human control; we intend that the judgment is exercised, and that active efforts are made use of by both parties in every contract of service. To denounce the struggle between capital and labor, therefore, would be in effect to lament over the improved intellectual and moral condition of the lower classes. But this we cannot do consistently. If there is any one object which every man, philanthropist, patriot, or statesman, has at heart, it is to diffuse education as widely as possible, and to lift the greatest number of men possible to the rank of intelligent beings. That there must be a limit to our efforts is obvious; but when one compares the condition of the lower classes, even in Europe, at the present day, with what it was two centuries ago, it is evident that infinitely more may be effected in this respect than any human sagacity would have predicted. That laborers and operatives are able to exercise some judgment as to the amount of wages which are justly their due, that, in other words, the struggle between capital and labor is not a struggle all on one side, is every way favorable both to the prosperity and the tranquillity of the country. It gives to the community a body of more effective laborers, and tempers the misguided feelings which would otherwise take possession of them, whenever a season of distress occurred to interrupt their enjoyment, as well as that of capitalists. The reflection which their improved habits impart to them, draws them back, whenever they are in danger of running into excesses." pp. 468–470.

We have called this question as to the true relations of capital and work the great question of the coming fifty years. No other, in our estimation, approaches it in importance. The Christian religion has worked wonders in the world, but miracles remain to be wrought. There have been mighty changes for the better in the relations between the rich and poor, since the Son of God made himself known by slow degrees to the minds and hearts of our ancestors. But after all these changes, we see only the more clearly, that the state of society depicted so vividly in "Mary Barton," a state which is coming nearer to us of the Western world with every day that passes, is not the condition of mankind which even a kind and just Pagan would have approved, far less that which Jesus would have instituted. There must be, either by individuals in the existing organization, or by indi-

viduals uniting to organize a new society, a far deeper application of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and obedience to the dictates of Christianity in the arrangements of trade and of manufactures; or the evils which now threaten England will envelop every portion of the globe which is physically progressive. Mr. Macaulay and others may demonstrate, by figures and tables, that the laboring classes are far better off now than they were in the time of Charles II.; but his tables omit one vital element, — the idea of comfort and well-being which men have now, as compared with the ideas of 1680. He whose views are high, whose tastes are refined, whose ambition and eternal nature are awakened, is tried, degraded, ruined by the very same life which would help and improve the tasteless, ignorant, sensual clown. In our age education, some degree of refinement, and, above all, the conception of rising in the world, are familiar to every man; but the physical independence and well-being of the laborer do not improve as fast as the requisitions of his immortal nature under the culture we give him.

Whether the application of Christianity to commerce can be best made by individuals, without changing in any degree their present relations to the world about them, or whether there is some form of combination which will aid them in applying the spirit of their Master to the affairs of life, is a difficult and vast inquiry. We are not Associationists of any school; yet we are willing that the experiment of which these men are desirous should be fully tried, but tried only among themselves; let them not force others to join them by calling upon the legislature to modify according to their notions the fundamental laws which now hold society together. This is the great error, or rather the crime, of the wild dreamers of France, Proudhon & Co., which cannot be too strongly exposed and denounced.

ART. IX. — *Geschichte der Colonisation von Neu-England. Von den ersten Niederlassungen daselbst im Jahre* 1607, *bis zur Einführung der Provinzialverfassung von Massachusetts im Jahre* 1692. Nach den Quellen bearbeitet, von TALVJ. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1847. 8vo. pp. 709.

EXACTLY two hundred and forty years ago, the first remittance ever made by an English colony in America was sent from Virginia. "A drunken ship, laden with a parcel of glittering dirt, which they very sanguinely concluded to be gold dust," sailed from Jamestown; henceforth the gold fever raged as fiercely as during the first conquest of Mexico and Peru. "There was no thought," says Stith, the historian of Virginia, "no discourse, no hope, and no work, but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." It soon appeared that "the dirt" was not gold; but the rabble rout of colonists, who were then seeking fortune in North America some dozen years before the arrival of the Puritans of Plymouth, were buoyed up a little while longer by the rigmarole stories of the natives. The Indians all concurred in the relation, that within ten days' journey towards the setting sun, there was a country where gold might be washed out of the sand, and where the crucible was a familiar instrument; "but," says Bancroft, in 1834, "inquiry was always baffled, and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land." Strange that, a few years after these two centuries had elapsed, these golden dreams should in their wildest extent have become realities. The Anglo-American empire has reached in a few strides from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and on its western verge, as two centuries and a half ago upon its eastern, there is now no discourse and no work but "to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." In a few short years, moreover, the fiction of the Indian will become fact, and the vision which inspired the early navigators will, in a certain sense, be realized. When the Pacific railroad is completed, not only will the gold regions be brought within a "ten days' journey towards the setting sun," but the western passage to the Indies and Cathay will be established.

Probably the character of the adventurers who are the pres-

ent pioneers of civilization in the neighborhood of San Francisco does not vary materially from that of their predecessors at the beginning of the seventeenth century in Virginia. A miscellaneous collection of "discarded serving-men and tapsters trade-fallen," mingled with better born adventurers of broken fortunes, "rovers of many climes, reckless of danger, greedy of gold, such as an overcloyed country vomits forth," formed, no doubt, the basis, or to use the modern phrase, the bone and sinew, of the early Atlantic colonies in North America. They were actuated by the same great object which inspires the Pacific adventurers now; but it is probable that the advantage in character belongs to the Californians. Besides the presence of a considerable number of emigrants of a better class, who are led thither by political or commercial objects, there is a certain pseudo-patriotism which may be supposed to mingle with the motives of the multitude now farthest advanced in prosecuting that vast system of *internal colonization*, which distinguishes the polity of this country from that of any other known in history. They are carrying the lengthening chain which is to bind the remotest and the nearest portions of the empire together. They carry their country's flag. They fulfil the mission which has been impressed upon the country, and felt in every generation since it was first colonized, to carry the Anglo-American standard towards the setting sun. The manifest-destiny man, who was last seen beyond the Rio Grande, before the Mexican war, refusing with drunken enthusiasm to return, and expressing a sublime confidence that his country would reach him before he could find time to get back to his country, cannot but command our sympathy.

There was no such generous motive among the early Atlantic colonists. A scheme was projected, a voyage undertaken, by some gentleman of substance, who, if adventurous, personally commanded, first "sharking up a troop of landless resolutes," who were willing, in the hope of booty of one kind or another, to follow his fortunes. If gold had been really found in Virginia, as in our day in California, the history of this country would have been very different; and the lovers of that kind of speculation which deals with history as it might have been, supposing that nothing ever happened which did happen, and that every thing happened which did

not, could in no way more profitably employ themselves than in writing the history of North America for the last two and a half centuries, upon the supposition that the Sacramento had flowed in the place of the James.

As it is, the influence of America upon Europe and upon the world has been more extensive and more durable than it could have been under any other imaginable historical circumstances. Amid the volcanic convulsions of the last two years, by which the political surface of Europe has been so fearfully riven, this trans-Atlantic democracy has preserved so serene and prosperous an appearance, that the makers of constitutions, and the political philosophers of Europe, are examining the theory of the United States' government and the history of the country with more attention than ever. The American constitution is getting to be one of the oldest forms of polity in the world. This great empire, so much superior in extent and importance to any one ever acquired and governed by the Demos before, without limit or hinderance from any other political power, would hardly have grown up from the seeds thrown by the wayside by the early planters of Southern Virginia, or by the trading colonists of Massachusetts. This vast democracy was rather the work, the unconscious work, of a different set of adventurers. From 1620 to 1630, the region of ice and granite, now called New England, was taken into the grasp of those men of ice and granite called the Puritans. That grasp never slackened nor flinched, although it clutched no gold. A single idea led those rigid colonists hither. Supported by that single idea, they maintained their position in spite of obstacles enough to freeze the souls of common men, — in spite of starvation, consumption, pestilence, scurvy, arctic winters, tropical summers, tomahawks, wolves, and wild-cats, — all the dangers of the wilderness, all the loss of civilization and its advantages; and the result, the unintentional result, as we believe, has been the establishment of the great American democracy. The idea of a pure church, which was the single idea of New England colonization, has after two centuries produced a pure democracy.

Among the more recent European works upon America, the book whose title is mentioned in our rubric deserves a prominent place. It is a history of the colonization of New

England, by Talvj. This fantastic combination of letters half conceals and half reveals the name of Mrs. Robinson, wife of the eminent scholar, traveller, and writer, Dr. Robinson, the author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine." We believe the letters to be the initials of her maiden German name. The lady is also the author of "Historical Characteristics of the National Ballads of Germanic Nations," a work which we have never had the good fortune to see.

The history of New England has considerable merit, but it is strongly marked with national characteristics. We consider the German language to be less adapted to narrative, and particularly to historical narrative, than any language of Europe with which we are acquainted. Hardly any German, even among the acknowledged classical authors, writes a good prose style. Taking out Goethe and Lessing, we hardly know an individual whose style is to our taste. German prose is, to the intensest degree, prosy. Even Schiller, with his heart of fire and his glowing imagination, seems like his own "Pegasus in harness," when toiling along the dusty highway of prose. His historical works, notwithstanding the earnestness of purpose, vigorous fancy, and power of picturesque description which they display, always seem like unfinished works of art, historical dramas in the block, waiting for the finishing strokes of the chisel which were to convert them into poetry. How inestimable would be such writers as Niebuhr and Heeren, for example, to say nothing of the more recent historians of Germany, if their style was not so wearisome. The power to sink the shaft, to explore and exhaust the mines of history, is rarely united with the art of coining the ore into the polished and ornamental shape which shall circulate through the civilized world. But the Germans have to contend with the structure of their language, as well as with a slight natural propensity to be tedious. Even the Dutch historians are better than the German, more picturesque and more rapid in narration. The reason is, we suppose, that their language has approached more nearly to the directness of its Teutonic sister, the Anglo-Saxon, and has in a measure lost that feature which makes the German so disagreeable a language for story-telling, whether of truth or fiction; we mean the constant tendency to involutions. If the whole force of a sentence is not revealed till the last word,

as is required in German, and if the sentence goes on interminably, owing to the prolixity of the author, the chance is, that the reader will become wearied before he arrive at the last word, and so lose the pith and marrow of the whole period. The best writers have in part surmounted the difficulty by a terse, rapid, and aphoristic style; but in general, the prose drags itself in close convolutions along, parenthesis within parenthesis, coil within coil, till the sense is strangled to death, or the reader's power and patience to apprehend it, which comes to the same thing. German prose, in short, is so formidable and elaborate a language, that a German *Bourgeois gentilhomme* might well be more astonished than M. Jourdain, if informed that he had been speaking it all his life.

With these opinions of the ordinary style of German narrators, it may be imagined that we approached with some shivering a ponderous volume of 700 mortal octavo pages, containing a German history of New England and its colonization. Important a chapter as it is in human history, and the more interesting as its real results are but just beginning to develop themselves, it must be admitted that there is a dreariness about the actors and the scene where they play their parts. Besides, the story has been handled so often, there have been so many Fourths of July, so many Twenty-seconds of December, and so many discourses, historical novels, hymns, and other lively effusions have been engendered in the course of years, that we had begun to conceive an involuntary aversion to the very name of Puritan. We were getting to be of Aguecheek's humor, who, at the bare suggestion that Malvolio was "a kind of Puritan," was for "beating him like a dog;" and now, after somewhat reluctantly reading this faithful and honest German chronicle of our pious Pilgrim ancestors, we confess that our expectations have not been very much balked in any particular.

The subject has not grown more lively under the handling of Talvj, nor is Talvj's style more vivacious or epigrammatic than that of her countrymen in general. The work has the defects and the virtues of its country. It must be confessed that it is somewhat tedious. It has hardly freshness enough, either of fact or of disquisition, to make its length pardonable by the American reader; and we should doubt whether the

German public would be more interested by so elaborate a digest of all the details of New England colonization as is here presented to them.

The secret of Bancroft's success is, that by aid of a vigorous imagination, and a crisp, nervous style, he has been enabled, by a few sudden strokes, to reveal startling and brilliant pictures, over which the dust had collected and hardened, as it seemed, forever. It is a work rather of genius than of laborious detail. Many can burn the midnight oil; but it is the mortal favored by the genie alone, who can accomplish miracles by a few rubs on the old, rusty lamp.

Having thus stated some general objections to the work, we are more at liberty to praise it for certain remarkable excellencies. It is perfectly trustworthy as to facts. It is written entirely from the original sources, and we are not aware a single event, important or trifling, in the whole history of the period, which has been omitted. We have been in several places astonished at the scrupulous accuracy with which the author has consulted all the authorities, and given the most approved version of certain obscure and disputed matters. We are hardly acquainted with any work of importance, chronicle, journal, or tract, which has not been consulted. The subject is fairly exhausted. The eleventh chapter, in particular, containing a sketch of the constitutional history of the Massachusetts Colony, is very skilfully written. The writer's sympathies are entirely with the colonists; her politics are of the democratic school. Still, she has attained to a considerable degree of impartiality; and we would instance her treatment of the subject of the early criminal code, in which, although in the main a disciple of Bancroft, she has taken up the opposite opinion to his, and in our view the correct one, and treated it with much acuteness, as a good specimen of her ability. "Hardly a nation of Europe has as yet made its criminal law as humane as that of early New England," says Bancroft (I. p. 265.) "The statute books of European realms," says Talvj, "have their origin in the very commencement of civilization. Is it to be accounted merit and mildness in the Puritans, that they did not bring with them into the wilderness, and reproduce in the seventeenth century, many a bloody edict, — as for example, the cruel chase and forest ordinances of the Normans, — dating

from the darkest period of the middle ages, and existing for centuries only upon paper?" (p. 321.)

This is the true ground. The constitutions of New England were, to a great degree, *a priori* forms of government. It was no merit that punishment was not inflicted, when the crime could by no possibility exist. To steal a trained falcon, for example, was punished with excommunication by the Norman laws. It was no proof of mildness that the Puritans did not reënact this provision, seeing that there were no trained falcons in New England to steal. To praise the mildness of a system under which men were sold as slaves for immoralities, mutilated for censuring the magistrates, and put to death for professing a different religious belief from Calvinism, is not, we think, the best way to serve the cause of the Puritans. In fact, notwithstanding the discrimination shown in this passage and several others of the work under consideration, we are afraid that, upon the whole, there is too much sympathy shown for the vices of the early settlers. A foreigner, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, might perhaps have been expected

> "from the heights of contemplation
> To view the feeble-joints men totter on,"

with somewhat more success than she has done.

The Puritans deserve to be treated with more justice than they have yet received. Indiscriminate and fulsome eulogy, or virulent abuse, has been their portion for the last two centuries. They deserve to be judged; they can afford to be weighed in the scales of justice, and the time seems to have come to look at them with faces as grim as their own, and to tell them to their beards exactly what people think of them. Their virtues were many, and among the noblest which can adorn humanity; indomitable courage, patience, fortitude, self-denial, generosity, extreme purity of morals, piety, energy and singleness of purpose almost superhuman, — all these elements of the heroic, and even the saintly, they possessed in an eminent degree, and no man can gainsay it. Their virtues were many and colossal; their vices were few but formidable, for they were intolerance, cruelty, tyranny, and bigotry.

These men have become so important as the founders in a great degree of a vast empire, and their shades rise upon us

in such imposing forms, that it is due to them as well as to their descendants to judge them justly. We believe, that the habit of pouring out unmeasured praise upon the founders of New England has created a prejudice against them which is singularly unjust. We have no intention, however, at the present moment, of going into the general subject of the Puritanic character; and we pass to the consideration of another matter of importance to any history of New England.

We have already stated, that our author is perfectly trustworthy as to matters of fact, and that the narrative is founded entirely upon contemporaneous authority. The inferences throughout the volume are more questionable. In fact, the present history belongs to the Bancroft school, and it is not therefore surprising that the colonization of New England is treated as a *democratic* movement. Now, there is no doubt that a democracy, the most extensive and powerful which the world ever saw, has been the result of that movement, combined with many other and subsequent causes; there is no doubt, too, that the seeds of political liberty were unconsciously contained and concealed in the great principle of resistance to, or rather of flight from, religious oppression, which was the main-spring of the movement; but to say that the forefathers of New England came here to establish a democracy seems to us as erroneous as it would be to say that the fugitives from the great Gothic invasion, who took refuge, like beavers, in the lagunes of the Adriatic, meant to establish a commercial aristocracy, and carried the *Libro d'oro* with them; or that the hundred and sixteen paupers sent out, in 1732, by a humane society to begin the settlement of Georgia, where negroes and rum were absolutely prohibited, could have anticipated such a line of chivalrous descendants, attended by hundreds of thousands of slaves, and certainly not distinguished for total abstinence, as now inhabit the region between the Savannah and the Altamaha. Democracy was, no doubt, the result of the settlement of America in the seventeenth century, and the principles of New England colonization had much to do with preparing such a result; but the real reason why the democratic principle prevailed was because it is a true principle, and because it never before had so fair a chance to develop itself. Practically and philosophically, the foundation of government is popular consent;

and in the seventeenth century, in a boundless wilderness, beginning as it were *de novo*, it was to be expected that men would eventually obey this principle; and they have done so. Democracy in America has prevailed because it is the only *a priori* form of government that, under all the circumstances, could have been established, or could have possessed the elements of truth and life.

The New England fathers, however, had no notion of establishing a democracy. There was no "such stuff in their thoughts." The movement hither was purely a theological movement. They came to the wilderness because the Reformation, which had been comparatively successful upon the continent of Europe, had been balked in England; because Archbishop Laud was as much a Catholic as if he had accepted, instead of declining, the Cardinal's hat; and because they chose to be married without rings, to hear prayers without lawn sleeves, to be baptized without holy water, and to be buried without sign of the cross. The Plymouth colony, which was the first organized band of religious emigrants who arrived in New England, was, as is well known, but a little refugee congregation of dissenters, one hundred and one in number, men, women, and children all told. The Plymouth rock compact was drawn up *ex necessitate*, and was rather intended as a solemn agreement among a very few individuals to stand by and support each other, under very trying circumstances, than as a formal annunciation of political principles. We were, therefore, not quite prepared for the burst of enthusiasm, with which our author, after quoting the whole of that admirable and eloquent little document, proceeds to comment upon it in such language as the following: —

"Thus, then, did the cabin of the Mayflower become the birthplace of the first democratic constitution of the present free states, which is yet regarded by their remote descendants with joyful pride *as the foundation of their freedom and independence.*" p. 84.

And thus Bancroft, the founder of the school, in speaking of the same subject, expatiates: —

"This was the birthplace of constitutional liberty. The middle age had been familiar with charters and constitutions; but they had been merely compacts for immunities, partial enfranchise-

ments, patents of nobility, concessions of municipal privileges, or limitations of the sovereign power in favor of feudal institutions. *In the cabin of the Mayflower humanity recovered its rights*, and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the 'general good.' John Carver was immediately and unanimously chosen governor for the year." *Bancroft*, I. 310.

And if he had been as immediately and unanimously chosen Grand Duke of Moratiggan, the dignity to descend to his heirs general, these United States would have been a democracy notwithstanding.

This pompous way of dealing with very admirable but very humble people, we confess, was never much to our taste. We believe, that if John Carver and William Bradford could have been informed, that "humanity recovered its rights" in the cabin of their 160 ton vessel, they would have been considerably astonished. If told, that their modest little agreement would be regarded, after two centuries and a half, by twenty millions of white men with their three millions of slaves as "the foundation of their freedom and independence," and that this document of mutual engagement, which was drawn up for a temporary purpose, while they were waiting for "a concession of municipal privileges" from the crown, was intended *ex propria vi* to supersede all "charters, patents, and concessions," we believe they would be as much puzzled to understand American liberty as American slavery, and would believe themselves to be about as much the founders of the one as of the other.

This little pious church congregation had but one object; they wished a resting place for the soles of their feet. They had been hunted out of England because they would not conform to the Episcopal worship, and because their foreheads were branded, their tongues bored with red hot irons, and their ears cropped from their heads, if they did not. They had fled to Holland; but they liked not to see their children growing up into Dutchmen, with all the loose, Sabbath-breaking, slipshod, continental habits which were most odious to their nostrils. To find a religious asylum, to find a place where they might "hide themselves," as Milton expresses it, "from the fury of the Bishops," they came to this wilderness. It was a heroic, a pathetic determination. It was carried out with an iron energy, an unwavering courage.

The memory of such men will live forever. A great and virtuous thought has made the men immortal who carried it into action under so many circumstances of peril and adversity. But all this is no reason for applauding them for doing things which they never contemplated. They came here as loyal subjects of a monarchy, and they and their descendants lived and died as such. They never thought of establishing the majesty of the people, and it was a long time after they were in their graves before the majesty of the people established itself. The little congregation wanted a place in which to hold their meetings, where they would not be in constant fear of their lives. They had lived so long in fear of the bishops, that the savages and the beasts of the wilderness had no terrors for them. Still, they had no more intention of establishing a democracy than they had, when in Holland, of disturbing the Stadtholder, or of overthrowing the power of their High Mightinesses. They thought, at first, of going to Guiana. If they had gone to Guiana, we doubt if Demerara would have been at this moment the capital of a great democracy, and we doubt as little that these United States would have had the same polity which they now have. A great many shuttles have woven the mingled woof of American liberty.

The very language of the Plymouth manifesto precludes the idea of democracy. "*We, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James,* having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and *honor of our king and country,* a voyage," &c. &c. How could forty-one persons, acknowledging themselves with such particular, and even unnecessary, scrupulousness as the "loyal subjects of their dread sovereign," dream of announcing the sovereignty of the people. If their notions were democratic, the people, the Demos, was sovereign, and of course there would have been no talk of the dread sovereign lord, King James. They announce but one object for their emigration, apart from "the glory of God," and that is the "honor of their king and country." Not a word about civil, or even religious, liberty; not a hint about elevating the condition of the people; nothing but loyalty to king and country, in spite of all the tyranny under which they had suffered.

In fact, the only expressions upon which this whole democratic theory is built are, that the laws shall be "just and

equal," and convenient for the "general good of the colony." Why, a ukase from the Senate Chamber of Russia might be, and for aught we know, is couched in the same language. To be sure, the ukases are not just and equal; but neither were the laws of Plymouth Colony, as other nonconformists, banished and maltreated by these refugee nonconformists, learned to their cost.

The fact is, as everybody knows, that these colonists drew up this document as a temporary compact, because they were in a state of anarchy. They had been brought against their intention to Plymouth, and they had neither right of property nor jurisdiction there. So far from dreaming of a "constitution," which should be the "foundation of freedom and independence," — so far from dispensing with, or despising, all charters, patents, and concessions, their chief anxiety was to get a land patent from the Plymouth Company in England, and a charter from the crown; and in the meantime, to go on as well as they could without it. And they did go on admirably, for they were virtuous, brave, single-hearted, self-sacrificing men and women; but they tried hard enough for their patent and charter. Isaac Atherton made two or three unsuccessful voyages to England for the purpose; and when, at last, they obtained a grant of land from the company, "the King's grant miscarried."

We think that too much political importance has been attached to the history of the Plymouth Colony by our author and by Mr. Bancroft. The moral value of the picture is inestimable; but it was, after all, a colony in miniature. Well ordered and regulated, peaceful, humble, and contented, they were yet, after ten years, only 300 in number. "*The State*," says Bancroft, (I. p. 322,) "was governed, like our towns, as a strict democracy, and the people were frequently convened to decide on executive, not less than on judicial, questions." Considering that "the State," as he rather pompously styles the little community, had by no means as many inhabitants as a first class hotel or steamboat in these days, and would hardly have been entitled to a representative to our General Court, it was not singular that the people were convened in primary assemblies. The "mass meeting" of citizens would not probably have amounted to more than fifty or sixty men. As to the confu-

sion of the executive, legislative, and judicial functions, which is hardly to be mentioned as a subject of congratulation, it sprang from the very necessity of the case. They had no charter of government from the crown. They were loyal subjects of their sovereign, and still hoped to obtain one. In the meantime, they considered themselves a church congregation, and governed themselves accordingly. They were never in any sense a state. "Until this period," (1630,) says Marshall, (I. p. 95,) "they possessed no other title to their lands than is afforded by occupancy. In that year, they obtained a grant of property from the new Plymouth Company, but were never incorporated as a body politic by royal charter. Having derived no power from parliament or the king, and being totally disregarded by the Plymouth Company, they appear to have remained a mere voluntary association until their union with a younger and more powerful sister."

That younger and more powerful sister was even less democratically inclined than the Plymouth Colony, although the same school of writers are inclined to take the same view of the one as of the other. The Massachusetts Colony originated in the same principle as that of the Plymouth settlement, — a desire to establish the pure church. It was determined to establish an asylum upon a large scale for nonconformists, and to make a considerable land purchase accordingly from the great Plymouth Company. An association was accordingly incorporated, mostly of persons belonging to the greater and lesser nobility of England, who should purchase the territory and send out the colonists. It was a land company, a fish company, a trading company, a fur company, an agricultural and commercial company, empowered by the crown to make laws for the wilderness not repugnant to the laws of England. The freemen, that is to say, the stockholders or adventurers, were to choose the officers, — a Governor, Deputy Governor, and Assistants or Board of Directors, as is usual in corporations. Those officers were to live at home, and direct the operations of the colonists from Threadneedle Street; and if great profits and a great empire should grow out of the speculation, so much the better for the parties interested. As, however, the only persons much in earnest in the matter were those with whom the religious idea was the predominant, or indeed the sole object, and as certain gentlemen of "quality,

figure, and estate," were willing to lead out a large emigration in person, provided the charter could be carried out with them to New England, it was a very natural and fortunate result, that a purely religious colony on a liberal scale, with the right to a certain extent of self-government, should take the place, and succeed to the rights, of the land company. The transfer of the charter was of very questionable legality; but the whole success of the scheme depended upon it.

And thus a colony led and governed by men of aristocratic birth and education, with whom church reformation was the leading principle of their lives, came to be established in Massachusetts. They came here to establish, not liberty of conscience, but the true church. The nonconformists to that church were to fare no better than they had themselves fared at home. There was but one road to heaven, and every man in the colony should travel it. There was far less religious freedom then in Massachusetts than there is now in St. Petersburgh. Neither was there much of the democratic element in their system. The government resided in the hands of the freemen, not of the population. To the original freemen were added, after the arrival of the colony in Massachusetts, many of the most considerable and influential of the "old planters," who had settled there between 1623 and 1630. At the first General Court, the freemen, to whom, according to the charter, belonged the whole legislative power, forced all the functions, legislative, judicial, administrative, and elective, upon the Board of Assistants. The "freemen" did not wish the trouble, or did not feel themselves equal to the responsibility, of directing the colony. The Assistants were to choose the magistrates from among themselves, make all the laws, and see to their execution.

There was but little democracy in all this. "God never intended," said Cotton, "the democracy as a proper government for church or commonwealth. If the people is to govern, who then are to be governed?" The early magistrates deserved the confidence of the people. They were single-hearted and pure, but stern and inflexible. Like Lear, they had that about them which men willingly call master — *authority*. Thus the people, as such, had no rights at all. The servants, artisans, all those who had no part in the patent, were governed as a matter of course, and governed with

extraordinary severity, too. Those to whom the franchise belonged repudiated it altogether. This lasted a considerable time; for it was not till the third General Court, in 1632, that the freemen appear to have taken part in the elections, and in the government. At the General Court in May that remarkable ordinance was passed, by which membership of a Calvinist church was established as an indispensable prerequisite of citizenship. Thus the aristocracy became a theocracy, and the colony was less democratic than ever. "The servant, the bondman," says Bancroft, anxious to detect the democratic element, "might be a member of the church, *and therefore* a freeman of the company. Other States have limited the possession of political rights to the opulent, to freeholders, to the first-born." This does not seem to us so clear. Church membership was but a condition superadded to what others may then have existed. The company had the right to admit freemen upon what conditions they chose. They now established this as one condition. Every freeman must be a church member; but it did not follow that every church member was *ex officio* a freeman. "No man," said the ordinance, "shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." But it is not enacted that all church members shall be admitted. Women might become members of the church; but it nowhere appears that they thereby acquired the rights of citizenship. "The servant, the bondman, might be a member of the church," no doubt; although admission required an ordeal so very severe that two-thirds of the population were not members; but it does not appear that he was "therefore" free of the company; nor is it probable, from the character of the company and from the comparatively small number of freemen, that many of the bond were thus made free and voted into the company in the earlier years of the colony.

"Thus," says Talvj, with some enthusiasm, "was a theocracy established. God himself was to govern through his saints. They alone were to be the organs of a wisdom, which supported itself upon the old and new covenant, not upon human powers." (p. 218.) We can sympathize but little with this enthusiasm. To us, the system adopted by the early colonists seems to have been environed by

dangers. It is a proof of the vigor and truth of the democratic principle, that, although it was so far from the thoughts of the pilgrim fathers, it nevertheless established itself at a later day; — that "humanity did recover its rights," although not in the cabin of the Mayflower; and it is equally a proof of the personal and political virtues of the leaders and of the masses of the emigration, that the whole frame of government was not vitiated by the extravagance of their principles.

To become a member of one of the churches was a very difficult matter. At the Thursday meetings in the "Scruple shop," at Oxford, the point about which the chief anxiety was felt was the fixing the precise moment of new birth. Whoever could not do this satisfactorily had no claim to saintship. The same point was the most important one at the Thursday meetings which were immediately established upon the arrival of the company in Massachusetts. To fix the exact moment of justification was an indispensable pre-requisite for saintship and citizenship. Other conditions were however necessary, a formal speech of an hour long, before the assembled church, being one of the most painful for a modest person. "Here be required," says Lechford, (*Plain Dealing, or Newes from New England,*) "such confessions and professions both in private and public, both by men and women, before they be admitted, that three parts of the country remain out of the church, so that in short time most of the people will remain unbaptized, if this course hold."

There was no democracy, but on the contrary, great danger to the sacred principle of liberty, in such a polity. The enthusiastic but arrogant Calvinist, aspiring beyond the flaming halls of the universe, believing implicitly in his shadowy compact with Omnipotent power, fixing with audacious accuracy the precise moment at which the Deity had revealed himself to his enraptured vision and displayed to him his name inscribed since eternity upon the roll of predestined saints, priding himself upon his "justification," and spurning his fellow worms because more holy or less humble than they, — such a man was a dangerous instrument to select as the exclusive and privileged ruler of an infant colony. To the personal character, the singular virtue, of the leaders of the emigration, it was owing, in a considerable degree, that these dangers were averted. They laid down voluntarily the arbi-

trary power with which the people had invested them. Had they been ambitious, instead of being humble, and had the territory been less extensive and surrounded by foreign nations in a state of civilization, a kind of sacerdotal aristocracy might have easily been established to last for centuries, — the Board of Assistants converted into a hereditary Senate, the Governor into a life magistrate, half patriarch, half Doge, and the people, continuing to acquiesce, as they did acquiesce at first, have come in time to consider the government as ordained of God from all eternity, and deserving of their respect, until at last the tyranny becoming intolerable, they would have awoke to find their liberty irrecoverably lost.

Religiously, socially, politically, the early government of Massachusetts was a severe, in many respects a tyrannical, system. It was at least to have been expected, that the men who had begun "this wilderness work" for conscience' sake, would have conceived a glimmering notion that others had a conscience as well as themselves. But it is a profound remark of Hume, that "no man would suffer martyrdom who would not willingly inflict it;" and these early New England martyrs, who would have braved a thousand deaths rather than renounce their faith, at once began to execute the evil which had been taught them, upon those whose consciences squared not with their own. Excommunication was the penalty for the most trifling offences. A gentlewoman, for example, was excommunicated for "objecting to the price of some joyner's work." To say that their church was a human invention was punished by a fine of £10; and a minister, upon one occasion, "for saying that another minister had a Brownisticall head, was *whipt* by order of the General Court." We are not disposed to invoke the shades of the Browns, nor of Samuel Maverick; nor to comment upon the treatment to which Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, and subsequently the Quakers, were subjected. The fact is, that toleration, religious toleration, so far from being considered a virtue at that day, was rather accounted a crime. We have no inclination to censure the Puritans of New England very severely for not having risen above the prejudices of the age throughout the world. It was not liberty of conscience which they came to establish, but the kingdom of the saints. Copes and corner caps, surplices and rings, rails round the altar,

genuflections at the name of Jesus, holy water and crosses, — these were the symbols they could not abide. They had crossed the water to avoid them, and they were determined not to tolerate them in New England. If the Plymouth people were incensed beyond endurance at Morton's pranks, and, squatters as they were themselves, could not refrain from inflicting Lynch law upon a man whose only offence was dancing round a Maypole upon his own ground, how much more unlikely were the dignified and wealthy magistrates of Massachusetts, strong in their charter and their patent, to permit the least deviation from the true path on the part of any indweller of their territory. To tolerate heresy in religion was in their eyes a heinous offence.

> "Let men of God in courts and churches watch
> For those who do a toleration hatch,
> Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
> To poison all with heresy and vice."

So ran the commencement of some rugged verses found in the pocket of the grim Governor Dudley after his death; and his practice through life had been in accordance with his text. "He that is willing," says the simple cobbler of Agawam, "to tolerate any unsound opinion that his own may also be tolerated, though never so sound, will for a need hang God's Bible at the devil's girdle;" and again, with equal violence, "*Religio docenda est, non coercenda*, is a pretty piece of album Latinum for some kinde of throates that are willingly sore; but *Hæresis dedocenda est, non permittenda* will be found in a farre better Diamoron for the Gargarismes this age wants."

In civil and political matters, too, the strictness of the government was not less apparent. Moreover, as a great majority of the population were not members of the church and not freemen, and as the General Court, after the magistracy had resigned their exclusive jurisdiction, came to exercise all the powers of parliament, king's bench, chancery, and star chamber, as they themselves avowed, it followed that those of the king's subjects, non-members, who happened to be tried for civil or ecclesiastical offences, would find the tribunal naturally prejudiced and unfavorable to them. The penalties inflicted upon the luckless criminals who incurred the displeasure of the Court were often of extraordinary

severity. To revile the magistrates was punished with banishment, whipping, and cropping of ears; the tongue convicted of cursing and swearing was bored through with a red hot iron. John Kempe, in 1639, for an offence against morality, was publicly whipped in Boston and Salem, and then *sold as a slave.*

But it was not only in religious and political matters of importance, that the colony was governed with the utmost strictness by the strange little theocratic aristocracy which was the first form of Massachusetts polity. A true picture of those early days would present this quaint, solemn, arbitrary government, keeping the people as tight as a drum; prying about and thrusting its primitive and patriarchal nose into everybody's business, and meddling with the most minute and trifling matters. Nowhere in the world was a stricter police established than in Massachusetts. The paternal government of Austria is nothing to it. Did a respectable married woman indulge in a fit of scolding, she was straightway seized, gagged, and set up before her own door as a spectacle, merely for having exercised the time-honored privilege of her sex. Did a stranger enter one of the two ordinaries or houses of entertainment in Boston, "he was presently followed," says Josselyn, "by one appointed to that office, who would thrust himself uninvited into his company, and if he called for more drinke than the officer thought in his judgment he could soberly bear away, he would presently countermand it, and appoint the proportion, beyond which he could not get one drop."

Not content with regulating their eating, drinking, and talking, the General Court, in 1634, turned its attention to the dress of both sexes, and ordained, among other matters relative to apparel, "that no person, either man or woman, shall make or wear any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back." Also, all gold or silver girdles, hat-bands, and *beaver hats* were prohibited under penalty of forfeiture. A few years later, in August, 1639, the General Court forbade "healths to be drinked," under a penalty of 12*d.* for each offence. They also passed a new sumptuary act, which allowed "no lace or points on the clothing, and no garment to be made with short sleeves so as to expose the arms, and that no sleeve should be more than half an ell in the widest place." It called also for

"reformation in immoderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder bands, double ruffs and cuffs."

Nevertheless, with all these defects, the colony was admirably governed in the main. One great right of freemen, the right of bearing arms, a highly necessary right to men planted suddenly among wild beasts and savages, was certainly not taken from the people. On the contrary, the government took care that all should be duly trained to self-defence. "There is no man who bears a head," says Wood, (*New England's Prospect*, 1639,) "but bears military arms; even boys of fourteen years of age are practised with men in military discipline every three weeks." And they practised to some effect, as the records of the time prove, and as the Pequods learned to their cost.

On the whole, the social aspect of the little colony, after it had fairly taken root, was of a pious, hardy, and industrious people, governed by a board of deacons constituting a mild aristocracy. With all their primitive simplicity of habits, there seems to have been as much distinction of rank as could have well existed under such circumstances. "The grose goddons, or great masters," says the splenetic Josselyn, "as also some of their merchants, are damnable rich; inexplicably proud and covetous, they receive your gifts but as a homage or tribute due to their transcendency, which is a fault their clergie are also guilty of." It is a whimsical indication of the regard paid to rank and title by the colonists, that a Mr. Josias Plaistowe, at one of the early sessions of the General Court, was, for the crime of stealing, degraded from his order, and sentenced to be called plain Josias, without any prefix. Considering that scolding was punished with fine and pillory, and grumbling at the magistrates with banishment and mutilation, one would think either that the colonists held larceny as a comparatively venial offence, or that it was reckoned a severe misfortune to lose the handle to one's name.

Still the government seems to have adapted itself gradually to the changing circumstances of the colony, and to have developed its capacities more and more as the state advanced. The people acquired a great portion of the political power, became prosperous and satisfied, and the foundation of a great empire was securely laid. This is the best proof of the virtues of the Pilgrims, and of the merits of the system which

they adopted. Compare the practical wisdom with which they, on the whole, seemed to have adapted themselves to circumstances, with the funny feudalities, for example, of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, or with that later and most comical of constitutions, the system devised by his serene highness, philosopher Locke. The gravity with which the doughty Sir Ferdinando informed the world of the "manner and form of government established for the ordering of public affairs," within his province of Sagadahock (now more generally called "Maine,") with his "chancellors and judge marshals, admirals and masters of ordnance, counsellors and cupbearers," is sufficiently diverting. All these makers of feudal constitutions for colonies were apt to forget one important thing. They made the most ample provision for governing the people, but forgot that there were no people to govern. They began to build at the top of the pyramid. They would have the flag wave from the turret before the foundation stone was laid, and their castles remained castles in the air. The descendants of Sir Ferdinando were glad to sell out their satrapcy for a trifle, and Mr. Locke was the first and last landgrave of South Carolina.

With all the faults of the system devised by the Puritans, it was a practical system. With all their foibles, with all their teasing, tyrannical, and arbitrary notions, the Pilgrims were lovers of liberty as well as sticklers for authority. The seeds of liberty contained in Puritanism expanded in the soil of England till they overthrew a throne which had stood six centuries. The same seeds in New England ripened after two centuries to an absolute democracy. It was not to be expected that the early magistrates, fresh from a despotic country, belonging themselves to the landed aristocracy of England, and occupied entirely with religious matters, should have thought of establishing a democracy; but it was to be expected that a love of liberty would have been cherished by them. It was cherished and soon bore its fruits. Nowhere can a better description of liberty be found than that given by Winthrop, in his defence of himself before the General Court on a charge of arbitrary conduct. "Nor would I have you mistake your own liberty," he says. "There is a freedom of doing what we list, without regard to law or justice; this liberty is indeed inconsistent with authority; but civil,

moral, and federal liberty consists in every man's enjoying his property and having the benefits of the laws of his country; which is very consistent with a due subjection to the civil magistrate."

That which was false in their system has perished; the true has remained, as it always must. Although there was an aristocratic tendency in a part of their polity, although the personal prejudices of their leaders were in favor of oligarchy, yet the aristocratic element withered up for want of sustenance. The private virtues of the aristocrats themselves diminished their political power. Winthrop, a man of large estate, spent his money like water for the colony, thus diminishing the distance of station between himself and his inferiors; and so with many others. But time proved that there was really nothing to interfere with the Demos. Upon what should a nobility be founded? The sword has founded most aristocracies; but their only foes, the Indians, were soon subdued, and the colonial sword was sheathed for centuries. Landed property has been the great bulwark of aristocracy; but in the wilderness territory was to be had almost for the asking. Imagine, for example, that Massachusetts had been an island of the same dimensions as its present territory, and surrounded, at the epoch of the first emigration, by powerful foreign states in a high state of civilization. Whoever can calculate what its population would now have been, had it been a state by itself, instead of being one of the main portals of a great Republic, may picture to himself a totally different condition of society from that which now exists. But from the first years of the colony, the population, obeying the law which seems to have been impressed upon them by destiny from the outset, began to spread themselves in all directions, — a mission which they have continued to fulfil, till the Rocky Mountains have at last been crossed, and New England has reached the Pacific. What should oppose the democratic principle, if the sword had lost its strength, and land its value? Surely, the supernatural power arrogated by the Lord's elect was destined to fade as a vapor. Citizens by the grace of God, holding their franchise by the same tenure with which monarchs hold their crowns, were not likely to retain their power forever, when the more substantial foundations of privileged orders had been found wanting. Nothing was more natural

than that New England colonization should have resulted in democracy, although that result was not contemplated in the original movement.

We have allowed ourselves to dwell more at length than we should otherwise have thought justifiable upon the early history of New England, because an elaborate work by a foreigner has suggested the subject, and because the present state of Europe necessarily recalls to the memory and the imagination the whole natural history of democracy. We enjoy an inestimable advantage in America. One can be a republican, a democrat, without being a radical. A *radical*, one who would *uproot*, is a man whose trade is dangerous to society. Here is but little to uproot. The trade cannot flourish. All classes are conservative by necessity, for none wish to change the structure of our polity. The democratic form of government is acquiesced in by all. The system, after which the popular heart of Europe is panting, and for which it is even now pouring out its life-blood, has been secured to us by a combination of circumstances, — the colonization of New England being among the most important.

But after all, what is the great cause which has made democracy inevitable in America, and seems at times to render it hopeless in Europe? It is the Past. In America, civilization was begun *de novo* by Europeans. Democracy was the only practical and philosophical *a priori* constitution for a country without a past. As we look down the vista of history, a period like that which separates us from the origin of our state seems but a single age. At this moment, upon the continent of Europe, the very houses where the people are born, and marry, and bring up their children, and die, are standing precisely as they were when the Mayflower first cast anchor at Plymouth; the whole aspect of the streets and squares is unchanged. The cathedral, where they worship, reflected the sunlight from its embroidered spire and its image-crowded turrets years before the foot of Columbus pressed the Indian strand. This age is after all the first age of America, its first epoch, the period of conquest, which yet is not half completed. Ours is a new empire, a country without a past.

The Past! Who can measure its effects upon the present condition, political or social, of the world? Who can exactly

weigh the metaphysical effect upon national character produced by the million memorials of its history? Every thing here is fresh, and of yesterday. The Present stretches to the Pilgrims; for the life of a nation is not measured by years. It is a strange spectacle, that of a country of an old civilization, and yet inexorably cut off from the birthright of all other states which have culminated to a high point of culture, — the birthright of a pictured, illuminated Past. Much the same aspect is presented now upon the western edge of our civilization that characterized Massachusetts two centuries ago. Our Past is alive and visible. Ask the old world of its Past. Gray Asia points to her silent Tadmors and Palmyras, where the fox dwells in the halls of forgotten princes; — to her vast tumuli, where dead cities, piled upon each other like coffins, with centuries of dust between them, have been sleeping in obscurity for ages. Egypt shows us her Pharaohs and her Miriams, embalmed for forty ages in their colossal tombs. China unrolls before our eyes the scrolls of her philosophers, shows us the course of comets calculated two thousand years ago, exhibits to us in the remote regions of the past a people familiar with the compass, with gunpowder, with anæsthetic agencies, with many of the boasted trophies of modern civilization, centuries before the present nations of Europe had emerged from barbarism. And Greece displays her marble temples glancing through her olive groves, with the forms of her heroes deified in matchless symmetry upon every shattered frieze — images of beauty which the succeeding world could but copy. Rome shows the sculptured arches beneath which rolled the triumphal procession of Scipio, the forum which has echoed to the voice of Tully, the cool groves and grottos, haunted by faun and satyr, where Horace sang.

Alas! with all these far-reaching memories appealing to the imagination in the older world, how naked and impoverished does America appear! And the more stirring memorials of an even more recent, and yet a vanished, epoch perhaps excite our sympathies the more. Who can describe the emotion produced upon his mind by the first sight of a ruined castle, by an old, gray, battered, shattered relic of the feudal age, even if it be enriched by no special memory and hallowed by no familiar name? Who can gauge the exact effect produced upon national character, the strength of the con-

servative feeling nourished by the constant presence of such memorials in lands where every hill-top is crowned with its ruined tower, where every valley embosoms its ivy-mantled abbey, where fable and romantic legend have lent a name and a charm to every forest, mountain, rock, and river? How many bayonets to support the wrong reside in the ballads of chivalry, in the minnesinger's minstrelsy, in the Niebelungenlied, in Walter Scott's romance? Who can unravel the magic web which is woven over individual and national character by these subtle influences, which appeal to the more sentimental and imaginative, although not the least potent principles of human nature, but which have not their vitality except in the lands to which they belong? Chevy Chace, Ivanhoe, and the Orlando Furioso may be read to-day in Wisconsin; but America reads them as she reads Æsop's fables. The country without a Past cannot be intoxicated by visions of the Past of other lands.

Upon this absence of the Past, it seems to us that much of the security of our institutions depends. Nothing interferes with the development of what is now felt to be the true principle of government, the will of the people legitimately expressed. To establish that great truth, nothing was to be torn down, nothing to be uprooted. It grew up in New England out of the seed unconsciously planted by the first Pilgrims, was not crushed by the weight of a thousand years of error, spread over the whole continent, and the Revolution was proclaimed and recognized.

We have no intention of turning at this moment to the subject of European politics; but our apology for this long article upon a stale topic is, that America is now holding the mirror up to Europe. She has, without a trope, become the model republic; her constitutions and laws are studied with profound attention by the statesmen of Europe, and hardly a debate takes place in France or Germany in which the theory and practice of America are not discussed. The contemplation of the causes which have made us what we are is as useful for ourselves. The study is important at home and abroad. In Europe, before the republic can be successfully produced, every thing must be uprooted. Physical obstructions must be levelled, metaphysical obstructions must be dissolved. There, the Present is battling with the Past.

Here, a naked and orphan Present is preparing the way for a giant Future.

It is true that we have no Past, no mist, no myths. We had one hero of romance, but his name was John Smith. That warrior's steel corslet and peaked beard, his perilous adventures by flood and field, in every land, among Moslems or Savages, Infidels or Christians, the charms of his Turkish princess and of the gentle Pocahontas, are all associated with the early chapter of New England colonization, and are preserved to posterity in the elegant narrative of Hillard. To the northern promontory of Massachusetts Bay, now called Cape Ann, he gave the name of his Saracen heroine, Tragabizanda; three islands in the neighborhood, in memory of his most brilliant exploit, he called the Turks' heads. "Not one of these names," says Talvj, "has posterity been grateful enough to preserve." (p. 12.) Posterity has been neither grateful nor romantic, and rejoices rather in such appellations as the Little Gooseberries, Loblolly Cove, Tinker's Island, and the Sow and Pigs, by which the main features of the coast have since been designated.

America has no Past, but she has a Future. The possible Future of this country is as exciting to the imagination as the vague and fading Past of other lands. We are now but in our first epoch, as what exists, what has been done, seems, as it were, but the fragments of the future. The Future seems more than anywhere else to be grappled to the Present in a country which has been so rudely and abruptly severed from all connection with the Past. The Future of America! As from a few broken columns at Agrigentum or Corinth, the imagination builds up the whole fabric of two thousand years ago, so from what exists at present upon our soil, a vision of what is to come rises before us in vast and misty proportions. These thirty States are but the fragments, but a few isolated shafts, of the great peristyle which is to stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific portico of this great temple of democracy. Never before was so vast an empire imagined for the Republic, for the self-governing people. The actual progress of the nation in every thing connected with its contests with material obstacles, the daily conquests made here by civilization over nature, embolden the mind to almost any speculation. A century is but a short time in the life of a nation.

It is nearly a century since Washington fought with Braddock at Monongahela, since Wolfe fell upon the Heights of Abraham. To the mind accustomed to the contemplation of history, these events are but of yesterday. Yet when another century shall have elapsed, America may very possibly be a state compact and yet confederated, numbering three hundred millions of freemen, occupying a region of three millions of square miles, with every known climate and product, with cities of four or five millions of population, with a commerce external and internal such as the world never imagined, distinguished, as from present indications it is reasonable to conclude, for its progress in those beautiful arts which embellish life and appeal to the higher parts of a nation's character, as well for those useful ones by which the happiness and comfort of its citizens are secured, and with a government which professes so remarkable facility at adapting itself to the expansive tendencies of the people that it seems capable of lasting for many centuries. Such a state in the possible, and not very remote, Future may well excite the imagination. A state, too, in whose progress the general cause of humanity is benefited; a state opening wide its Eastern and Western portals to all the nations, cutting through continents, uniting oceans, and smoothing down the great natural barriers of its rocky mountains, as sedulously as its antipodal China conceals its ancient civilization and its teeming millions behind its gigantic artificial wall. Such a state, the reverse of the Chinese empire, and more powerful and prosperous than the Chinese and the Russian united, is as fruitful a theme for speculation as the probable conditions of the Assyrian or the Persian empire, thousands of years ago. Such a possible Future atones for the absence of the Past.

It seems not unreasonable to conclude that our present system may last for ages. The differences of soil and climate, and the imagined conflicts of interest, are as great now as they can ever become. The territory is more extensive and the parts farther separated than they will be a century hence. Those inventions which make our Republic possible, railroads, steam, canals, telegraphs, the printing press, are uniting the distant parts of the confederacy more closely every day. The centripetal force of the Republic will increase rather than diminish. The chain once broken, the States fly

into chaos, and are sure never to reunite. The people of Germany, sprung from one stock, speaking the same language, educated for ages under the same civilization, but broken up into eight-and-thirty sovereign and independent States, and now striving, but striving in vain, to annihilate their discordant Past and to construct one great, consistent, and homogeneous whole, are a melancholy type of what may be the destiny of the United States, should the cry of disunion prevail. If the Union lasts, the vision of American grandeur will probably be realized.

Whether the example is, upon the whole, good for Europe is a more difficult matter to decide. The character of the early Pilgrims of New England, the vast and unoccupied territory, the absence of a Past, the entire deficiency of castes and classes, have made the empire of democracy possible upon this continent. None of these causes exist in Europe. Neither is it easy to furnish the elements of a federal system there. The combination in our system of self-governed States, revolving round a central government, seems to us, who have known no other, as natural as the planetary system, and to be governed by as inevitable laws. The manner in which self-government is diffused throughout, the regularity with which each State revolves upon its own axis, and yet moves in its orbit around the centre of the system, the great natural law of reproduction within itself, under which there seems a constant scaling off of material from the organized part into the distance, to revolve in the nebulous condition of territories for a time, until agglomerating to States, it forms recognized and inhabitable portions of the system, the harmonious discord by which the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep all nature's peace, — all these elementary characteristics of our polity, are wanting in Europe, and are indigenous to our world.

We fear that the reader of this long article will not sympathize with us; but we are, upon the whole, glad to have had a new opportunity to contemplate the granite character of New England in its primary condition, and we are therefore glad to have met with this work of Mrs. Robinson. The events of the last few years in Europe have given to that character a fresh importance. New England is not America, to be sure; but she has been so long the great portal through which the tide of population and civilization has flowed, she

has been so long the nursing mother of states, and shorn of her own natural proportions, she has seen her own image so often reproduced and reflected in the West,

> "Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
> In every fragment multiplies,

that the New England character has become one of the main elements to which the stability of the democratic principle is owing. Massachusetts is as absolute a democracy as ever existed. But it is a government of law, under which life and property are secure. We wish that our republican friends across the water could learn a lesson or two from the New England character. Their republican progress would be facilitated by the study. There is a sternness, an iron common sense about it, which has descended from the Puritans. It is the solid foundation of this Republic.

Yet after all, this character is only rugged and hard upon its exterior crust. As twenty-five miles below the earth's surface, granite is in a state of fusion, so the New England character is warm and fluid enough beneath a cold exterior. The inhabitants of Massachusetts make few epigrams about liberty and equality; but the democratic principle is more deeply fixed here than anywhere else. They are not given to saying fine things. Their republicanism and their philanthropy are of a commonplace character. They do not cut each other's throats and burn each other's houses to establish the principle of fraternity among men, after the French manner. They have very seldom the cry of brotherhood upon their lips; but if Massachusetts has cause to be proud of any thing, it is that the principle is deeply fixed in her breast. Nowhere in the world are nobler institutions dedicated to the Christian virtues. By no State in the world have the wealth and talents of its best citizens been more lavishly employed to improve and reform the condition of the forsaken, the helpless, and the fallen.

But we are going farther and faster than we intended. Having finished our reflections on Puritan character and polity, in their primary and present condition, we are again reminded of the querulous Theodore de la Gard: — "We have a strong weakness in New England, that when we are speaking we know not how to conclude; we make many ends before we make an end; the fault is in the climate."

Art. X. — *La Rigenerazione; Giornale Storico Politico della Sicilia*, diretto dal Signor Luigi Tirrito. Anno primo della Rigenerazione. Palermo. 1848.

In our last number, we gave a brief account of the Conquest of Sicily by the Normans, and presented a sketch of what may be deemed the brightest period in the history of that island. Since then, the periodical, the title of which is quoted above, has come to our notice, and from the materials that it furnishes we can frame an imperfect narrative of the struggle for independence, which commenced in that land in 1848, before France had broken down the barriers which hemmed in the mighty flood of Revolution, and which she is now as intent on rebuilding as she was then eager to destroy. To render this account more intelligible, we must first cast a glance at the former history of the island, in order to show the nature of its connection with Naples.

It is well known that when the family of Hohenstauffen succeeded the Norman princes in Southern Italy, both Naples and Sicily were united under one government. This continued to be the case during the administration of the princes of the House of Anjou, until 1282, when, in consequence of the Sicilian Vespers, the French were driven from Sicily, and the island passed under the dominion of the House of Aragon. The kingdoms continued to be separated until Alphonso V. conquered Naples, and once more united the two provinces under a common sway. When the house of Aragon became extinct, both kingdoms were subjected to Spain, by whose monarchs they were governed until the death of Charles II., (the last male heir of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria); when Philip having succeeded to the throne of Spain, the Two Sicilies passed to the house of Austria. This arrangement was not destined to last long. Elizabeth Farnese, the second wife of Philip V., had succeeded in procuring for her son the Duchies of Parma and Tuscany. But a ducal coronet alone could not satisfy her insatiable ambition, and she determined to use every means in her power to obtain for him the crown of the Two Sicilies. Charles was enjoying the pleasures of youth at his ducal residence at Parma, when he received letters from his mother, apprizing him of the plans

which had been formed for his future greatness. Spain, France, and Lombardy were then in league against the empire; a mighty French army, led by Berwick, had passed the Rhine; another, under the command of Villars, had descended into Lombardy. The object of this undertaking was to overthrow the imperialists beyond the Rhine, to drive them from Lombardy, and to conquer the Two Sicilies, "which," wrote Elizabeth to her son, "will be yours, as soon as they are rescued from their present possessors. Go, then, and conquer! The most splendid crown in Italy awaits you." Charles, naturally ambitious, and sharing in some degree the warlike spirit of his ancestors, was easily persuaded to obey this summons, especially as he believed he had some right to the Two Sicilies, in consideration of the ancient dominion which the kings of Spain had exercised over them.

The expedition against Naples was successful, and Charles, after he had entered the capital, and subdued the different fortresses of the kingdom, determined to make an attack on Sicily. The people of that island desired him to be their monarch, perhaps as much from the love of change, as from the natural enmity of all Italians for the Germans. The Spanish fleet left Naples on the 23d of August, 1734; and no sooner had it appeared before Palermo, than the Viceroy fled to Malta, and the city surrendered. Messina did the same, and the whole island soon followed the example thus given. The treaty concluded at Vienna, in 1739, confirmed Charles in his new conquests, and thus the Two Sicilies were again united into one kingdom.

The first object of the young king was to reform the legislation of the country, which, under the dominion of the house of Austria, had been much neglected. But he had neither courage nor foresight enough to strike a decisive blow at all the abuses which had been accumulating for centuries in the State; and although he certainly did effect some salutary reforms, he did much less than a prince of a more energetic and independent nature might have accomplished. The feudal pretensions of the aristocracy, the exorbitant claims of the clergy, the municipal privileges of the cities, were obstacles to reform, which more firmness and wisdom might have overcome, but which Charles had not the face to surmount. On the whole, however, when we consider the misrule to which

the Two Sicilies had been so long accustomed, the reign of Charles was rather favorable to his people. In 1759, this monarch was called to the throne of Spain; and as it had been stipulated in the treaty of Vienna that the Two Sicilies should never again be united to the Spanish monarchy, he conferred the former kingdom on his son, who commenced his reign under the name of Ferdinand IV.

The first part of his reign offers no event of importance; but Ferdinand's administration, during the latter part of the last century was marked by the most despotic and inquisitorial policy. The assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, the outbreak of the Revolution in France, the death of Louis XVI., and the Reign of Terror in Paris, were events well calculated to fill with apprehension a government which had rested rather on physical force than on the love of its subjects. The vigilance of the police daily increased, innumerable arrests on the slightest suspicion took place, and the whole kingdom was in a state of constant agitation. Such was its condition when Bonaparte, at the head of a republican army, entered Italy, drove the Austrians out of Lombardy, and agitated every part of the peninsula with fear of change. Alarmed at the progress of the French, the king of Naples declared war against them, though with little prospect of waging it with success. The invading army took Gaeta, Pescara, and Civitella, and on the 21st of December, 1798, the royal family were obliged to leave Naples, carrying with them the crown jewels and treasures of the State, and leaving the unhappy country involved in domestic and foreign war. On the 23d of January, the French entered Naples, promising the people a better government, and that neither persons nor property should be molested. Naples was declared to be an independent Republic, and was to be administered by an assembly of citizens.

The French did not long occupy the city, however, and on their evacuating the territory in 1799, Ferdinand IV. was recalled to the throne. Exile had not taught him wisdom, and his restoration to power was the beginning of a new career of cruelty and oppression. In 1806, on the approach of Joseph Bonaparte and Massena at the head of a powerful army, he was again obliged to abandon his capital, and under the protection of the English, he sailed for Sicily. Joseph

entered Naples, and was shortly after proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies; but two years afterwards, he was called to the vacant throne of Spain, and Joachim Murat became king of Naples. Meanwhile, Sicily remained under the control of the Bourbons; and Queen Caroline, taking advantage of the condition of the king, who was incapable of attending to business, assumed the reins of government. Weary of the authority which the English were arrogating to themselves in Sicily, she determined to rid herself of them, and if all hope of reconquering Naples was gone, to reign at least unmolested in the island. For this purpose, she concluded a treaty with Napoleon, by which it was agreed that the ports of Sicily should be opened to the French, on condition that they should drive the English away. Whilst these negotiations were pending, Murat made an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the island. The negotiations between Caroline and Napoleon could not be so secretly carried on as not to become known to the English, who immediately began to counteract the political measures of the queen.

The island was in a distracted condition, and the English determined to attempt to remedy the existing state of things by constitutional means, before resorting to open force. For this purpose, they induced the government to convene a parliament; and this assembly, which was destined to produce radical changes in the organization of the State, met in 1810. By it the lands held by feudal tenure were made allodial, and many baronies were abolished. To this measure, the barons, who seem to have showed a most disinterested and patriotic spirit, made no objection, although the reform could not but injure their revenues and lessen their influence. The parliament also decreed, that a general assessment of the land should be made, in order that the land-tax might be more equitably distributed; and great improvements were effected in the judiciary. In these reforms, the nobility had taken a large share; and the queen, finding that her power was on the wane, resolved to act vigorously in support of the royal authority. She caused five of the principal noblemen in the island to be arrested. This imprudent course defeated the object which she had in view; for the English, finding that they could no longer depend upon her, especially since the marriage of Maria Louisa had created a bond of union between

Napoleon and the queen, resolved to unite with the barons. For this purpose, Lord Bentinck was sent as minister to Palermo. The first thing he did was to demand the liberation of the barons who had been imprisoned. The queen haughtily refused, and demanded of Lord Bentinck by what right he obtruded himself into the affairs of the kingdom. Finding that her determination was inflexible, Bentinck left the room, exclaiming, "either a constitution or a revolution." He immediately went to London, and having procured full powers, returned to Naples in less than three months. Now that he was invested with the supreme command of the army, and could support his counsels with an armed force, the queen found resistance useless. She was obliged to retire to a country seat in the neighborhood of Palermo, and the king was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, as vice-general of the kingdom. Bentinck was elected captain-general of Sicily, and consequently the whole command of the nation rested in his hands. These events occurred in 1812.

The parliament was again convoked for the purpose of remedying abuses and remodelling the fundamental laws. A new constitution was formed, and, after some hesitation on the part of the young prince, it was solemnly ratified. By this instrument, the legislative power and the power of levying taxes were vested in the parliament alone; its decrees, when sanctioned by the king, were to have the force of law. The executive power was committed to the king, whose person was to be sacred and inviolable. The judges were entirely independent of both king and parliament; the ministers were responsible for every act, the senate having the right of examining and impeaching them for high treason. The parliament was composed of two chambers; the one for the representatives of the people, the other for the peers. The power of convoking parliament belonged exclusively to the king, who was, however, required to assemble it once in every year. These were the chief features of a constitution, which was soon to be violated by the monarch, though the people justly regarded it as the charter of their liberties.

No sooner, indeed, had the downfall of Napoleon restored Ferdinand once more to the throne of the Two Sicilies, than he abolished this constitution. Such treachery could not have been expected from a king, who, twice an exile from a

portion of his dominions, had been received by the Sicilians with hospitality, and had been enabled by them to support his Neapolitan retainers, his expensive army, and the luxurious court which he had established at Palermo. That the remainder of his reign should have been one continued struggle of the oppressed Sicilians against his despotic sway is no cause for wonder. The discontent which had long been cherished at last broke out in the open rebellion of 1820. This is not the place to give a full account of the celebrated insurrection which then took place. It is well known that the king granted a constitution for Naples, and promised to restore to his Sicilian subjects the constitution of 1812; but the absolute powers of Europe objected to his course; and when he went to the Congress at Laybach, he found that the Emperors of Austria and Russia, as well as the King of Prussia, were determined to declare void all the acts of his government subsequent to the revolutionary movement. Instead of maintaining his right to regulate the affairs of his own kingdom as he chose, Ferdinand acquiesced in the proposition of the Northern powers to send an army into Italy to restore him to absolute power. He was thus enabled to return to Naples once more as its absolute sovereign, but branded with infamy for his treacherous conduct. Under his successor, Francis, the government was maintained on the same principles.

But it was reserved for the present king, Ferdinand II., to complete the work of despotism, and thus to prepare the way for the events of which we are about to speak. When Ferdinand I. was restored to the throne of the Two Sicilies, in 1815, it was with the understanding that the island of Sicily should be administered as a separate kingdom, possessing independent rights and a separate constitution. Unmindful of this, he had no sooner got possession of the throne again, than he labored to centralize every thing in Naples. He never convened the parliament of Sicily, and although the constitution provided that the taxes should not exceed 1,847,687 *once.* without the consent of this parliament, he established new taxes at his pleasure. His successors followed this course, so that, in 1838, the amount of money received by the government in taxation was 5,800,000 *once.* Had this money been spent in Sicily, the Sicilians would

have had less cause of complaint. But this was not the case. Sicily should have borne about a quarter part of the expenses of the united kingdom, and should have received about a third of the offices; instead of which, it had to pay about half the annual expenses, and scarcely shared at all in the administration of the state. In the ministry which existed previously to the late insurrection, out of eleven ministers there was only one Sicilian, and he occupied the least important place.

It was the present king who consummated this despotic work in 1837, by taking away the power of the Lieutenant General of Sicily, by abolishing the Ministry of State for Sicilian affairs, by centralizing in Naples the whole administration of the island, and by confiding the most important offices in the island to Neapolitans, thus reducing Sicily to the rank of a province of Naples. By this means, he paralyzed its energies and impoverished its people; but he also roused the national indignation, and gave rise to the present struggle for independence. Since the revolution of 1821, many petitions, signed by large numbers of Sicilians, had been addressed to the government, imploring it to grant the constitution of 1812 to the island. They had all proved vain, and it was not until such peaceful means of attaining their object had been exhausted, that the Sicilians had recourse to force. On the 12th of January, 1848, the growing discontent broke out in open rebellion.

The beginning of this insurrectionary movement was unquestionably hastened by the effect which the liberal measures of the new papal administration had produced throughout Italy. When Cardinal Mastai Ferreti succeeded Gregory XVI., in the month of June, 1846, it was thought that the new pope, the *buon*, the *gran Pio*, as he was enthusiastically called by the Italians, was about to emancipate Italy from the state of degradation and bondage in which she had been so long held. Doubtful as any one, who is guided in his political speculations by the sober dictates of his understanding rather than by the seductive impulses of his heart, may be as to the future prospects of Italy, he cannot but be interested in the many endeavors which have been made since the downfall of Napoleon, by the people of that once prosperous land, to recover their independence and their former standing among the

nations of the world. The restoration of Italian nationality under one form or another has been the aim of all Italian patriots, since 1814. The Carbonari, a political sect founded in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies during the stormy administration of Queen Caroline, continued for a long time to be the principal secret society of Italy, but was at length superseded by the sect of "Young Italy," at whose head was Mazzini. He was driven from Italy in 1831, in consequence of the share he had taken in the insurrectionary movement which occurred after the French revolution of 1830; and he maintained his influence by his contributions to a journal called *La Giovine Italia*, which he founded at Marseilles. At a later period, he attracted the attention of the whole of Europe, not by any merit of his own, but through the conduct of the English Home Secretary, who, to satisfy the demands of the Austrian government, violated the secrecy of his private correspondence. He has since, by his connection with the late revolutionary government of Rome, become the object of admiration of the radical party in Italy, France, and England, and, we are sorry to say, of many of our own countrymen, who, through a mistaken zeal for republican principles, are too prone to admire every fanatical demagogue who may chance to rise for a few hours on the crest of a revolutionary wave. We cannot see that Americans are any more bound to sympathize with every radical movement in Europe, which dignifies itself with the name of republican, than we should be to lend a favorable ear to the ravings of our own demagogues, — of those, for instance, who recently kindled a civil war in Rhode Island, or of the Anti-rent party who assassinated sheriffs and constables in New York. The sympathies of the true American should be enlisted on the side of liberty and order, and when he becomes convinced that those two blessings can only be attained in Europe, — at least, for the present, — by a constitutional monarchy, his sympathies should be with that form of government.

It was not by Mazzini or his party that Italy could be regenerated. To suppose that the Lombard and the Roman, the Sardinian and the Neapolitan, would unite to form one Italian republic, and that the princes who had so long held these countries under their absolute dominion would either resign their privileges and place themselves at the head of

the movement, or would yield without a long and desperate resistance to the revolutionary torrent, would be to argue little knowledge either of human nature or of history. Societies like the Carbonari, the Patrioti Europei, the Federati, the Filadelfi, the Giovine Italia, or any of the innumerable associations which have arisen in Italy during the present century, can do but little for the regeneration of a country. A despotic government is not overthrown, still less induced to adopt a different political course, by such means. It should be met openly, frankly, and lawfully, and reminded that there is a power greater than any which a despotic ruler can command, — public opinion. Moral force is the only force likely to be of much avail against a government which has under its control large standing armies. This truth began to be understood by a large party of Italians, who abandoned these secret societies, and lent a willing ear to the calmer and more rational views of such men as Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio. Gioberti, in his able and eloquent work on the supremacy of Italy,* maintained that, in order to establish any thing like political unity in the peninsula, a league of Italian princes, having at their head the Pope, must be formed. Balbo and D'Azeglio preached the renouncement of all violent measures; according to them, the independence of Italy could be attained only by peaceful measures, by patience, moderation, and endurance. Arms are only to be resorted to when all other means have been exhausted, and when the nation is ready for such a struggle. "I hold," says D'Azeglio, in speaking of the melancholy disturbances which occurred at Rimini in 1845, "I hold this movement a premature and dangerous one, and I shall hold all such partial movements as premature and dangerous. I may say boldly, that I consider them as worthy of blame; because a minority has never the right to judge, whether the time has come or not to plunge the nation to which it belongs into the great struggle for independence; for it has not the right to risk on a mere chance the subsistence, the tranquillity, the liberty, the life of an incalculable number of fellow citizens, and, what is still more important, the honor and future destinies of a whole nation." †

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* *Del Primato Civile e Morale degl' Italiani.* Per V. Gioberti. 1843.
† *Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna.* Di Massimo D'Azeglio. 1846.

Balbo advised his countrymen to wait until some great event in Europe, such as the fall of the Ottoman Empire, should render probable their success in shaking off the yoke of Austrian dominion, the first and necessary step for Italian independence.* In speaking of the different impulses given to public opinion, we should not forget the annual meetings of scientific men in different cities of the peninsula, which were first organized in 1839, and which, by bringing together men from different parts of the country, kept alive a national spirit. Nor should we forget the privilege of copyright, which has been but recently extended to the whole of Italy, and by means of which, the different publications issued in the country were more widely circulated.

When Pius IX. was raised to the papal throne, it seemed as if the golden dream of Gioberti was about to be realized. The first wish of the new Papal Government appeared to be to found an administration more in harmony with the spirit of the age. A general amnesty was granted; hundreds of exiles, who for years had been wandering through Europe or enjoying the hospitality of France and England, were allowed to revisit their native land; many of the severest laws against the press were abrogated; the Code was revised, the administration reorganized and secularized, the magistracy reformed. A new era seemed to be dawning for Italy. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. All eyes were turned towards a pope, who seemed to renounce all the political traditions of the Vatican, and to be ambitious of the novel reputation of a reforming Sovereign Pontiff. From one end of the peninsula to the other, the people were induced to demand of their sovereigns reforms corresponding to those which had been made at Rome. Tuscany soon followed the movement. Charles Albert, to whose memory a tribute is due, in spite of the many blemishes of his character, for the noble manner in which he defended the cause of Italian independence, and then, renouncing his honors and the dream of an ambitious life, went to die in a foreign land broken-hearted and despairing, was soon engaged in the struggle. The other states of Italy were irresistibly hurried on in the same course. Who, on seeing the enthusiasm cre-

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* *Delle Speranze d'Italia.* Di Cesare Balbo.

ated by the Pope at that time, could have foreseen the events, which have since occurred at Rome, — the beloved Pius driven from his capital, and forced to seek refuge in the states of that contemptible tyrant, Ferdinand of Naples, that *Borbone, Borbonaccio, Borboncino,* ferocious as Nero, and mad as Caligula, as the Sicilians contemptuously call him? It is a memorable lesson to remind princes and statesmen of the heavy responsibility which is incurred, by attempting the great work of reform, unless certain of being able to stop its career whenever it becomes necessary. It is dangerous to slacken the reins of a fiery steed, unless confident that you have retained the power of checking him at will.

The enthusiasm to which the acts of the new papal government gave rise necessarily spread to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Neither the despotism of the government, nor the vigilance of its agents, could conceal from the people the hopes which had been awakened in other parts of Italy. No custom-house barriers or military outposts could prevent the magic words of independence and regeneration from reaching the ears of the discontented subjects of Ferdinand of Naples. Like the other nations of Italy, they were too intent on their great aim, the liberty of their country, and too much excited by the enthusiasm of the moment, to stop to consider whether a pope could really be a reformer, in the sense in which that word is at present understood; whether the infallible successor of St. Peter could, by a stroke of his pen, undo the work of his equally infallible predecessors, and remodel the whole constitution of the papal government; whether the temporal power vested in the hands of a sovereign, who in all spiritual matters is absolute, could be other than absolute; whether Catholicism as understood at Rome could be reconciled with a free form of government. These were questions far too serious, and requiring too much reflection for the Italians to have meditated them as they ought, before embarking on the dangerous sea of revolution. The first liberal measures of a pope filled with the best intentions, but unconscious of the incompatibility of his authority with the reforms which the age demanded, were enough to dazzle the imagination of all Italians, and to fill their minds with the golden dream of independence. To give reality to this dream, and so to direct public opinion as both to check the hasty and rash ebullitions

of patriotic feeling so natural amongst a people long restrained, and to rouse from their apathy those whom long years of suffering and passive submission had rendered almost indifferent to the hopes and destiny of their country, was the hard task which the intelligent men of all parts of the peninsula had to perform.

There was no state in Italy in which they had more difficulties to contend with, in attempting to accomplish this work, than the Two Sicilies. The political differences between Naples and Sicily, the municipal rivalry between the principal cities of the island, the indolence and indifference of the Italians, the courage and ardor of the Sicilians, the consequent difficulty of urging the former and restraining the latter, and the want of any understanding as to the course which the people ought to adopt, were obstacles not easily overcome. The leading patriots endeavored, however, to convince the people, that the hatred which had existed between the two parts of the country had been kept alive by the government, which hoped by this means to keep them more surely in bondage; that the Sicilians in fact loved the Neapolitans, although by identifying the people with the government, it often appeared as if they cherished an invincible hatred against them; and that the Neapolitans, who were suffering the same wrongs as the Sicilians, could not be suspected of wishing to subjugate a country which possessed its own institutions and laws. They endeavored also to break down the spirit of rivalry, which had long existed between the principal cities of the island, and to check the ardor and impatience of the inhabitants.

As to the means by which the regeneration of the state might be accomplished, two courses were proposed. The one was preferred by those, who, knowing the character of the Neapolitan government, the obstinacy of the king, and the devotion with which he was served by the army, thought that it was necessary to oppose force to force, and make an appeal to arms. The other was entirely pacific, and was favored by those who thought that there was no force equal to moral force. They proposed that, by means of clandestine printing presses established in the different cities, the enthusiasm of the people should be kept alive and prudently guided; and that the people should refuse to pay the taxes, and endeavor, by associating as much as possible with the army, to gain it

over to the popular cause. The latter proposition was received with the greatest favor, and the nation were preparing to carry it out, when the Calabrians, impatient of restraint and exasperated against the government, broke out in open rebellion. The royal troops, aided by a very effectual police, soon disarmed the insurgents; but the indignation of the whole nation was roused by the cruelty which the government displayed, and the king perceived it would be necessary to adopt some measure to tranquillize the public feeling. One of the ministers, Santangelo, who had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the people, was dismissed; and although the honors with which he was invested in order to console him for his disgrace somewhat weakened the effect, the feelings of the people were somewhat soothed. In the theatres and public places, the cries of "long live the King," "long live Pope Pius," and "long live the Reform," were constantly heard. In Sicily, the enthusiasm at the disgrace of Santangelo was very great, for he had always been regarded as a personal enemy of the people of the island. Any manifestation of this enthusiasm was prohibited. At this time, the direction of the police of Palermo was in the hands of General Vial. By his inquisitorial administration, he had rendered himself the object of universal hatred. Indeed, to judge from his conduct, one would suppose that his sole object was to urge the people to rebellion, in the hope that the nobility and the wealthy inhabitants of the city would join him in putting down any such attempt. It was thus, at least, that the people understood his conduct; for when proclamations were posted up on the walls, inviting them to take up arms, they immediately tore them down, declaring that the police was only urging them to rebellion in order to ruin them. The whole population of the island was indeed united in a determination to obtain from the government a constitution, and only to appeal to arms when all other means should fail. There was no conspiracy formed;

> "Un popol non conguira; ognun s'intende
> Senza accordo verun";

but the whole nation might be said to have resolved to accomplish this great object. No secret was made of this intention, and great agitation prevailed throughout the country.

The government alone was blind to the growing discontent, and still relied on its military force to prevent any manifestation of opinion in the island. At the beginning of the month of January, a proclamation was issued from Palermo and circulated throughout the island, in which the Sicilians were called upon to take up arms in the following energetic language: —

"Sicilians, the time for prayers is passed; pacific protestations, remonstrances, and petitions, all have remained ineffectual. Ferdinand has treated them all with contempt; and a people who were born free, and are now loaded with chains and reduced to misery, can no longer delay to claim their legitimate rights. To arms, sons of Sicily! Our united force will be invincible. The break of day on the 12th of January shall be the glorious era of our regeneration and independence. Palermo will receive with transport every Sicilian who shall come armed to sustain the common cause, and establish reformed institutions in conformity with the progress of Europe, and the will of Italy and of Pius IX. Union, order, obedience to chiefs, respect to property. Robbery is declared a crime of high treason against the country, and shall be punished as such. Whoever may be in want shall be supplied at the common charge. Heaven will not fail to second our just undertaking. Sicilians, to arms!"

Even this proclamation was unheeded by the government, and the consequence was that, on the day appointed, the long anticipated revolution broke out. The 12th of January had been selected by the people because it was the king's birthday, a day which was generally celebrated by public rejoicings, but which was now to serve as the epoch from which to date a revolution that was to render Ferdinand the object of the contempt and execration, not only of those who had to suffer from his cruelty and tyranny, but of all such as have one spark of generous feeling left. On the morning of that day, Palermo wore a mournful aspect. The streets were deserted, the shops closed, the troops were confined to their barracks, and one might have fancied that some dire calamity had befallen the city. No agitation was visible except in the neighborhood of the royal palace, which was surrounded by troops. In the course of the day, however, animated groups began to form in the streets. Bands of young men with arms in their hands marched through different parts of the city, encouraging the people, and shouting, long live the

Pope! Towards evening, the aspect of affairs became more menacing. The troops were ordered out, barricades were formed, and a conflict commenced between the populace and the soldiers. But either the troops sympathized with the people, or they were unwilling to fight, for they were repelled at almost every point without much bloodshed. During the night, the people seemed to be sole masters of the city, which was illuminated. The next day, however, was to decide the struggle. The troops seemed to have gained courage during the night, and on the morrow a serious battle commenced between the two parties. The people formed a more deliberate plan of attack, and on the 14th, a number of the principal noblemen and citizens of Palermo formed a Committee of Public Defence. This committee was divided into four sections; one for military affairs, of which Prince Pantelleria was the head; another for finances, under the direction of Marquis Budini; a third, under Marshal Settimo, for the publication of all matters of interest to the people; and the fourth for provisioning the city, under the guidance of the Duke of Monteleone. The insurrection was thus organized, and the government, finding no other means of subduing the insurgents, resolved to bombard the city. The bombardment consequently commenced without any notice given to the foreign consuls residing at Palermo. So direct a violation of the law of nations could not pass unnoticed; and on the 19th of January, the foreign consuls met at the house of the French consul, and made a solemn protest against the bombardment. The only effect of this protest was to suspend hostilities for twenty-four hours; and on the 21st, the firing recommenced.

But weary of carrying on hostilities which seemed to be without effect on the exasperated people, the commander of the troops sent to the Committee of Public Defence to ask what were their demands, and on what conditions they would lay down their arms. An endeavor to ascertain this point would have been more reasonable before attacking the city in so barbarous a manner. The reply of the Committee was calm and dignified, and must have proved to the king's brother, the Count of Aquila, who was then with the Neapolitan fleet which was at anchor before Palermo, that the revolution was more serious than the government had apprehended. "The people," they replied, "care little for the

horrors of a bombardment, and will lay down their arms when the whole of Sicily, represented in a general parliament, shall have adapted to the wants of the times that constitution which was solemnly confirmed by its kings, recognized by foreign powers, and which has never been openly taken from the Sicilians." Meanwhile, however, the king, by a decree published on the 18th of January, had granted some concessions to his Sicilian subjects. It was provided that a prince of the royal family should reside in the island as Lieutenant-General; separate administrations were granted to Naples and Sicily, and the powers of the *Consulta di Stato* were increased. These concessions, which in fact merely reëstablished the government on the same footing as in 1816, were not sufficient to satisfy a people who began to be conscious of their strength. The committee refused them, and once more promised to lay down their arms in the hall of the parliament when it should be assembled.

Hostilities were accordingly renewed. The palace of the governor was stormed and taken, and the troops were compelled to abandon the city, and take refuge in the castle, or on board the Neapolitan fleet. The castle became now the principal object of the attack of the insurgents. While they were preparing to march against it, the commander received despatches from his government, announcing that, on the 29th of January, a constitution had been granted for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. This was on the 3d of February. An officer was immediately sent to the president of the General Committee, to inform him of the gracious act of his sovereign. An immense crowd had assembled to hear the official communication of the government read, and it awaited in breathless anxiety the reply of the General Committee. It was as firm as their former replies had been. The people had taken up arms, they said, in order to regain their former constitution, which in 1812 had been remodelled by their parliament; and they would only suspend hostilities when the parliament should have been assembled in Palermo. This reply was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the people. On the following day, it was resolved to attack the fort of Castellamare. On the 8th of February it surrendered, and the tricolored flag, inscribed with the magic words, *Confederazione Italiana*, was hoisted on the battlements. Colonel Gross,

who commanded, was permitted to embark with the garrison, thus leaving Palermo entirely in the hands of the insurgents.

Meanwhile, the rest of Sicily had thrown off the yoke of Neapolitan dominion, and the General Committee of Palermo had proclaimed itself a Provisional Government. These auspicious events were celebrated by a solemn *Te Deum*, executed at the cathedral; and on the evening of the 6th, the city was illuminated and the theatres were opened. The writer of *La Rigenerazione* dwells with delight on the enthusiasm displayed on this occasion. The splendid duet of Bellini's Puritani was performed amidst the rapturous shouts of the assembly. At the last words, —

> " Bello è affrontar la morte
> Gridando liberta! "

the people were so transported by the words and the spirited music of their lamented countryman, that they arose and joined in such a chorus as had never before been heard in Palermo. It is difficult for us to conceive of the impression produced by such a scene on an Italian assembly, and there is perhaps some reason to distrust the success in any great undertaking of a people which thus wastes its energies. We should make due allowance, however, for the excitable temperament of a southern race, passionately fond of music, and for whom, owing to the care with which the governments of the different states of the Peninsula guard against the performance of any music which might excite the multitude, the execution of certain pieces has become almost a political event. Yet those who were making so noisy a demonstration, should have been reminded of what M. Michelet once said to a large concourse of young men who had assembled to hear his lecture, and who were applauding him in the most vociferous manner: " You had better reserve your strength, for you may be called upon to exercise it on some more important occasion than this."

Meanwhile, Lord Minto, the English Minister, was endeavoring to make peace between the King of Naples and his Sicilian subjects. The constitution granted on the 29th of January had been, as we have seen, rejected by the Sicilians, who still maintained that they would only lay down their arms, when they had obtained a separate parliament. The

government could then only choose between war and this concession. Owing to the intervention of Lord Minto, the latter course was followed. The King sanctioned the plan of convening a Sicilian parliament, and on the 24th of February, the Provisional Government issued a decree convoking the parliament for the 25th of March. Thus all cause of difficulty between the two countries seemed to have vanished. The King of Naples had sanctioned the decree for opening the parliament; he had agreed to adopt the constitution of 1812, with such modifications as the progress of the age might demand; one of his brothers, or one of the principal noblemen of Sicily, was to govern the island as Viceroy; a responsible minister was to reside in Sicily, and money was to be coined in both states.

The fickle monarch, however, fearing that he had gone too far, issued on the 22d of March a document in which he solemnly protested against the proceedings of the Provisional Government of Sicily. They tended, he said, to the dismemberment of the kingdom; and from the bearing of the Sicilians, it was evident that they had determined not to come to any understanding with the government. On these grounds, the King considered it his duty to protest against any act which should not be in accordance with the constitution he had granted. He had apparently forgotten that the Sicilians had refused that constitution, or perhaps, with his despotic view of government, he did not understand that a constitution, like any other contract, requires two parties to it. This protest was only laughed at by the Sicilians; it reached Palermo on the 24th of March, and on the following day, the parliament was solemnly opened. The large church of San Domenico was selected as the place where the ceremonies of the day should take place. Thirty-three years had elapsed since the last parliament had met; and the joy of the people may readily be imagined, when they heard the solemn peal of the bell of San Antonio, which announced to the city that the representatives of the nation had once more assembled. The president of the Provisional Government addressed the assembly, and rendered an account of the manner in which the General Committee had performed the difficult and arduous task which it had undertaken. He ended by declaring that the parliament of Sicily was now solemnly opened, and

then requested the two houses to adjourn to the halls which had been provided for their meetings, there to decide immediately upon the form of the executive. The multitude then retired, but remained till a late hour at night in the streets, participating in the festivities of the occasion. On the following day, the Parliament issued a decree that the executive power should be entrusted to a President of the government, and to six ministers to be named by the President. Ruggiero Settimo was unanimously elected President, and immediately formed a ministry, of which Michele Amari, the distinguished author of the *Guerra del Vespro Siciliano*,* was a member. The Parliament then entered upon its labors. On the 13th of April, the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced to the Parliament, that the King of Naples having sent four plenipotentiaries to represent the *Two* Sicilies at the meeting of the Italian League which was to take place at Rome, he had come to propose that the Parliament should decree, that Ferdinand of Bourbon had, by this act, forfeited his right to the crown. This proposition was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the following decree was voted.

"The Parliament declares: —

1. Ferdinand of Bourbon and his dynasty are for ever fallen from the throne of Sicily.

2. Sicily shall govern herself constitutionally, and call to the throne an Italian prince as soon as she shall have reformed her *statuto*."

This decree was signed by the Marquis of Torrearsa, President of the Chamber of Commons, by the Duke of Serradefalco, President of the Chamber of Peers, and by Ruggiero Settimo, President of the Kingdom.

In conformity with this law, the second son of the late king of Sardinia was called to the vacant throne, on the 10th of July, under the name of Albert Amedeus I., King of Sicily. The crown was refused by this prince, and the King of Naples formally protested against the act by which the Parliament had declared the throne vacant, and offered it to the Sardinian prince; and he immediately ordered an expedition to be equipped against his Sicilian subjects. Consequently,

* See the *N. A. Review* for April, 1847.

on the 29th of August, a body of 14,000 troops were sent to reinforce the garrison of Messina, and the city was formally summoned to surrender. The authorities having refused, the place was bombarded, and after a few days, it was compelled to yield. This characteristic act of useless barbarity, which reduced the once flourishing and beautiful city of Messina almost to a heap of ruins, began the series of events which have marked the reëstablishment of Neapolitan rule in Sicily.

It is not our intention to give even a sketch of the bloody struggle by which Naples has once more gained possession of the island. Our purpose is already attained, if we have given our readers any more correct or definite impressions on the subject of this Sicilian revolt than they before possessed. That a revolution commenced under so favorable auspices, and which at first inspired us with lively hopes, that the time had at last arrived when justice was to be done to a nation which had been so long held in bondage, — that this revolution has ultimately proved unsuccessful, should surprise no one. The regeneration of Sicily depended on the regeneration of Italy; left to themselves, the islanders could do nothing. When Rome fell into the hands of such men as Mazzini and Garibaldi, and Charles Albert was defeated in his last heroic struggle with the Austrians, the hopes of Italy were crushed for the present century, perhaps forever. Surely, there never was a more favorable moment for that unhappy country to assume her former rank among the nations of the world than after the February Revolution in France. Austria was distracted by internal dissensions, and consequently lay open to every attack from without; England was unwilling, if not unable, to go to war; and France would unquestionably have sent an army to the rescue of the Italians, had they demanded such aid. And what have the Italians accomplished? Although the reply may seem harsh to some ears, we can but answer, nothing. They evinced great enthusiasm, sang patriotic songs, unfurled the Italian banner from one end of the peninsula to the other, took up arms for their defence, and gave proofs of courage and energy on a few occasions. But what has been the result? When the revolution commenced, Rome had a liberal sovereign who governed constitutionally; he was hurled from the throne, and has now returned to the

Vatican without having promised a single political guaranty to his people; the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was governed by foreigners, and the foreigner still rules there. The Two Sicilies were subjected to the capricious sway of a Spanish Bourbon, and he still governs them. Two years have passed, during which the peninsula has been agitated and impoverished by war; her commerce has been stopped; foreign travel, which has been a source of large income to her, has been impeded; her rulers have been rendered more despotic by her unsuccessful efforts at shaking off their yoke; the courage of her people has come to be doubted, and less sympathy is felt for her. Her future attempts at regeneration will be distrusted after she has missed such an opportunity as that which has just been afforded, and the world will reproach her in the words of one of her own poets: —

Mesta Italia! . . . . . .
Qual momento hai tu perduto!
Quel momento, oh Dio, chi sa
Se mai piu ritornerà!
Gia sorgea ringiovanita
L'avillita tua virtù,
Come mai tornar potrai
Al languor di servitù.

Is it true, then, that Italy has so degenerated that no hope for her remains, — that she has fallen never more to rise? He must be a bold prophet who will dare to answer this question now. Yet, as long as there is a spark of life left in a nation whose past history can almost compensate for its present degradation, we shall not think that all chance is lost of seeing Italy once more prosperous and independent.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution.* By William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Third American Edition, revised and corrected. With Additions, including a Preface and a List of Books on American History. By Jared Sparks. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 738.

The popularity of Prof. Smyth's Lectures on History, and their utility as a guide in the study of that science, have been sufficiently shown by the number of editions through which they have passed, both in England and in this country. The easy elegance of the style in which they are written, the candid tone and temper of mind they display, the impartial manner in which the merits and defects of characters and parties are set forth, and the rare felicity with which historical portraitures are delineated, make these lectures one of the most charming and instructive works that adorn the historical literature of our times.

But as the work was noticed at some length in our pages on its first appearance, we do not purpose at present to enter upon any general consideration of its claims to attention. The recent death of Mr. Smyth, however, has renewed the interest with which these lectures, the ripe fruits of a long life wisely and calmly devoted to studious pursuits in the quiet of academic retirement, must be regarded; and it is impossible to think of them, without acknowledging that the services rendered to civilization and humanity by one who stands apart from the turbulent movements of the day, and, unaffected by the fiery and misleading passions of struggling factions, occupies himself with the serene contemplation of principles and laws as evolved in the course of human affairs, deducing lessons for the future instruction of the race, are of at least equal importance with the more obtrusive influence exercised by the prominent actors on the world's great stage.

Notwithstanding the great value and interest of these lectures, they were allowed to be published in England in a very slovenly manner, the author himself having probably been incapacitated by physical infirmity from supervising the sheets as they passed through the press. In the successive English editions, all the errors of the first, with others in addition, were preserved. Although these did not interfere with the general effect which the spirit of

the work produces upon the reader or student, still they diminish its value and do great injustice to the author. In fact, the book needed the labors of a careful and learned editor as much as if it had been left in manuscript, and published for the first time after the author's death. Such an editor it has found in Mr. George Nichols, the critical and accomplished literary director of the University Press, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In all preceding editions, the paragraphs were arranged immethodically, sometimes matters being thrown together which should have been separated, and again topics being separated which naturally belonged together. Grammatical inaccuracies, both from the inexactness of the manuscript and from the carelessness of the printers, were very numerous. The quotations were almost uniformly imperfect, either by omissions of important parts, or by the careless substitution of different words, which sometimes obscured and sometimes changed the sense materially. In the lectures as they were delivered, when only the substance of the author's speculations and remarks was to be retained, and the general purport of the citations to be remembered, these errors were of less consequence; but when the work came to be printed, and to be used as a guide to further historical inquiries, its utility in this point of view was seriously impaired by the carelessness and inaccuracy with which it was suffered to come from the press. Among the minor inaccuracies, the false references, too numerous to be counted, may further be mentioned.

All readers and students of history are under great obligations to Mr. Nichols for the conscientious labor he has expended upon the present edition; labor of the highest value and importance, but at the same time of such a nature, and so unpretendingly applied, that none but those who carefully compare this edition with its predecessors will be able to appreciate the services he has rendered. With the exception of a few cases, where the works cited were not accessible, or where the authors were not mentioned or could not be ascertained, or where no clue was given to the passages referred to in voluminous works, Mr. Nichols has corrected every quotation by carefully collating it with the original. In a few instances, in which the author intended, not to quote, but to compress, the passages and to give their substance briefly in his own words, the quotation is retained as first written; though even in these cases, the words of the original have been introduced wherever it could be done without departing from the lecturer's general plan, and without undue amplification. The punctuation has been laboriously amended throughout. Errors in matters of fact have been set right in foot notes marked by the editor's initial "N." The reader will be struck with the brevity

and clearness of these additions, and will agree with us in the opinion, that no small part of the critical and authoritative value of the book is due to this portion of the editor's labor. As the two volumes of the original work have been compressed into one, the notes which were formerly appended to the several lectures are thrown together at the end. Mr. Sparks's excellent Preface to the previous American editions is reprinted, together with the List of Books on American history somewhat enlarged, the Chronological Table of Events, and the Index somewhat amended. "The Tables of Contemporary European Sovereigns, taken from Sir Harris Nicolas's 'Chronology of History,' have been found, on a critical examination, to be constructed with little of their author's usual accuracy; they have accordingly been carefully revised throughout, principally with the aid of the leading authority in this department, '*L'Art de vérifier les Dates*,' in the octavo edition of 1818–37. The Table of Sovereigns of the Lesser European States, which in the original commences with the year 1699, is here, for the convenience of the student, carried back two centuries." We have verified this statement by an inspection of the Tables in question, and a comparison of them, as here presented, with their former condition.

Mr. Smyth's candor we have already spoken of; and indeed, it appears in the most attractive form through the greater part of the Lectures. But it seems almost an impossibility for a British subject, even with the best intentions, to deal in a perfectly candid spirit with the History and Institutions of the United States. The Six Lectures on the American War, with which Mr. Smyth closes the course, contain remarkable errors of fact, false impressions, and views marked with singular injustice towards the public men who controlled the march of political affairs in this country during those eventful times. In some places, Mr. Smyth so strangely perverts his authorities, that we are quite at a loss how to explain the cause of the mistake; for he shows, even in these passages, the natural justice and integrity of his character. But all these errors Mr. Nichols has set right, in the best spirit and with very great ability, in his notes.

After what we have said, it will be expected of us to justify our assertions by giving a few examples of the errors of preceding editions, down to 1848, which have been corrected in the present edition. First we will take misquotations; and these, it must be remembered, are only selections from many hundreds contained in the edition here referred to, (London, 1840,) and repeated in the subsequent editions.

Vol. I. p. 54, l. 33. — "De terrâ vero Salicâ nullæ partes [*nulla portio*,

orig.] hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terræ hereditas perveniet," [*perveniat*, orig.]

p. 108, l. 21. — "Pulverem aut luteum solidum [*lutum sordidum*] platearum."

p. 136, l. 7. — "I will not speak what may be done in a popular state or [*in*, omitted] a consular. In these and such like governments, the prince hath not legal [*regal*, orig.] rights."

p. 163, l. 13. — "The exercise of these powers, after becoming [*after being long*, orig.] the source of secret murmurs among the people, was in fulness of time [*solemnly*, omitted] abolished as illegal," &c.

p. 201, l. 8. — "Is there any king or prince upon earth who has power to raise one penny of money, except his domains," [*except on his demesnes*, orig.] &c.

p. 345, l. 1. — "All which extraordinary ways of *finishing the present usurpations* [*furnishing the present necessities yet*, orig.] ended in a Parliament the next year."

p. 347, l. 16. — "That no bills touching matters of state, or reformation in *concerns* [*causes*, orig.] ecclesiastical, *should* [not in orig.] be exhibited."

Vol. II. p. 17, l. 4. — "Your brave officers and soldiers will be occupied *with the war in Holland* [*in the war with Holland*, orig.]; the *secretaries* [*sectaries*, orig.] will be in good humor with you."

p. 20, l. 22. — "Thank the king for referring *these points* [*the points now controverted*, orig.] to a Parliamentary way by bill, that being a good and natural *cause of* [*course for*, orig.] satisfaction therein."

p. 25. — "His Majesty was forced to prorogue them; I fear they will be very disorderly. They will leave the king nothing but the empty name of king; no more." This passage in the original reads thus: — "His Majesty was forced to prorogue them; *and now they are to meet again on Thursday, and* I fear they will be very disorderly. . . . . *Should we have been engaged in a war now, they would have so imposed upon the king as to* leave him nothing but the empty name of a king, *and* no more *power than a duke of Venice.*" (See new ed. p. 320, l. 21–26.)

We close with one or two passages upon American affairs.

"Now it was about this time, and in this situation of things, that the Congress expressed to him their wishes (such was their reasonableness) that 'he would confine the enemy within their present quarters, prevent their getting supplies from the country, and totally subdue them before they were reinforced.' They do not exactly desire him to step over to London, and send them Lord North and Lord George Germain in irons, but I really have quoted the very terms in which they expressed themselves. The good-temper of Washington is astonishing. 'The inclosed return,' says he, 'comprehends the whole force I have in Jersey; it is but a handful, and bears no proportion, on the scale of numbers, to that of the enemy; added to this, the major part is made up of militia. The most sanguine in speculation,' says he, 'cannot deem it more than adequate to the least valuable purposes of war.'" p. 621.

Upon this Mr. Nichols adds the following note.

"The terms in which Washington alludes to this matter are somewhat ambiguous, — sufficiently so, it must be acknowledged, to afford an opening for the amusing light in which it is here presented; but a reference to the Journals of Congress places it in quite a different aspect. It appears to have been the design to strike a vigorous, and, if possible, a decisive, blow at the enemy, in anticipation of the arrival of reinforcements from England. In pursuance of this design, Congress, on the 24th of February, 1777, passed a resolution requiring the new recruits to join the army under Washington immediately, and calling out the militia of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, — 'in order,' says the preamble, 'farther to strengthen the hands of the general;' 'it being the earnest desire of Congress,' as is added in conclusion, 'to make the army under the immediate command of General Washington sufficiently strong, not only to curb and confine the enemy within their present quarters, and prevent them from drawing support of any kind from the country, but, by the Divine blessing, totally to subdue them before they can be reinforced.' In commenting upon this resolution, in a letter of the 14th of March following, Washington observes, — 'Could I accomplish the important objects so eagerly wished by Congress, — "confining the enemy within their present quarters, preventing their getting supplies from the country, and totally subduing them before they are reinforced," — I should be happy indeed.' Professor Smyth's construction of this language is, perhaps, natural enough, apart from the consideration, which at once suggests itself, of the intrinsic improbability that any deliberative body of sane men could have intended any thing so absurd as he supposes; but it is clear that there is nothing in the resolution itself to support it."

But the most important misrepresentation is the account of the funding of the public debt of the United States. We must omit, for want of room, the first of the three paragraphs which are referred to.

"The debates were very animated and long. It will be very improving to you to read the account of them as given by Marshall, and to observe the manner in which this great question, so vital to every principle of American honor, and even honesty, was at length carried. It was carried, to say the truth, by a mere turn of local interest in one of the States, — a turn so unexpected, that it might become almost an occasion for laughter and entertainment to those philosophers (and such there are) who can find a topic of amusement in the very trifling and unworthy circumstances which sometimes influence the most momentous concerns of mankind.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.

"The history, in a few words, is this: — A very able report on the subject had been made by the Secretary of the Treasury, Colonel Hamilton. After a very animated discussion of several days, a resolution was carried, by a small majority, in favor of funding and paying the debt, according to his rational views, — that is, paying the interest, and gradually paying the principal. But soon after, North Carolina acceded to the constitution, and its delegates, on taking their seats, changed the

strength of the parties; and the question was now *lost* by two voices. Observe now the turn. A bill was brought in for fixing the seat of government, and it was at last agreed that some place should be selected on the banks of the Potomac. The result was not a very intelligible result, even when explained by Marshall; — I cannot now stop to give you his explanation; but the result was, that two members representing districts on the Potomac went over to the other side, and the resolution was now carried, as it had been lost, by two voices. It is probable these delegates thought the residence of the President and government of America in their province was of great consequence to its interests; and that, if the question of the funded debt was not settled in the affirmative, there would ultimately be no President or American government to reside on the Potomac, or anywhere else." p. 652, 653.

We give Mr. Nichols's note nearly entire, as a valuable summary of a most important political transaction.

"To any one who may take the trouble to compare the substance of the three preceding paragraphs with the authority from which it purports to have been derived, (Marshall's Life of Washington,) nothing can appear more extraordinary and unaccountable than the total misconception which it exhibits with regard to the great question in controversy on the occasion here referred to. This question, deemed 'so vital to every principle of American honor, and even honesty,' and which, after various fortune and long suspense, 'was at length carried by a mere turn of local interest in one of the States,' was, — not, as Prof. Smyth seems to suppose, *whether Congress should provide for the public debt*, in the only way, as he justly remarks, in which it was possible to provide for it, namely, *by funding*, — but *whether the general government should assume, and incorporate with the proper debt of the Union, the debts which had been contracted during the Revolution by the individual States.* To the proposal to fund the national debt there was, in fact, but little opposition, — the necessity of some provision of this sort being very generally admitted; and there was never the slightest ground for apprehension as to the ultimate success of the measure.

"It was in the debate on the question of assuming the State debts and funding them in common with the national debt, and expressly in opposition to this measure, that the argument noticed in the text was adduced, — namely, that 'to fund on the authority of the federal government was to enlist on the side of the federal system all those who were thus to receive what was due to them,' &c.; or, as Marshall more accurately states it, 'that the general government would acquire an undue influence, and that the State governments would be annihilated by the measure;' since 'not only would all the influence of the public creditors be thrown into the scale of the former, but it would absorb all the powers of taxation, and leave to the latter only the shadow of a government.' Thus applied, the pertinency of the argument becomes plain.

"In the 'subsequent stage of the same question,' as it is termed, the proposition was not, as Prof. Smyth conceives, 'to make a portion of the funded debt permanent, and to terminate the rest at the end of twenty-five years,' — no such project was ever advanced in any quarter, — but simply to make the whole irredeemable, except at certain slow rates,

or at the pleasure of government. In the debate on this occasion there was little of that 'recurrence to former arguments' which the text supposes. The slight resistance made in the outset to the principle of *funding* had long since ceased, and it was never afterwards renewed; the present discussion turned upon a point in its nature purely collateral and incidental, and so treated by the opposition, — *the policy of imposing restrictions on the right of redemption.*

"The 'history' in the concluding paragraph is defective and erroneous in several particulars. The proper history is briefly this: — On the 14th of January, 1790, the Secretary of the Treasury, Col. Hamilton, in conformity to a resolution of the House near the close of the previous session, presented a 'Plan for the Support of the Public Credit,' providing, among other measures, for the 'assumption of the debts of the particular States by the Union, and a like provision for them as for those of the Union.' After a very animated discussion of two or three weeks upon this point, a resolution in accordance with the Secretary's views was carried in Committee of the Whole, by a vote of 31 to 26; and subsequently, a series of resolutions covering the whole ground embraced in the Plan was reported to the House. During these proceedings, North Carolina, which was strongly opposed to the project of assumption, was without any representatives in Congress, having acceded to the Constitution only the previous November; but shortly afterwards, two members came in from that State, when, with their aid, and in the absence of some and by a change of votes on the part of others who had previously supported it, the resolution respecting the State debts was recommitted by a majority of two, 29 to 27, and after renewed discussion was finally struck out by the same majority, on a full vote of 31 to 29. A bill embracing all the other essential features of the Secretary's Plan was then passed and sent to the Senate, where a provision similar in principle to that rejected by the House having been added, it was returned to this branch for concurrence. In the mean time, says Marshall, a bill establishing a temporary together with a permanent seat of government, the former in Philadelphia and the latter on the Potomac, having, after a long and severe contest, passed both houses, through a compact between the representatives of Pennsylvania and Delaware with the friends of the Potomac, two members from districts on this river were thereby conciliated and brought over to the support of the measure respecting the State debts; through this change of influence a majority in its favor was obtained in the House, and it was finally carried, not, as Prof. Smyth understands Marshall to imply, 'by two voices,' but, as the Journals of Congress show, by a vote of 34 to 28, or six majority."

2. *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second,* 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A New Edition, with the Author's Last Corrections and Improvements, and a Short Account of his Life, written by himself. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo.

The estimation in which Hume's great work is held is rather remarkable. It is the fashion to abuse it; every year or two we have a fresh exposition of its errors, its deficiencies, and its misstatements. If we are to heed the critics, it is one of the most untrustworthy books ever published, almost every page betraying either the carelessness or the political bias of the writer. But with all its faults, the book is immortal; it has pushed its predecessors off the shelves of ordinary libraries, and has not given place, even for a time, to one of the numerous histories that have since appeared under the pretence of correcting its blunders and imperfections. And the best advice that can be given even now to the diligent student of English history is to read Hume first, and Henry, Lingard, Hallam, Brodie, Guizot, Aikin, and a host of others, afterwards. Any one of these later candidates for public favor may be omitted without material loss; Hume alone is indispensable. The secret and inimitable beauties of his style, his fascinating manner as a narrator, the consummate finish and vivacity of his sketches of character, the admirable distribution of his work, no part being overloaded and the proper historical perspective being always preserved, and the distinct and vivid impressions which are given of the course of events, are qualities that will secure him readers as long as the English language endures. He is also a philosophical writer, though he does not overlay his pages with vague speculation in the manner which is now so much in vogue. His general remarks on character and life, his observations on the peculiarities of an age or a race, and his indications of the causal connection of events, are always shrewd and entertaining, and most frequently just; yet they are insinuated without parade, and never interrupt the flow of the narrative.

But the greatest compliment that Hume's work ever received is that which has just been paid to it perforce by the most brilliant and captivating of English writers of our own day. The all-accomplished Mr. Macaulay, who seems to have been born for the sole purpose of making English history as fascinating as one of Scott's romances, durst not enter into competition with his great predecessor, but modestly begins *his* history almost at the point

where Mr. Hume's terminates. It is not that this later period which he has chosen offers a more tempting field for the historian, or that his previous studies had rendered him more familiar with it; on the contrary, the reigns of Elizabeth and of the first three Stuarts are far more varied in interest, open a wider range of characters and events, and are altogether a more suitable theme for the exercise of Mr. Macaulay's talents than the period beginning with the accession of James the Second. Hume's account of the last of the Stuarts is confessedly a mere sketch, thrown in at the end of a work which properly terminates at the death of Charles the Second, and is certainly executed with less care and finish than the body of the history. Yet here only does Macaulay venture to come in competition with him, and the progress of the former's work will lead him far out of the track of his formidable rival. He evidently prefers to be a continuator of Hume rather than to wrestle with him on his own ground.

It is with great propriety, then, that the Boston publishers have put forth a very neat library edition of Hume, to match in every respect with their popular reprint of Macaulay. The size of the volumes is that which is most convenient to be held in the hands, and read without support either from table or desk; and their mechanical execution is quite elegant enough to satisfy the modest taste of those who are obliged to count the cost in their purchases of books. They are not rich enough to serve as ornaments to the drawing-room and centre-table, a use to which too many good books are now degraded; but they will not disgrace the corner of a book-shelf, and they can be read without peril to the eyesight. To multiply serviceable editions of standard works, being a greater service to literature in this country than to publish novelties which have nothing to recommend them but their novelty, we have thought it right to say thus much in commendation of the publishers' enterprise.

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3. *The Horse-Shoe: a Poem spoken before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge*, July 19th, 1849. By John Brooks Felton. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1849. 16mo. pp. 29.

This little poem shows a delicate appreciation of rhythm, a rich fancy, and an abundant command of language. It is written for the most part in the old English heroic couplet, a perilous measure for the youthful poet, as it constantly tempts him to fill

out the lines to the requisite length with expletives or with feeble and unmeaning phrases. Mr. Felton shuns this danger very successfully; each couplet, taken by itself, is vigorous and clear, and answers all the requisitions of harmony and sense without any incumbrance from needless words, or any violation of the laws of idiom. The chief fault of the poem — and it is a serious, if not a fatal, one — is that the paragraphs, if not the couplets, are strung together without any apparent connection with each other or with the topic announced. The whole appears like a series of unconnected extracts taken at random from various poems, and thrown into a heap without any law of association to bind the several parts into one consistent whole. There is no progress of thought, and no proper conclusion; the only reason for coming to an end at all seems to have been that the poet was tired, or had no more time. We dwell with emphasis on this defect, because it vitiates nine-tenths of the fugitive poetry of the present day. It is no difficult task to fabricate any number of couplets or stanzas, each one of which shall be pretty and musical, and perhaps convey a pleasing image, or be marked with an ingenious turn of expression. But if they do not evolve a natural succession of thoughts, all of which are closely and plainly related to one topic, they no more constitute a poem than a cart load of bricks does a house. They are not even the raw material of poetry; for the manufacturer's stock must all be selected with reference to the particular fabric that he designs to produce. He instantly rejects any article, however choice and precious in itself, which is not suited for that one fabric. The thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers must be consistent and mutually dependent thoughts, bound together by obvious trains of association; otherwise, the process seems to be reversed; the numbers seem to move the thoughts, and the only associations are of sound instead of sense.

We make a short extract, several images in which would appear even strikingly beautiful, if they did not wholly overlie and conceal the leading idea.

> "Sent from the Ark, the dove, with timid flight,
> Strove through the storms, yet found not where to light;
> Pursued by winds o'er restless Ocean's roar,
> Back to the Flood-tossed crew no leaf she bore.
> So through the Past man's tempest-driven mind
> Sent Fancy forth some resting-place to find;
> O'er bush, tree, hill, she winged her trackless way,
> Nor foothold found her weary flight to stay;
> Back o'er the sea on terror-haunted air
> She flew, to tell the tidings of despair;—

Again she flies for fairer forms to seek,
And lo! the olive borne upon her beak!
Hear her glad news; — she rested on the tomb,
Saw the dawn break, and flit the ancient gloom;
Through night she swept, and heard the gentle fall
Of angel footsteps in its silent hall;
Upborne from earth, in strong and joyous flight,
Fearless she sought the empyrean height, —
Gazed on the source whence pours the living ray
On earth's time-shadows, God's eternal day."

"And not in vain this striving of the soul
To burst her bondage, and to grasp the whole:
The bird, when memory stirs his little breast
Of heavenward flight, green tree, and wind-rocked nest, —
Of song that hailed the sun ere fled the star, —
But chafes his pinion 'gainst the prison-bar;
In vain he hymns the woodland, lake, and hill,
And captive yearnings make more sweet his trill;
No mate, responsive to his warbling, flies,
With him his grief begins, with him it dies."

"But when the soul has glimpse of brighter day,
And frets to burst its dungeon-wall of clay,
By earnest striving are its wings made strong,
And earnest yearnings give new power to song.
From other hearts come echoes to the strain
That breathes, This life is but a captive pain.
So, to the fuel that it feeds on bound,
Leaps the live flame to pierce the dark profound,
Darts quivering up, retreats again to try,
Through sooty vista, for a glimpse of sky;
Still, as its rage the crackling log consumes,
The more it strives, the more its light illumes,
While other flames upspring in spiral dance,
And radiate warmth with every upward glance."

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The Liberty of Rome, a History ; with an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By Samuel Eliot. New York : George P. Putnam. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man. By Dugald Stewart, F. R S. Revised, with Omissions and Additions, by James Walker, D. D., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1849. 12mo. pp. 428.

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A Treatise on Algebra, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By S. Chase, Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 335.

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The Hill Difficulty, and some Experiences of Life in the Plains of Ease ; with other Miscellanies. By George B. Cheever, D. D. New York : John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 383.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel, Cheshunt College. New York : Daniel Bixby. 1849. 16mo. pp. 192.

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The Pathology and Treatment of the Asiatic Cholera, so called. By A. L. Cox, M. D. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 54.

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Angel Voices ; or Words of Counsel for overcoming the World. After the mode of Richter's 'Best Hours.' Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston : Ticknor & Co. 1849. 24mo. pp. 116.

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